THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
74th Year

12 SEPTEMBER 1975
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# T·L·S
## THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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**Reith – the end of a legend, by Hugh Greene**

Virginia Woolf's letters

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# Miss Stephen and friends

**By Alan Bell**

This substantial volume is the first of a proposed six covering the whole of Virginia Woolf's life, which Nigel Nicolson and his assistant editor, Joanne Trautmann, promise us at yearly intervals. Their regularity will, it is hoped, match Leslie Stephen's punctuality in the quarterly issue of volumes of the *DNB*. As collected editions of letters have an inevitable habit of expanding in the course of publication, those who stay the course may perhaps (like loyal savers) be rewarded with a seventh volume as bonus in the last year. In Volume I, *The Flight of Mind*, there are 638 letters in over five hundred pages covering (with one infantile curiosity) the years 1896 to 1912; they break off on the eve of Virginia Stephen's marriage to Leonard Woolf. This volume naturally contains much that is immature or preparatory and has to be seen as part of the editors' larger plan, but there is so much in it which reflects her mental and emotional turmoil, her family fission and fusion, and her early literary aspirations and achievement, that this "Virginia Stephen" volume may equally be considered in its own right. And a very successful publication it is.

Few biographers can relish having a large part of their source material published in full so soon after the completion of their work. Yet the first volume of Quentin Bell's *Virginia Woolf* is complemented and illuminated by the letters, and one can now appreciate more fully the shapeliness and technical balance of his biography. The editors say it has "formed the basis of our chronology and our interpretation of her character" and there is little or nothing in their texts to adjust either. Professor Bell's first volume also breaks off at the time of the marriage. It will be interesting to see how his second stands up to the weighty documentation of five volumes of letters as well as the complete edition of Virginia Woolf's diaries which his wife has in hand. I suspect that his achievement in assimilating so great a body of Woolf material (not to mention the other sources) will appear all the more considerable, and that the interpretation placed on it will not need major adjustment.

Very few of the letters have been published before. Some appear in the biography and others have been known, with abridgments and alterations (which for this period are usually insignificant), from the 1956 edition of the Strachey-Woolf correspondence. The Strachey letters, however, scarcely get under way by 1912, and the bulk of letters now published are new. The editors have aimed at providing plain texts, uncluttered with superfluous annotation, which is how we know them in the Strachey volume, though James Strachey and Leonard Woolf were even more sparing in their commentary. Letters are now grouped in biographically appropriate divisions with introductory headnotes to each section, and there is a pedigree at the front and an essential index of nicknames at the back—so much family gossip and nicknaming occurs in the early letters that it is necessary to keep fingers in both places. Square brackets are used in the text to enclose short editorial identifications; these are often a little misplaced and ingenuity might have avoided many interruptions of style or sense. The bulk of the Woolf material leads one to sympathize with the editorial decision not to print the many surviving replies to her letters, but it is a pity that they have not been used in annotation. The few Strachey letters of this period could have been cited profitably to bring out the meaning of a highly allusive Stephen text, or to add factual information indicating the tone of the correspondence. Thus a note that "Lytton may have been contemplating a political novel" could have been expanded less speculatively by a reference to his "scabreux" work "about a Lord Chancellor and his naughty son", of which Strachey remarked "my footmen are amazing and so are my prostitutes".

Simple presentation shows the letters themselves to their best advantage, reflecting the quality of their writer's mind (and of her voice too, as Mr Nicolson reminds us) in their contents and phrasing; and in their erratic punctuation and other anomalies of presentation showing the speed and spontaneity of composition. The physical features are matched by evidence of her early imaginative life, which invested even the routine of a teenage schoolroom with a teasing fantasy and high-spiritedness; these were soon to develop with maturity of phrasing and increased literary sensibility into the more controlled gaiety and fertile imagination of her early womanhood. There is a dangerously febrile quality in this soaring of the creative spirit, and one can see in the letters the throat which prolonged creative excitement offered to a mental composition which she herself came to recognize as very precariously balanced. The volume contains only a few indications of her periodic insanity, but there is enough to show from her recognition of her condition something of the distress of the repeated attacks; and also, in the restored clarity of mind and renewed crea-

NIGEL NICOLSON (Editor):
The Flight of the Mind
The Letters of Virginia Woolf
531pp. The Hogarth Press. £7.75.

tive energy which followed them, the value of the treatment to which she became good-humouredly resigned.

Virginia Woolf's work as a writer is intertwined all too closely with her mental condition. It is well chronicled here: as Clive Bell wrote to Leonard Woolf in 1956 about the Strachey letters, "I have a notion that the earlier and less 'gossipy' letters—the letters in which Virginia talks about her writing and her difficulties as an artist—are the most interesting". Letter-writing was itself one aspect of her literary work, giving her essential practice and gradually developing style and vision in the analysis of common circumstances. Mr Nicolson's introduction usefully relates her epistolary manner to her fiction. This first volume sees her earliest publications (and provides clues for even more additions to the comprehensive Kirkpatrick bibliography). In 1907 she visited Henry James and reported him magnificently egg-bound in conversation: "My dear Virginia, they tell me—they tell me—they tell me—that you—as indeed being your fathers daughter nay your grandfathers grandchild—the descendant I may say of a century—of a century—of quill pens and ink—ink—ink pots, yes, yes, they tell me—ahm m m—that you, that you, that you *write* in short."

From the time of the earliest hints of literary work—experimental descriptions of people and places sometimes shown to friends but not intended for publication—her problems and her hopes as a writer can be seen. Reviewing provided a useful (and a paid) apprenticeship for creative work, although working as a novel reviewer for the *Guardian* (the religious weekly) was often frustrating — she complained that the editor "sticks her broad thumb into the middle of my delicate sentences and improves the moral tone". *The Times Literary Supplement* offered better scope for her talents, and she owed much to Bruce Richmond's encouragement; it is a pity that all her letters to him have been destroyed. When sent the Carlyle love letters, she wrote that "*The Times*, you see, gives me all the subtle and doubtful passions to discuss; "general reviewing under Richmond was a good schooling in the business of writing. There was of course a feeling of the reviewer's grindstone: "What a mercy it would be if one could write without reading — or read without writing, but a wretch of a journalist never can separate the two." Equally there is a sense of glorying in the trade—"all my beloved leather backed books standing up so handsome in their shelves, and a nice fire, and the electric light burning, and a huge mass of manuscripts and letters and proof-sheets and pens and inks over the floor . . . a happy frenzy of litter".

Reviewing was only one side of her output. Her Quaker aunt, eager for Virginia's literary career, never regarded writing reviews as "*writing*", and constantly urged her to "serious" work, preferably of a historical nature. Fortunately, Virginia found sustained work elsewhere, and had "my work on the Fancy and the Affections" in hand at least from October 1907. The progress of *Melymbrosia* can be charted in the letters as the author turns "hot and cold over it", sometimes with elation and sometimes with despair. There is a concern both for the details of names and plot, and for a general view as discussed with Clive Bell in letters known from the appendix to Quentin Bell's first volume. Gradually *Melymbrosia* was assembled—in 1908 she wrote to Vanessa: "I'm so excited about my novel! I read two pages and thought them good. I dont rhapsodise anymore, but believe the best novels are deposited, bit by bit, and in the end, perhaps they live in all their parts." Seven more years of deposit, revision and reshaping were to pass before *Melymbrosia* was published as *The Voyage Out* in spring 1915.

Though literature *is* important as the justification of this large edition, it occupies only a small part of its first volume. There is naturally much more about people and places than about books and writing. "The way to get life into letters", she wrote to Vanessa, "is to be interested in other people", and her own letters are infused with her creative curiosity, whether on holidays which happily recalled the beloved Cornwall of her childhood or in her reactions to the domestic circle. Leslie Stephen comes into the volume all too little. Most of the references deal with his prolonged necessarily telescoping the of his mortal disease, reports at a time when her to people were sharper picture of him to be de these letters is of an affe and lovable being, and only occasional celebrated exigence and of pity and quirkiness of years. After his death to Charles Eliot Norton: though he was so ill I last year of his life one; he seemed so glad—almost surprised— of all his friends and the which people have than ever before. I was no one so loveable pity that so little has survived this period of her letters a more balanced view domestic situation or of the whose influence on her continue for the rest of her

The strength of her affec her immediate family is the letters to Vanessa nately none has survived be marriage to Clive Bell, but letters to her sister written Bayreuth in 1909 are among best in the volume, and others which match them in affection — "every word" wrote of a hastily written Vanessa, "glows like a on the anvil with passion" cannot say the same of the to George Duckworth. The erotic skirmishes" between Duckworth boys and their half-sisters have been cussed by Professor Bell though the whole truth will never be known, this is the point at which the editors seriously from the biographi Nicolson feels that five new covered letters from Virgi George perhaps weaken against him, but I cannot these letters to "My dear old from "Your loving old Goat of domestic news, make much ence to Professor Bell's convention, innocence and were all too strong to avoid play of repulsion at that reaction against George but it was on the surface social than sexual. There here about his lofty aspira society—his "palpable illus to the value of coronets authority of white waistcoats of his brotherly attentions nursery.

Her inevitable and often amusing reaction against soci ticularly affected her rela with the vast network of family from whom she broke away. There were some tions; she was unrestrained admiration for F. W. Maitland for her Quaker aunt Caroline Leslie Stephen's sister. Mill


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rmoned with irrita ne but oppressive For the rest of her she had little use, when their mistimed interfered with family ill worries. She often a prop outside the sometimes to the and her cousin's wife More often she friend Violet Dickin over half the letters are addressed: "but Mr Nicolson says] she forgotten". Here judgment is strik Reading his bio wondered whether he discount the impor influence of the woman Virginia was obviously she knew it or important stage of her development. The letters she was. "Anybody a sheet", "Sparrow", "but can anybody amount of pure hot I do?" These hot of a young woman's embarrassing read although the letters are our understanding of as they are to the of the edition, one the passion begins to correspondence is best was obliged to de ved; her imaginative became her grief in the of disguising Thoby death from Violet late in she was also grievously same disease. Tactful into a temporary after Violet's recovery ship becomes less pas more conventionally the letters, mercifully, rent.

has widened the circle of Virginia's friends. Clive Bell married her sister soon afterwards, and Lytton Strachey and others of the Stephen boys' friends came more into her life. Of the first 400 letters in the volume (1888-1907), only 10 per cent are written to men; four times as many letters are to men friends in the period 1908-12. The advantage of this firmer intellectual stimulus is obvious. "Bloomsbury" had been taking shape ever since Gerald Duckworth had suggested it as a possible destination for the Stephens as Sir Leslie lay dying. Gordon, Fitzroy and Brunswick Squares provided the locale; Thursday evening gatherings at Gordon Square, and later Vanessa's Friday Club for young artists provided some of the personnel ("Nessa had her Committee, which sat for two hours on very few eggs"). "And now we are free women!" Virginia could write, announcing her total secession from her sister-in-law Lady Margaret Duckworth's milieu. Clive Bell was to provide the key which enabled her to correspond easily with men friends; her letters to him soon change from stilted addresses to a sister's fiancé, to the mischievously flirtatious, but they are throughout the correspondence much firmer in style and content than those to Violet Dickinson. Cambridge youths had not struck her favourably at first—"I don't think they are robust enough to feel very much", she had written of Hawtrey and Sydney-Turner in 1905. "Oh women are my line and not these inanimate creatures." She came to appreciate the "stone dumb" Saxon even in his dismal family background, and her letters contrive as no other source has done to bring that shadowy figure to life. The Strachey relationship was established ("our friendship is strictly and even cynically Platonic"); there were encounters with Cole (the editor, write oddly of the "fiasco" of the outstandingly successful Dreadnought hoax); there were strong efforts to read Moore, and camping expeditions with the Neo-Pagans. The variety of her correspondents increases accordingly, much to the advantage of the letters.

Leonard Woolf was in Ceylon for much of the period covered by this volume and only returned in June 1911. The final seventy pages finish the volume at a rapid pace and can be read against the relevant chapters of his *Growing* and *Beginning Again*. By July 3, he recorded, he found himself re-established in an emotional and intellectual intimacy with his Cambridge friends. After the 8th, when Virginia wrote "Dear Mr Woolf, would you come down to Firle for a weekend? . . . I hope you will", events move quickly—not without interruptions such as the proposals from Walter Lamb and Sydney Waterlow, nor without hesitations on her own part. Soon she was able to write to Madge Vaughan: "We know each other as I imagine few people do before marriage . . . from the first I have found him the one person to talk to." The progress from letters owing more to Bradshaw than to a growing emotional attachment has been quick; even allowing for editorial rubrics and prior knowledge, the outcome takes one pleasantly by surprise. Virginia writes to all her friends announcing her impending marriage to "a penniless Jew", there is a final flurry of ritual introductions of the fiancé in the society from which she had for so long been extricating herself, and then, on the eve of the most important relationship of all, the volume breaks off. Its successor is awaited, in 1976, with the keenest interest.

# aming and doing

hn Bowie

EXANDRIAN:
me et le rêve
ic Gallimard. 66fr.

alism? In one popu is an untidy patchwork stitched together and given its sur ility by the special mesmerism, part he exerted over of disciples. his historical chance: only alert to those Romantic taste that had First World War and enough to concoct modern-seeming avant The early his Surrealism did much to view. They were in their pursuit of not the writers them ed their interest in Kabbalah, the Gothic hallucination, precog Lautréamont, Rimbaud, humour, and bizarrerie With the multitude "sources" gathered in, it conclude that this con ry made little sense last fling of "frene

Alexandrian is in rebel all this and generally his rebuttal. For him Surrealism is its elabor theory and practice of sustained attempt to world of unconscious primary, liberating and in the lives of men. had few noteworthy They were atheists and in their references theosophy and the placing various trans vocabularies at the ser perfectly terrestrial mys human awareness. He work as a companion counterpoise to Albert *L'âme romantique et le* ence of such a panora the same time particular in Surrealism had led misunderstandings of the

pour croire . . . que avaient été dans les continuateurs des dont ils ont au con les hypothèses spirit-ualistes, cherchant de leur côté à créer un monde où le rêve serait le frère de l'action, et non un simple démenti du réel. . . . Pour les romantiques, le rêve est ce qui se passe la nuit durant le sommeil, et le jour aux heures d'oisiveté où l'esprit vagabonde; pour les surréalistes il est beaucoup plus que cela, une *réalité* inhérente au bon fonctionnement du psychisme à toute occasion de la vie.

For M Alexandrian, Surrealism is a living body of ideas and there is no reason why, once cleared of its lumber, its "vieillerie poétique", it should not continue to develop in cogency and range.

The breadth of the author's enquiry is impressive. He begins with a condensed history of Western theories of dream, designed to show that the emancipation of dream-study from its superstitious and prophetic functions was one of millennial slowness and made striking progress only in the nineteenth century, in the works of Alfred Maury (whose *Le Sommeil et les rêves*, 1861, is often drawn upon by Freud in *Die Traumdeutung* as a fund of reliable and instructive case-material) and Hervey de Saint-Denys (a leisured sinologist and eccentric who, in *Les Rêves et les moyens de les diriger*, 1867, showed how those with many unemployed waking hours could induce the dream-images they wanted). He writes with admirable penetration on Surrealism and modern psychology, the formative influence of Breton's and Aragon's early medical training, their controversies with established psychiatry, the development of automatic writing as a releaser of mental energy and imagery (this chapter includes a contrasting survey of mediums and their verbal productions) and the cultivation of trance by Desnos and others during the so-called "période des Sommeils" (1922-24).

He restates and explains the main tenets of Surrealism as announced in Breton's first manifesto (1924), charts in some detail their development in the next decade, and summarizes the distinctive achievements of the many Surrealist groups which grew up outside France. The second half of the book contains chapters or shorter sections on the careers, works and dream-adventures of all the main figures, and on dissidents or non-joiners such as Georges Bataille, Roger Caillois and Henri Michaux.

*Le Surréalisme et le rêve* is longer than it need have been: many literary works are paraphrased at great length and the contents pages of Surrealist reviews laboriously itemized. The writing sometimes veers to purple and sometimes to pastiche. And, the author's occasional lapses into argument by anecdote and proof by protestation take some of the sting from his repeated smacks at academic ponderousness. But for the most part M Alexandrian writes with finely attuned precision and vehemence and keeps the main lines of discussion clearly visible within his crowded procession of interacting personalities and ideas.

He has brought to light many uncollected or unpublished dream narratives, including some from reputedly dreamless sceptics like Queneau, and subjected them to unprofessional but sharp-witted analysis. The individual members of the group are clearly differentiated and, although Breton is never less than the hero of the story, the motives of his opponents at times of secession or banishment (notably Artaud, Bataille and Aragon) are sympathetically explored. The book is interesting in many incidental ways; for example, a new picture of the Breton/Freud relationship is pieced together, and the young Lacan (a contributor to *Minotaure*) is seen undergoing a decisive Surrealist influence.

There are few first-rate books on Surrealism; M Alexandrian's is firmly of their number. But how disappointing it is to find that the fraternal relationship between dream and action—stated at the outset to be a main distinguishing feature of Surrealist theory—should appear so seldom and so dimly in the body of the work.

M Alexandrian seems never to have asked himself what forms a *society* of dreamers could take, and accordingly has almost nothing to say about Surrealist politics. The Surrealists' problematic espousal of Marxism is regarded as "another issue". But their passionate and muddled search for a praxis worthy of their dream-discoveries is essential to the imaginative endeavour of the movement and to the claim that it still has upon our attention. The discovery of dream was the discovery of a political cause. When that cause is kept as firmly out of the picture as it is here, and when the egocentric energies of dream are traced for pages on end, the reader could be forgiven for imagining that the Surrealists had no other food than fantasies and that they warily recoiled from the public domain.


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# A Rhymer redivivus

**By Warwick Gould**

**The Collected Poems of Victor Plarr**
**Edited by Ian Fletcher**
**172pp. Eric and Joan Stevens. £4.50.**

Victor Plarr hated the term "minor poet", preferring "small fry of authorship". Fortunately Ezra Pound gathered him into the artifice of "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" as "M. Verog" and ensured his survival, as Yeats did for Lionel Johnson, until Ian Fletcher rescued each of these poets in his own right:

M. Verog, out of step with the decade
Detached from his contemporaries,
Neglected by the young . . . .

Pound continued an advocate, lamenting the exclusion of Plarr from Harold Monro's *Twentieth Century Poetry*: "Sorry ole Plarr not in: but recognise period." For Pound, Plarr was an "edge" of poetry, and more edge, he concluded, would have made the anthology "less acceptable to the Brish booblik".

Plarr certainly had "edge". Dr Fletcher's introduction to *The Collected Poems of Victor Plarr* firmly senses this quality of the librarian of the Royal College of Surgeons, who, in earlier days as librarian of King's College London, had frequented, if somewhat standoffishly, the Rhymers' Club meetings. "Unimpeachably genteel", Plarr is not flattered in his daughter Marion's pseudo-novel, *Cynara*. He would not allow Wilde's name to be spoken in his house, permitting his guests to refer to the initials "O.W." only after the ladies had withdrawn.

Yet Morley Roberts supplied a corrective reminiscence of an afternoon when Lionel Johnson got drunk three times on absinthe, and "Plarr and Dowson, both smoking cigarettes, embraced on the landing and then fell downstairs, emitting sparks like a Catherine wheel". So Plarr did not always "err on the side of punctilio" as he counselled in his *Literary Etiquette*. And he deplored that the stiffly bohemian Rhymers could not "quaff"—a feat which could only be performed by those "with long hair and a slight air of debauchery".

Dr Fletcher's edition misses two dedications. That to *In the Dorian Mood* (1896) is a family matter, to MIP, HMP, and MCHP, but "Scenes from the Alcestis" (1886) is "dedicated, by permission, to the students of Queen's College, Harley Street". The College *Calendar* (1887) records with grateful appreciation the visit to the College of the Crown *Prince and Princess of Germany* with their daughters, and of the Infante and Infanta of Spain on the occasion of one of the representations of the Greek Play, *Alcestis*, being given by the students. The Crown Princess expressed great satisfaction with the manner in which the play was acted, and with the musical accompaniments composed by Mr Gadsby, the Professor of Harmony, and there is every reason for hoping that her Royal Highness will consent to become one of the patrons of the College.

Yeats recalled Plarr's "preciseness of form", when he recalled the Rhymers' desire to temper the "abundance of the Swinburne-Rossetti-Morris school". Plarr shares neither Johnson's "cold and scornful ecstasy" nor Dowson's Gallic forms. His precision is an urbane detachment which looks forward to Auden. The anthologized pieces of *vers de société*, *Epitaphium Citharistrae*, for instance, have a period languor, but it is less a self consciously adopted pose than a polite, almost disinterested, refusal to mourn:

She was wild, and sweet, and witty—
Let's not say dull things about her.

Plarr is also capable of a formal splendour of rhetorical suggestion, which would have pleased the Yeats who versified Pater:

Was it the signer of an Antonine—
This middle-finger ring whose bezel glows
With the most lovely of intaglios
Ere wrought by craftsman in an age divine?
Or was it borne by grim Tiberius' line
At lustful festals and fierce wild-beast shows?
Sealed it wise edicts, or when Lucan chose
His artful liberal death was it the sign?

Plarr confessed that he was "bred in Saxon schools" and was "nowise Celt", and his one essay in pan-Celtic enthusiasms, "To a Breton Beggar", is distinctly more tepid than the Celtic glamour of Johnson's "The Church of a Dream". Plarr's plodding rhyme and dull prosody, dependent upon the otiose epithet, betray his lack of conviction. But a fervour for Norse subjects pervades "The Tragedy of Asgard", an unconventional sequel to "Balder Dead". The poet enters the epic machinery here:

Two hundred years we have been wandering west
Through tortured France to these New Saxon shores,
Where, among many books, a door-keeper
In Wisdom's Temple and the least of bards
I end our record, our Old Saxon name,
Having no man-child.

Here, as elsewhere, Plarr enlarges our conception of the 1890s by deploying its enthusiasms in unexpected areas. "Death and the Player" links the elegance of a Beardsley ballad to that moving acquaintance with the very *topos* of death one finds in John Shaw Neilson. Plarr also shares with Neilson's … eloquence when writing …

—"The Violin Player" …
A slim girl-form, a del…
A downcast head, a …

Often I think that such …
Who climbed the …
of Fr…

"Eothen" gestures … Christopher Brennan, wh… Men of *Warriors' Ward* … our awareness of Yeats's … Houses". Hurdy occas… though Plarr lacks the … vision and the stone-ma… with heavy forms:

Methinks that he were …
Unweave, with many …
The tangle tense and intr…
Of man and his distres…

Dr Fletcher sees Plarr … nassian, and certainly … tached poetry, with a … fondness for the dismal … Plarr's borrowings are al… fully done:

Natheless, in each man's …
A lifting of her veil; each …
To die, when all the hate …
Are o'er, to be a slumber…
To dream perchance,—…

To lift her veil?

An unexceptionable … *Hamlet*, perhaps, yet in the … esque context of "The Veil … it betrays a very real hier… Blavatskian world:

To lift her veil, whose …
Are horned moons and lotu…
None dare, though pri…
Charm her with frankince…

There, evidently, was … Plarr found the … societies of the 1890s … irritating and not a little … ing. In his *vade me*… etiquette he enjoined young … to abjure the "pseudo-scie… "so many forms of ill-… Anthropology, however … "always reading some … other about aborigines" … plained Marion Plarr), is … in his spoof "A note on … poet", faithfully gathered … appendix.

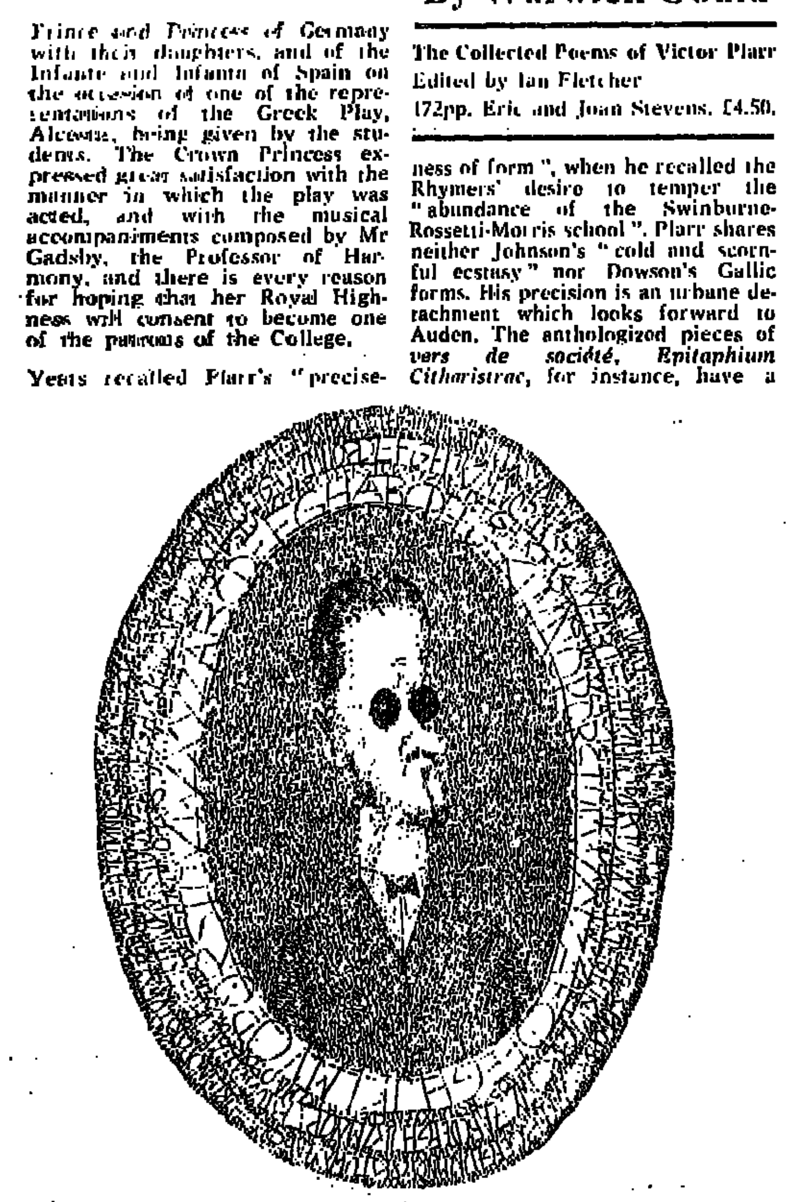
"Hug the Bear" plugs … tween *The Prelude* and … "September 1913" and … to a recent *TLS* correspon…

So 'twas for this th…
consumin…
Your grandsires brake the …
and with …
Of rich, and ancient, and …
Washed Serfdom out …
annals of the …
For this the barefoot Ar…
Upon a hundred fields; fo…
Grey-headed Hugo …
Broth…
In many a perfect line and …

Dr Fletcher is too hard … public poems: the comp… notes (exemplary, especial… matter of analogues) … Yeats is not unjustified. … spellings, however, which … refinements of meaning are … subtile, gray, for exampl… period was punctilious … orthography—there could … no Dorian *Grey*—and Pla… the fondness of Yeats and … "phrenzy" and "phantasy" … figures Auden's passion for … tionary; pasquil, reboant, … eventrate, thurifer, diape… last showing a period co… adornment and design)—… have been entered in Hea… private dictionary.

The textual notes are … consistent in form, and the … tence of the "Asgard" note… posed to that to "Hug th… Some variant readings … missed. Dr Fletcher unco… dubs it an "*editio minor*" … fact an "*editio maior*" of … poet. The title page design… ing, and is reproduced in … gold on the black buckra… seventy-five special copies … might mourn, however, th… for *In the Dorian Mood*; … Wilson.

Much work remains to be … the Rhymers. One … Fletcher's edition of John … his Lionel Johnson should … published. May we expe… Rhymers in print? Todhu… leston and Ellis—none of th… Enoch Soames, Plarr … gives us an overdue chan… think some of the annoyin… types of the 1890s.



*James Joyce by Paul Flora from* Hungerburger Elegien *(61pp. Zurich: Diogenes), a collection of witty and macabre drawings representing the artist's work over the past 32 years.*

# The world turned upside down

**By John Broadbent**

**BARBARA KIEFER LEWALSKI :**
**Donne's Anniversaries and the Poetry of Praise**
**The Creation of a Symbolic Mode**
**386pp. Princeton University Press (AUPG). £8.70.**

**MURRAY ROSTON :**
**The Soul of Wit**
**A Study of John Donne**
**236pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £5.**

These two studies are concerned with some strange poetry. Murray Roston's *The Soul of Wit* revels in the oddity; Barbara Kiefer Lewalski tries to straighten it out in *Donne's Anniversaries*. *The Soul of Wit* prints unusual and helpful Mannerist paintings that parallel literary play, especially inversion. In El Greco's "Resurrection", "A soldier thrown head over heels by the miracle . . . suggests in pictorial form the 'conversion' of the pagan". In Zurbarán's "Vision of St Peter Nolasco" an apparition of the original St Peter hanging on his inverted cross may "impose upon the spectator a need to undergo a spiritual reorientation".

Professor Lewalski has an appendix on "Appleton House" as Marvell's "anniversary" poem in which he explores the orders of nature and of grace. At stanza 71 he tries to secure himself against the corrupt world:

He makes himself utterly passive before nature, and gives himself over unreservedly to the knowledge of it; he supposes himself an "inverted tree", he "languishes" with ease on the velvet moss, he thinks himself strong and safe behind the trees.

But inversion is so crucial to the poem—indeed to Marvell's work generally—that we must suppose the eels in the ox, the distorted house, the military flower-people, are ways of dealing with a topsy-turvy world, with civil war and regicide. It is no good fixing such poetry by declaring that Maria Fairfax "is the culminating principle of order in the poem . . . regenerate Christian soul . . . image of God restored . . . what Elizabeth Drury presented: the Form of the world". Neither figure stands as still as that. Maria flits in with the twilight, like a halcyon—a bird of Mary's colour indeed but, also, like the earlier woodpecker (that feller of royal oaks), a fisher for kings, a bird of prey with pointed beak, a bird of the margin between air and water, day and night; perhaps a fisher queen. As for Elizabeth, what we need is structural analysis of the *Anniversaries* aimed at revealing their "kernel". Why are there two? (Professor Lewalski says because the first presents the order of nature, the second the order of grace.) How are the categories of good (eg, the small, transparent, alloyed, stable, symmetrical) related to those of bad (skin, faeces, the normal size of men, the stars)? Why are there so many words of "substance" and "stuff"? What is happening linguistically when each poem has refrains that ring suspended sentences on "she . . . she . . . she"?

The answers are likely to go back to the intrinsic balm that held the world together for Donne, which he found in her and other women; Professor Lewalski is interesting about that but she does not take it the distance that D. W. Harding does in "Coherence of Theme in Donne's Poetry", originally read to a society at Cambridge and reprinted in the *Kenyon Review* 1951 but not cited here.

Professor Lewalski's book won the 1973 award for the best *explication de texte*; yet there is about it a reluctance to risk error or irrelevance; hence it is a book about the creation of a symbolic mode in praise of the dead that does not mention Rilke. There are times when Professor Lewalski seems to be trudging through an assignment in her own graduate school, unable to see the sacred wood for the inverted metaphors:

In the political sphere, and especially among Protestants, the Christocentric thrust of traditional typology was somewhat muted and often implicit, and the emphasis was laid upon the present age as an extension of sacred history. . . .

Professor Roston, on the other hand, always writes with delight and verve:

Crashaw and Murillo depict, I would suggest, the effulgent, heavenly opulence painted on the ceiling of a baroque cathedral but without the massivity of the dark structure below. . . . Theirs is a surrender without a struggle. . . . Hence . . . the images of maternal suckling which create the over-rich texture of their work.

His book too is an opulent pudding, stirred with rich phrases, crammed with elegant pictures, poignant quotations, holding in a Donne-shaped basin years of ingredients and blessed with a cook's best gift, amiability. Educationally, though, what we need is more *cru* and less *cuit*. The learning is in the cooking; it is by locating and manipulating the materials for himself that the student internalizes what literature, or painting, has to offer. In this book, the work is all done for him—yet it must be for him because most of the positions taken up are fairly conventional. The professional is not going to be surprised by the account of baroque and mannerism (it is less interpretative than Wylie Sypher's); he is not going to gain from a one-paragraph account of *amor cortois* which claims that it expressed "a craving for abstract, deified love" or a discussion of "Love's Progress" in terms of Donne's "mood of disgust".

That poem is forcefully satirical. As Jonson often did, Donne is attacking displacement, in behaviour and in literature; hence the images set out the proposition poetry: vagina : : suppository : stomach. By expressing our disgust in terms of Donne's mood we ourselves displace our reading from experienced logic on to hypothetical feelings. Professor Roston similarly devotes a whole page to what is apparently known as the problem of "dairy imagery" in Crashaw's "Weeper":

Upwards thou dost weep,
Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream,
Where the milky rivers creep
Thine floats above, and is the cream.

The idea of a bosom drinking "perturbs the sensitive reader". Then he had better avoid "Lycidas", where eyes suck the honied showers, and that occasion when the hearts that spanielled Antony at heels discandy and melt their sweets on blossoming Caesar.

It won't last much longer, the age of the individual sensibility publishing its responses to Donne and to Bernini, or to its own graduate seminars, as a book. That civilization may not sink, we must have graduate schools of humanities—to service society's survival values, as *Daedalus* put it. But they're likely to be more responsive to society; they will be more technical (these books should not so entirely lack the application of content analysis and of structuralist poetics, for Donne is a rich subject for such techniques); and they may be more directed at teaching. All is in the work, the practice. We need less completion, less storage; more instructions (to take an example from one of Professor Lewalski's appendixes) to study Jonson's *Eupheme* and the extraordinary Digby couple to see how that material could be brought back into experience, to illuminate the *Anniversaries*. The best response would not be the most complete or the most consistent but the one promising to be most effective when that research student took his own class on Donne.



# …onference

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…als about historical per… …ents is an enterprise …delicacy. It has to be …performance; with the …provided and the out… …, the novelist has to …superior insight and …something to the …story and human under… …features, however, has …the breath of life to …Keneally, the Australian …these themes have ranged …Antarctic (in *The Survivor*) …Joan of Arc (in *Blood Red, Sister Rose*). In this book, he …, with his usual pas… …sardonic exuberance, to …conjunction of men who …railway coaches in the …Compiègne to sign the …armistice.

…protagonists include, …Marshal Foch, that …but limited visionary; …his perpetual curate, …thiny; and Admiral …pragmatist, speaking …the Navy rather more …Britain. The cultural …tween these three pro… …the book's funniest …The Germans, whose …berger, Oberndorff, von …Vanoslow—are often …and even in detailed his… …a bleak, random little …enabled to plead for a …society. Erzberger, the …a pudgy Swabian …socialist, uneasily …the reluctant leader, …of the bullets this …role must ultimately …Oberndorff, aristo… …more savage, apocalypti… …the whole business. …Winterfeldt suffers out… …delicately; also, uxori… …to a French woman, …philia, which embar… …body. Vaneslow does not …Keneally very much …distinguished by his …the glacial armistice …read out.

…search has obviously …preparing the book; one …doubt, for instance, that …of the French ser… …local widow who put …table to improper …is as authentic as the …admiral's childhood. …a great part of the …comes from the …of the Germans to …interlocutors of the …and anarchy in …The British and French …information about it; no …to bring to the warn… …will to listen to it. A …course, that human …wide enough to …meaning of any …each man's field of …determined by his exporl… …berger is afraid of forests; though the symbolism is never stressed. Mr Keneally's more immediate concern, and pleasure, is to convey the isolation of each man in this group, the absolute indifference they feel towards each other, even while emitting and receiving all kinds of messages, jolts and shocks in their encounter.

More immediately still, Mr Keneally wants to convey this to the reader as pungently as possible, by any impressionistic method he can command. His language is concentrated, rapid and elliptical, full of terse images. Sometimes it works extremely well ("machine guns however spoke up, both sides of the road, with their usual bereaving vigour"); but it can come to seem unrelenting ("the Marshal stood still, his legs together, his precognitive passion all at once folded away as neatly as beetles' wings"), and may now and then induce in the reader a kind of mental lockjaw. Mr Keneally also appears to be perpetually impatient with the obligations of narrative; he uses again the technique that he used in *Blood Red, Sister Rose* of writing dialogue as it would be written in the script of a play, and extends this into something like cinematic editing by cutting the action into short takes, brief sections often less than a page long. This allows some dizzy shifting of distance; one moment we have a close-up, the next we are swung out into space. Each short section has its title, sometimes particular—"Over the Soup", "To the Toilets"—and sometimes portentous: "The Puny Range of the Count's Obsessions", "The Marshal's Friendly Relationship with Sleep" and so on. These titles are another device for, as it were, punching holes in the reader's mind.

The reader is also subjected to intermittent bombardment by direct address. One section, called "Our Last Viewing of the Marshal", begins:

Now that the monolith is asleep we can take our final view of him. From this time onwards we shall more accept than examine him: acceptance will be our only recourse, for he will not change or sprout unexpected limbs at the conference table. Knowing that he sleeps deeply as a child, we feel there is time to hunt about the dark cabin for signs of his fallibility and age. What was he reading at bed-time? And where are his teeth stored, and his old handkerchiefs?

There is a great deal of Mr Keneally in that, from the rhetorical impudence to the attentive detail (and of course he is able to answer all his questions, rhetorical or material, very fully). Most of the time—though not always in very dignified posture—he straddles the two extremes remarkably well. It is a difficult feat of balance. Some people may find it ostentatious and intrusive; others may enjoy the tricky experience of sharing in it. Anyone who values an intelligent novelist must hope Mr Keneally will keep his head and not be tempted too completely to despise traditional safety-nets.

# …nner than water

**…Barnes**

**…BILLINGTON :**
**…Devil**
**…, £3.50.**

…was red paint to him." …is a young, beauti… …painter with the …and the emotions … Around him …various lovers, a friend …who, when rejected, …and proceeds to …strainedly roman… …marries, neglects …dramatic suicide; and …or less plausibility …Towering over …, a window-cleaner: …the noble savage but …counteract Edward's …occupations by his un… …practically and warmth, …use of him as a …subjugate him …into a picture, and is finally murdered by him in his own studio.

There is a lot of emphasis in Rachel Billington's new novel on blood, wrinkled flesh, sweat and sick, but each traumatic scene is presented largely in terms of its pictorial composition, as if the author were illustrating Edward's technique by her own style and intended us to see the blood the way Edward sees it, as if it were red paint. This aspect of the novel is carefully worked out and the fact that the characters are so flimsily set up might not matter so much if their life-styles—the food they eat, the wittiness of their clothes and so on—were thought to be of less interest. This is especially irritating in the first part of the story, set in Florence, where willowy people drift unconvincingly over the Ponte Vecchio preoccupied with thoughts of death. Every event is judiciously hinted at beforehand and the climactic scenes are powerful enough, but in spite of the decorative people, the scenery, and the careful structure, it is a rather empty, unaffecting novel.

# Solitary refinement

**By Jane Miller**

**MAUREEN DUFFY :**
**Capital**
**218pp. Cape. £3.50.**

Maureen Duffy has a particular interest in people whose single-mindedness might be thought obsessional; in their thoughts and fantasies and in their attachment to arguments which may be weak or inconclusive and to causes which may not succeed. Meepers, at the centre of her new novel, is a solitary elderly man who squats in garden sheds or empty office blocks and has disciplined himself to study the past in order to save civilization. This he believes he can do by proving that the Dark Ages have been wrongly regarded as a break in civilization: a discovery which might lighten our present darkness and restore faith in continuity. He is not allowed to seem a crank as he coolly burrows by railway lines for evidence to support his case, and his muddled belief that his job as porter at a London college could confer respectability on his ideas is seen as a consequence of his isolation. The article he writes is turned down as too outlandish by the professor of history at the college, and from this rejection an uneasy relationship develops between the two men, in which distrust is finally broken down by their curious need for one another.

The novel would have been better had it concentrated on this bizarre alliance. The professor on his own in London writes tormented letters to his absent wife and details his meetings with Meepers and their strange importance for him. The reticent and resilient Meepers is entirely convincing as a man saving himself for a mission. The novel, though, is about urban life and about London particularly and whether either can survive. The sections dealing with the two men, singly and together, are interrupted by episodes, tragic or difficult ones, in the lives of individuals in London from the most primitive times to this century. Their variety gives a documentary richness to the London the two sorts of historian inhabit and some sense of the continuity Meepers wishes to establish, but they distract from the relationship of the two men and from the argument which underlies it. The mixture of pastiche and document and period send-up in them does not add up to a view of the past likely to have influenced or even impinged upon either Meepers or the professor, nor does it resemble anything they might have contributed themselves.

Maureen Duffy imposes through her flashbacks a third view of London and its history, which seems to be a matter of solitary individuals now and in the past, united only by their solitariness in the face of events and other people, and providing the continuity which might not be apparent to historians who ignored them. The difficulty of the novel has to do with the central characters, historians whose views Miss Duffy appears to discredit while asking us to respond to them as representative individuals. It is hard not to feel disappointed by the novel. It seems to promise an exploration of the way accounts of the past alter attitudes to the present and to have something to say about the nature of the historical imagination and its relation to the historian's needs and expectations. Instead, it offers sometimes vivid but entirely discontinuous moments in a number of quite separate lives.

# Fellow travellers

**By Victoria Glendinning**

**JANE GARDAM :**
**Black Faces, White Faces**
**133pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3.25.**

**JON GODDEN :**
**Ahmed's Lady**
**223pp. Chatto and Windus. £3.75.**

Jane Gardam's *Black Faces, White Faces* is very good indeed, not on account of originality of plot or even of character, but because she writes so well. Her very personal style is light and clean, with an effective economy of punctuation:

For years in her quiet way and particularly in Harrods Lady Fletcher (wife of the judge) had looked forward to the title. She received it and was disappointed.

Put commas in that first sentence, and its style is destroyed. It is a small point, but characteristic of Mrs Gardam's cool directness. She has until now written novels for children, which may account for a deceptive naivety that goes straight to the heart of the matter in every episode of her novel.

For the novel is so episodic as to be hardly a novel at all; it is written to the formula that has made dozens of successful books and films, that of a group of ill-assorted people fortuitously brought together, each with a story, a past, and the remains of a future. The place is Jamaica, and the people are there on holiday; they may watch each other, dine together, even help each other—as in the case of Lady Fletcher (wife of the judge) and Mrs Santamarina the Bolivian Queen—but their lives remain separate. One episode veers back to London and the anguish of the left-behind wife (helping the children with their homework) whose husband is dallying with the Bolivian Queen. There is a honeymoon couple unable to take the plunge; an ancient American silenced by a stroke, listening impotently to Ruthie his wife whom nothing silences. There are middle-aged ladies in the wrong clothes, flares of sexuality towards the wrong partners, and everywhere the friendly smiling faces of the black people who suddenly, shockingly, produce guns or hurl stones or insults at the ignorant well-meaning tourists. Terror and farce in equal parts lurk beside the hotel pool, but neither is allowed above the surface in this short, elegant book.

The heroine of *Ahmed's Lady* by Jon Godden has more ambitious holiday plans. Leah Harding is eighty years old and is travelling the hard way, alone—apart from the boy Ahmed and her ponymen—up into the mountains between Kashmir and Pakistan. The year is 1943; she leaves behind her grandson in the war and too many years of being too good a wife. Leah is too frail for the expedition, in the opinion of the Europeans she meets; but it is her last journey in every sense, and she is determined. The core of the book is her relationship with Ahmed, who is a crook, a cheat and worse, but with whom she reaches an incongruous understanding. It is an old-fashioned novel, but none the worse for that: as gallant and Kiplingesque as its heroine.

# Oven power

**CAROLINE DILKE :**
**The Sly Servant**
**214pp. Chatto and Windus. £3.50.**

Liberation through cooking is the unexpected theme of Caroline Dilke's witty first novel. Reversing the modern heroine's usual path from domestic servitude to bohemian freedom, Polly Henderson turns her back on the squalor and poverty of life with a painter and, tucking her baby under her arm, finds a creative and satisfying niche as cook-housekeeper to an elderly bachelor. By the end of the novel she has gently but steadily risen, like her own croissant dough, from a downtrodden and passive drudge to someone of consequence. Filet de boeuf en croûte and quiche lorraine are not the usual weapons of feminism, but Polly uses what is to hand, as a good cook should, and the happy if impermanent ending is largely of her contriving. Some of the scenes of black comedy are reminiscent of Shena Mackay's investigations of failure, but Caroline Dilke is a more buoyant and optimistic writer, who can make one believe that the nice and the good do win sometimes, and that success makes them nicer and better.

**Catherine Peters**


**Anthony Powell**
Hearing Secret Harmonies
£3.10

**Hans Herlin**
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£3.50

**Rachel Billington**
A Painted Devil
£3.50

**Roy Clews**
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£5.00

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Carter's Book for the Casual Gardener
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The W.I. Diamond Jubilee Cook Book
£4.90

**Helen Oxenbury and Ivor Cutler**
Balooky Klujypop
£1.90

W H
**Heinemann**

# The cunning of Ho

## By Dennis Duncanson

The age and the milieu of Ho Chi Minh were utterly different from those of Cesare Borgia, but the life's work to which Ho was single-mindedly devoted was the same, *Power*—his style the same *bellissimo inganno*. Of the two men, Ho was the better at it, and his *stato* will endure a hundred times as long as Cesare's; he deserves more than did Cesare a Machiavelli to pen *The Chairman*.

Robert F. Turner, in his *Vietnamese Communism*, does not tackle the subject on quite that plane. One reason for not pressing the comparison between Ho and Cesare might be that the real master of revolutionary method was not Ho Chi Minh but the original "chairman" of them all, Lenin; and Lenin was his own Machiavelli. This book is none the less a forthright attempt to uncover the truth behind the myth and glamour with which the New Left in the United States contrived to clothe the Vietnamese communists in order to dissuade press, public, and conscript army from perseverance in the Truman doctrine and to provide a pretext for "protest" by young men scared of President Johnson's "draft".

It is not by being brave or liberal that power is won, Ho and his immediate disciples wrote many times for the edification of their rank and file, but by being cunning; and cunning meant for them "creative application" of what Lenin himself called conspiratorial organization and method, namely uncompromising discipline within a clandestine party bent on lawbreaking and resorting to a boundless range of opportunist tactics and of slogans and fronts designed to exploit the "contradictions" and the liberal laws characteristic of open societies. The subject is rich in material for political science, and this compilation is no malicious work of right-wing prejudice against idealistic social reformers: nineteen out of every score of Mr Turner's footnotes refer to utterances by Vietnamese communists, not by their detractors. Over the burning question, who started up the NLF? he cites a Hanoi pamphlet in which the Party let two eminent American professors of political science, agin their own government on principle, speak for them by declaring there was no evidence that the NLF was a creation of the Party from Hanoi, even though, a year earlier, secretary-general Le Duan had boasted that the NLF and its manifestos, like the Viet Minh before it, were examples of the Party's "clever, Leninist, combination of political struggle with armed struggle".

Mr Turner accepts—although contemporary evidence disproves it—the common view that Ho somehow joined the anti-patriotic Bolsheviks out of patriotic fervour, but he goes on to show the total subservience of Ho during the formative years (and of the numerous other Vietnamese communists of the 1920s and 1930s, now forgotten) to the Comintern. Indeed, down to the present day, the Party has never once advanced a slogan out of tune with the contemporary mood of the international movement nor missed an opportunity to justify the revolution in Indochina as a contribution to world revolution. Mr Turner includes a chapter on Ho's snubs to Tito and on the scorn his Party were pouring on Titoism in communist circles during the years when Western liberals wagged their fingers at Eisenhower and knowingly averred that, if appeased, Ho would turn out to be a Titoist land reformer and nationalist and, "like Mao Tse-tung", not a true communist. If the Vietnamese communists have deplored the Sino-Soviet dispute, that is because it has threatened the onward march of world revolution and made it more incumbent than ever on themselves to carry the torch of "national liberation" in the cause of "proletarian internationalism".

One would expect a Leninist to look for his chance to seize state power in the "revolutionary defeatism" of a world war, and Ho Chi Minh's conduct of the August Revolution in 1945 was assuredly his finest hour. Already past fifty, Ho, from a Red Army headquarters in China, instructed the Politburo to drop agrarian reform as a policy and substitute the new patriotism proclaimed by Stalin; crossing hundreds of miles of rough country on foot, he turned the bad luck of imprisonment by Chiang Kai-shek's anti-communist forces to advantage

ROBERT F. TURNER:
Vietnamese Communism
Its Origins and Development
517pp. Stanford University Press (Hoover Institution Publications 143) $14.95.

to get Chinese and American money and guns for his guerrillas; he forbade the latter to attack Japanese targets until, after Hirohito's surrender, a single contrived skirmish sufficed to impress the OSS with his qualifications to be counted as one of the Allies; and he used this American connexion, first to supersede the secretary-general as party leader, and next to back up his threat to Emperor Bao Dai, "Abdicate or die"; he then used the abdication, a bogus general election, and an announcement that the Party was dissolved to convince the Americans he was the embodiment of their political ideals.

Throughout his career, Ho showed greater skill in handling foreigners than in dealing with his own people, with whom his contacts, thanks to whole decades in exile or the isolation of people's war, were shortlived and at arm's length.

It is often overlooked that the issue he chose for the people's war was not perpetuation of colonial rule in Vietnam, already renounced by France in principle, but whether France ought to transfer a monopoly of power, irreversibly, to the Communist Party. At every stage in the struggle there were more Vietnamese fighting against Ho than with him. The effect of Mao Tse-tung's conquest of South China in 1949 was not simply to make easier the direct arming of Ho's forces and the great victory of the Chinese artillery at Dien Bien Phu in 1954 but also to make any outcome of the conflict short of the establishment of communist rule in northern Indochina, on a permanent basis, unacceptable to the communist block.

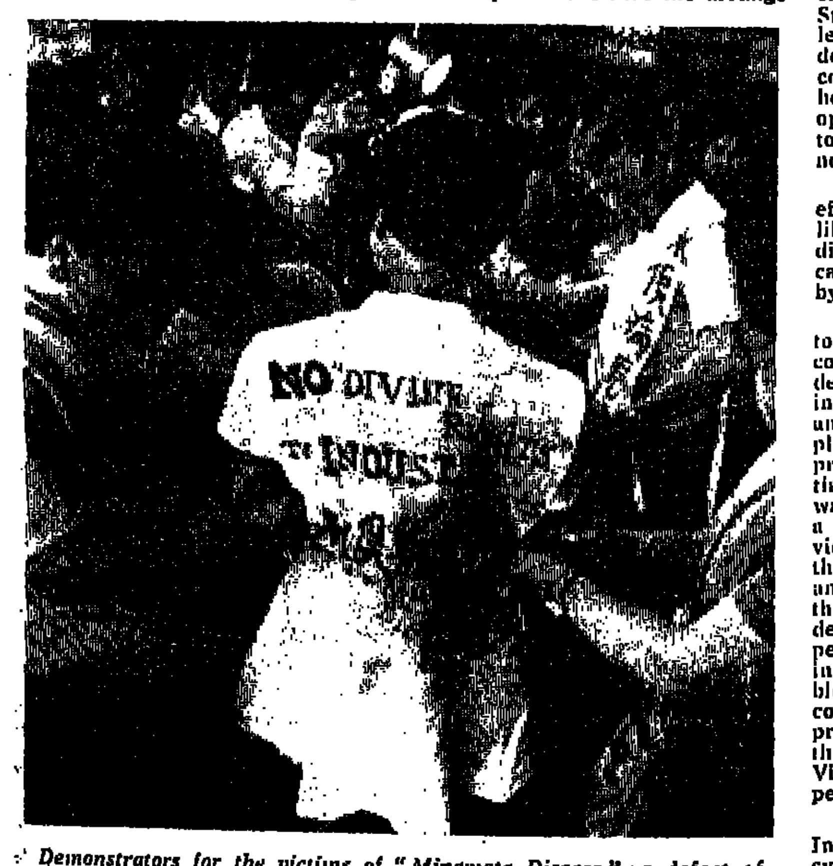
Ho understood this strategic fact better than his enemies and planned his peace strategy at Geneva in 1954 to secure, without arduous conquest, a state from which he could never again be dislodged and, without prior consultation of their wishes, a huge population to labour for his takeover of the rest of the country. "Unification" meant unification under the Party, and Mr Turner points out that the arrangements Ho insisted on [illegible] vision of the elections [illegible] the agreement were [illegible] procure that result [illegible] that was why his opponents [illegible] to participate, to the [illegible] hending disgust of many [illegible] commentators. The second [illegible] War was fought wholly or [illegible] tory of the South, for, [illegible] People's Government of [illegible] warned in 1965, an invasion [illegible] Democratic Republic by [illegible] troops would have been [illegible] by Chinese "volunteers" [illegible] happened in Korea. And the [illegible] reason for the failure of the [illegible] cans to deter Hanoi's invasion [illegible] Laos, Cambodia, and South [illegible] down the Ho Chi Minh Trail [illegible] invasion disguised and denied [illegible] time, advertised and glorified [illegible]—was that they could not [illegible] a scale of bombing which [illegible] have achieved this object [illegible] inflicting such destruction [illegible] continuation of Communist [illegible] rule would have been jeopardized [illegible] at risk of Chinese military [illegible]

The 50,000 words of text available to Mr Turner—the book comprises quotations, notes, and documents—allow room for analysis of the course of victories; neglect of Laos and Cambodia leaves a vital gap. But [illegible] describe Ho Chi Minh's [illegible] government, and that goes [illegible] account for the regime's ability to withstand the bombing [illegible] popular protest. Ho was [illegible] lacking in ideas of his own [illegible] ernment and depended on [illegible] Stalin and Mao, but no matter [illegible] lectivization might arrest [illegible] development and lead to wide [illegible] corruption (much publicized [illegible] home), but it rendered [illegible] opposition impracticable, while [illegible] totalitarian state apparatus [illegible] no medium for potential [illegible]

Yet it required little propaganda effort from Hanoi to convince the liberal world that communist soldiers were freedom fighters in the cause of a "system" [illegible] by nature.

After 1945, while working to encourage the liberal belief [illegible] communist power would [illegible] delay in colonial emancipation [illegible] international communist [illegible] and the Vietnamese communists planned for victory on the [illegible] principle. Schooled in a [illegible] tial understanding of politics [illegible] war that the wicked do not [illegible] a majority of commentators [illegible] vices among the defeated to [illegible] the victories of communist [illegible] and, with communist help [illegible] them in abundance. Mr [illegible] describes with scepticism the [illegible] peace agreement, executed [illegible] in 1973 with the unconcealed blessing of a one-day fourteen [illegible] conference, but his book went to press too soon for him to [illegible] the decisive offensive by the Vietnamese army for which [illegible] peace terms opened the [illegible]

The rise of communist [illegible] Indochina is a tale of [illegible] cynical political craftsmanship subtler than the ponderous [illegible] ship of Mao Tse-tung. A [illegible] of wisdom from it for the [illegible] of political science that did [illegible] tice would require rather [illegible] treatment than Mr Turner's however.




*Demonstrators for the victims of "Minamata Disease", a defect of the central nervous system caused by eating fish poisoned by mercury in industrial waste. The picture is one of the notable series taken by W. Eugene Smith for* Minamata *(192pp. Chatto and Windus. £7.50) a record of the 17-year fight of the people of Minamata, in southern Japan, to establish responsibility for the pollution. A court ruled in their favour in 1973, by which time 10,000 people were estimated to have suffered from the effects of the poison.*

# The junta's victim

## By Alan Angell

HERNAN VALDES:
Diary of a Chilean Concentration Camp
160pp. Gollancz. £4 (paperback, £2).

Hernán Valdés is a young Chilean writer. He was arrested by military intelligence in February last year, questioned and beaten, and subjected to a mock execution. Then he spent two months in a concentration camp where he was interrogated and tortured. As suddenly, and with no more explanation than when he was arrested, he was released, and the book ends as he stumbles away from his captors in a suburb of Santiago (where later he was to take refuge in a foreign embassy). This English version of a book first published in Spain is very welcome. The translation is generally competent, if at times a little too stiff and literal; but the Chilean obscenities so inevitably on the lips of the oppressors (why are torturers, and not only Chilean ones, so obsessed with homosexuality?) are hardly easy to render into smooth English.

Valdés's account of these two months is moving and horrifying—and yet he was, relatively, one of the fortunate ones. He was, after all, released and not murdered, he was tortured only once, not repeatedly, and he was detained for a comparatively short period. The agony and anguish he endured were not just a personal misfortune or an unlucky chance. In Chile today, under its military rulers, brutality and arbitrariness have been erected into principles of government; the torture-chamber is as intrinsic a part of its method of rule as the ballot-box was a part of previous democratic governments. *Diary of a Chilean Concentration Camp* is as much about a political system as it is about a man's suffering; the two aspects are as inseparable as they were for Solzhenitsyn's Ivan Denisovitch. Such a comparison is not far-fetched. Valdés's style is terse and economical. The minute, pitiful and relentless accounts of the daily struggle for existence—for food, for warmth, for sleep—evoke nearly as much suffering, if not so much terror, as the description of torture by electric shock.

The book gains immeasurably from the apparent detachment with which Valdés writes about his own suffering—almost as if he cannot quite believe what happened to him as he reconstructs the pattern of his feeling and his responses to his treatment. There is a great sense of honesty and a strong feeling that this is an attempt to reconstruct accurately, not to elaborate or embroider. The portraits of his captors and fellow-captives are vivid and human. If some of the soldiers enjoyed the sense of power their work brought them, and if others revelled in the opportunity to torture (and to inquire with equal enthusiasm, it seems, into Valdés's sexual activities as into the whereabouts of the underground opposition), yet others conveyed distaste for what they had to do. Some of his fellow-captives were brave, others were not.

Most were bewildered—a confused peasant could not understand what it was all about, a Christian Democrat trade-union leader was sure it was all a mistake, soon to be corrected, though a hardened communist harboured no illusion as to the fate of most of them. Not all moments are grim—there are periods of relief, of a shared solidarity that mitigate, if only temporarily, the essential loneliness of concentration camp life.

*Diary of a Chilean Concentration Camp* encapsulates one man's experience of a nation's humiliation. In the end it is a sense of shame, of humiliation and of disgust that lingers. How could a nation with such a history of freedom be so degraded? How can its citizens be so humiliated and their rights and dignity so brutally violated?

# The divided island

## By Robin Fletcher

POLYVIOS G. POLYVIOU:
Cyprus, the Tragedy and the Challenge
222pp. John Swaine. £2.

Polyvios Polyviou is a Greek Cypriot from an eminent legal family. An authority on constitutional law, he is a Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and a university lecturer. Having been in Cyprus at the time of the Turkish invasion in July 1974, he went to Geneva in August as a member of the negotiating team led by Glafkos Clerides to the abortive conference at which Britain, Greece and Turkey were the other participants. His *Cyprus, the Tragedy and the Challenge* is the first serious book to be published on the new situation in Cyprus; it is so up-to-date that it includes comments on events of February 1975. He apologizes, indeed, for the "undue haste" with which the book was written. There is no sign of this in his admirably lucid pages.

Mr Polyviou's aim is to show how and why the Independence Constitution of 1960 was deficient and what kind of revision will be required if Cyprus is to remain an independent, unified state. In the later part of the book he argues cogently for such a unified state on grounds of the size and the social and economic well-being of the island. He puts forward a convincing case against a federal system of government, which is likely to lead effectively to partition and the adherence of the two parts to Greece and Turkey respectively, and in favour of a strong regionalism. The detailed suggestions for this system of local government under the authority of the single state deserve careful attention. He brings to bear the weight of much legal authority in establishing the principles and his own knowledge of conditions in Cyprus guides his suggestions for putting the principle into practice.

It is easy to accept Mr Polyviou's criticism of the Independence Constitution as too rigid and only too likely to be used "not as a formula for harmonious integration but as an inviolate charter of separatism". It is less easy to see how agreement on anything markedly different could have been reached at [illegible] Again, consideration of [illegible] Polyviou is justified in [illegible] British colonial policy for [illegible] separatism, Turkey for her [illegible] gence after 1960, the Greek [illegible] community for being insufficiently aware of the urgent need to [illegible] the relations of the two communities and the United States for not [illegible] firmly enough against Turkey [illegible] the folly of the Greek junta [illegible] her the excuse for invasion [illegible] somehow academic. One senses [illegible] Mr Polyviou also shares this [illegible] of an inexorable fate leading [illegible] summer's tragedy. To his credit [illegible] is not prepared to allow it to [illegible] mine his faith in his country's future. A member of a generation which has come to maturity [illegible] independence, it is devoutly [illegible] hoped that his book will [illegible] his fellow nationals, Greek and [illegible] alike, that trust combined [illegible] intelligent system of government can still bring peace and prosperity to Cyprus.

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# John Locke re-edited

## By Gilbert Ryle

JOHN LOCKE:
An Essay Concerning Human Understanding
Edited by Peter H. Nidditch
867pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £15.

[illegible] John Locke's collected [illegible] there was [illegible] the Clarendon [illegible] Works of John [illegible] the general editor [illegible] Yolton. In display [illegible] volume of this [illegible] Locke's *An Essay* [illegible] *Understanding*, [illegible] by Professor Nidditch, with an introduction, [illegible] glossary and [illegible]. There is to follow a volume of Locke's [illegible] of his *Essay*-to-be; [illegible] the Locke-Stillingfleet [illegible] correspondence. This 1975 edition [illegible] the fourth edition [illegible] was the last to come [illegible] lifetime. Use is also [illegible] which Locke had [illegible] the fifth edition [illegible] of the French [illegible] which Coste made [illegible] surveillance (1700). [illegible] the two new [illegible] Identity and Diversity [illegible], as well as the [illegible] radically reconsidered [illegible] Power", all of which [illegible] to the first edition [illegible] (1690). We are also [illegible] and an appendix [illegible] (but not all) of the [illegible] textual changes that [illegible] introduced into; [illegible] second and fourth [illegible] are mostly revisions [illegible] capitalization, italics, [illegible] word-order, etc—[illegible] dubs "formal variants", as distinct from the "material variants" which may be exegetically helpful.

This first volume is beautifully printed, though on pages (over 900 of them) hardly tough enough to stand up to incessant or impetuous handling. For this bulkiness Locke's own verbosity is chiefly to blame, but the editor, too, has been overlavish. His thirty-five page glossary of Lockean terms that are now obsolete in spelling, meaning, parsing, etc, will not be much used by philosophy students, since not only is its selection of such terms queerly hit-or-miss, but it is especially reticent about Locke's cardinal epistemological terms. Moreover its information utopianly presupposes that students enjoy constant and instant access to the *OED*.

A quite gratuitous fifteen-page appendix coaches the reader in the patois of the printing-house, that is in the use of such terms as "case", "majuscule", "quire" and "gathering". This jargon is not more pertinent to the *Essay* than to *Tristram Shandy*, *Das Kapital* or *The Times*.

The longest appendix is a fifty-page register of some thousands of mostly "formal" differences between editions of the *Essay*; and even these thousands only supplement the many kindred items in the volume's copious footnotes. Comparison between the solitary page of the introduction describing the *Essay's* contribution to philosophy and the (estimated) 100 pages of textual variants, *plus* the "printing-house" appendix, *plus* the patchy glossary, will quickly satisfy students that this Clarendon edition is for bibliophiles.

The classical scholar assembles, sifts, compares and classifies the textual differences between surviving MSS in order inferentially to reconstruct some long-lost original writing of Aeschylus, say, or Tacitus. His critical apparatus displays the discrepant MSS-readings as bases for such inferences to lost writings. But printing has eliminated the scribe. What Locke (say) originally wrote for printing is not lost; it is available today in manifold printed copies. Locke's second and fourth editions of the *Essay* do indeed exhibit thousands of variations from his first edition; but these text differences, substantial or minute, are not clues to lost originals, but merely Locke's own posterior revisions of his own earlier and still available writings. Possessing them all, we do not, apart from compositors' interventions, have to reconstruct any Lockean texts. Professor Nidditch's myriad excerpted text variations do not converge on any reconstruction problem. He hopes, however, that his "critical apparatus will be found useful and reliable by philosophers and by historians of thought and literature", though he does not specify the researches that depend on such collections.

It needs to be said at once that from the student whose interests are philosophical these accumulations of text-variations will elicit no thanks. Even if a few of Locke's tinkerings could abet understanding of the *Essay's* argument, the reader will never find them, buried as they are, unflagged, unsorted and unindexed, amid the thousands of Locke's exegetically null corrections of misprints and misspellings, and his changes of semi-colons, parentheses, apostrophes, italics, etc. But anyhow Locke's repetitiousness nearly always secures that what he wants to say he does say in only too numerous paraphrases. A sense-affecting variant would usually be a key to a wide-open door.

The *Essay* was an immediate and continuing best seller. New editions and printings were needed every few years, not only during Locke's lifetime, but during the century after his death. Moreover, Wynne's abridgment (1695), Coste's French translation (1700) and Burridge's Latin translation (1701) were all frequently reprinted. At Oxford the *Essay* seems to have become the topic of lectures and even examination-questions quite early in the eighteenth century. Why? For what strong and continuing needs did the *Essay* cater?

The idea that the literate world was excited by a fight between the dragon of Rationalism and the St George of Empiricism ignores two facts, first, that neither "ism" was going to be mentioned as such until the nineteenth century; and, secondly, that Locke's account of knowledge proper, as distinct from judgment, opinion, guesswork and fancy, was hardly distinguishable from that of Descartes. Indeed Locke, going far beyond Descartes, promised that Ethics would join pure mathematics as a demonstrative science.

Some twentieth-century commentators promote Locke to the status of the harbinger of "natural philosophy", a sort of early Mach or Schlick. Yet, after the famous "underlabourer" passage in the "Epistle to the Reader", the little that the *Essay* says about the experimental and observational sciences is lukewarm and even defeatist. On page 560 of this volume we read "but as to a perfect *Science* of natural Bodies (not to mention spiritual Beings) we are, I think, so far from being capable of any such thing, that I conclude it lost labour to seek after it": and on page 645: "... makes me suspect, that natural Philosophy is not capable of being made a Science". On page 647 Locke tepidly concedes that "... the Contemplation of [God's] Works ... may be of greater benefit to Mankind, than the Monuments of exemplary Charity, that have at so great Charge been raised by the Founders of Hospitals and Alms-houses." On page 588 he deflatingly writes "possibly inquisitive and observing Men may, by strength of *Judgment*, penetrate farther, and on Probabilities taken from wary Observation and Hints well laid together, often guess right at what Experience has not yet discovered to them. But this is but guessing still ..."

Even in his important chapter on the Freedom of the Will ("On Power", Book II Chapter XXI) the Necessity with which our Freedom is contrasted is not that *mechanical* or cause/effect Necessity, to which he does elsewhere (page 77) give a perfunctory mention. In this chapter, "On Power", the issues debated seem to arise neither out of any general scientific or anti-scientific presuppositions, nor yet out of any theological presuppositions, such as Calvinism or anti-Calvinism. Their source is rather somewhere between jurisprudence and the philosophy of Mind. Religion, Morals and Politics are here and always much nearer to Locke's heart than physics, chemistry, astronomy, or even medicine.

Though Locke very frequently inveighs against the Controversies, Wranglings and Disputes of others, he seldom states who these Wranglers are. Yet, with little notice from commentators, it seems to have been just these Disputes that shocked or inveigled Locke into becoming the philosopher whom we justly rank so high. What worked in his belly was the combined ferocity and inconclusiveness of these unnamed Controversies. Again and again Locke imposes on these Wrangles his own universal "no nonsense" quietus "... From Sensation or from Reflexion?", which sounds to us like—and is—verificationism itself in its adolescence. But, though its tone of voice is positivist, its targets, when identifiable, are not pseudo-sciences but nearly always dogmas lying well inside the special fields of Divinity, Jurisprudence and Morals. This suggests that the intended and actual readers of the *Essay* were those literate laymen and unbigoted clerics who were sick of the doctrinal vendettas that had long been rending their civil lives. Locke was not crusading for a scientism that would not be ripe for existence for a century or two. He was out to demolish those undebatable, because privileged, premisses or first principles by which the factions nailed to the mast their proprietary certitudes.

The subsequent deism of some Lockeans, though negative, at least was not fired by brotherly hatreds or puffed up by monopolized revelations; and, inheriting the *Essay's* "no nonsense" quietus, it did help, as intended, to abate the heats of the sects and parties. Locke did not dream of turning the literates into acolytes of the Royal Society. None the less his general programme of quashing en bloc the internecine Controversies, Wrangles and Disputes was much more than a mere doctrinal pacifism: it was the application of a new notion of rationality in thinking, a notion which has gradually become constitutive of the very idea, not of a science, but of being scientific.

# …by logic alone

## [illegible] I. Altham

[illegible]:
[illegible] Knowledge
[illegible] University Press

[illegible] philosophy of mathematics, [illegible] else, there was a [illegible] around the beginning [illegible] century. The views of [illegible] Frege, Russell, Hilbert [illegible] that date from about [illegible] will provide starting-points for discussion. Most of [illegible] are still recognizably [illegible] that these men faced, [illegible] many cases more [illegible] have changed [illegible] which they are tackled. [illegible] unsurprising, and no [illegible] Mark Steiner's book [illegible] some rather familiar [illegible]. The jacket of *Mathematical Knowledge* carries out the [illegible] that the problems [illegible], concerning how [illegible] to know mathematical [illegible] have been relatively [illegible] the claim is misleading [illegible] necessary. Dr Steiner [illegible] and often subtle contributions to bring to bear on [illegible] the most part, standard argument against any such reduction which goes back to Poincaré and purports to show the autonomy of mathematical induction. This argument has reappeared in many variations, but all the variations claim that, in the reduction mathematical induction must in one way or another be presupposed, so that the reduction involves a vicious circle. In the course of an intricate dialectic, Dr Steiner makes two main claims against arguments of this kind. He argues convincingly that some of the variants fail through underestimating the resources of the set theory to which mathematics is reduced, while others fail through wrongly insisting that persons should be able to prove what in fact they need not prove, since all that is in question is a truth, together with certain skills. For example, it is true that the formulas of a mathematical language can be inductively generated, but a user of that language does not need to know this. He has only to have the skills enabling him to construct, recognize, and use the formulas. Dr Steiner also has some strong points against the Wittgensteinian argument that mathematics could not be learned from logic alone, because mathematical truths, when written in primitive logical notation, come out too long and complex to be surveyed by the human mind. But in spite of rejecting these arguments against the reduction, he himself rejects it, for the entirely conventional, but compelling reason that the set theory to which mathematics is reduced is epistemologically less secure than what is reduced to it.

[illegible] however, a group of [illegible] himself, rather surprisingly [illegible] a book on the epistemology of mathematics, neglects [illegible]. This is the group associated with Brouwer and the Dutch [illegible] mathematical Intuitionists. [illegible] omission is a symptom [illegible] that limits the value [illegible] book. The intuitionists [illegible] important parts of [illegible] generally thought to be [illegible] knowledge were not [illegible] that classical mathematics [illegible] to be shorn of excrescences [illegible] want, according to [illegible] the bounds of reason, [illegible] reconstructed on sounder [illegible] Intuitionism is itself [illegible] striking form of a [illegible] statement of doubt as [illegible] of certain axioms and [illegible] of certain procedures. [illegible] doubt has epistemological [illegible] and has determined a [illegible] of writings in the [illegible] of mathematics. But Dr [illegible] reads as though all of [illegible] to the standard [illegible] knowable, and so the [illegible] he discusses are only [illegible] we know. The deeper [illegible] which concern *whether* [illegible] can know, all that we [illegible] are little more than [illegible] chosen limits. However, [illegible] book is useful. The first [illegible] discuss whether the [illegible] Frege and Russell, that [illegible] irreducible to logic, [illegible] we come to know [illegible] truths. There is an

In the remaining two chapters, the treatment is sketchier. Dr Steiner thinks it possible to know at least some unobvious mathematical truths without knowing how to prove them, and even—a more startling thesis—without knowing that a proof is possible. He gives the example of a result of Euler, which Euler supported by analogy, derivation by the same method of truths already known, and other plausible arguments, but which he could not prove. In fact Dr Steiner admits that if Euler had tried to set his argument down in full detail, he would undoubtedly have written falsehoods. But this last fact makes it paradoxical to claim that Euler *knew* his result was correct, and subsequent discussion in the book is too slight to dispel the paradox. In the last chapter, a start is made in trying to rehabilitate a notion of mathematical intuition (not in Brouwer's sense), as a means of coming to know mathematical truth. But it seems unlikely that the plan can be made to work. Intuition is a necessary source of conjecture, no doubt, but it remains a merely personal experience until its deliverances are verified in some public manner; and it is still far from clear that, in pure mathematics, anything short of proof can in the end count as adequate verification.

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# The Free Church vote

## By Edward Boyle

The general election of 1906 returned between 180 and 200 Nonconformists to Westminster, including thirty whose candidacies the Liberal Chief Whip "had dismissed more or less as exercises in futility". "Free Churchmen" (as they officially described themselves) on the Liberal backbenches outnumbered the whole of the Unionist opposition. It was the culmination of what John Vincent has called the second phase of the Nonconformist assault on the Liberal Party, and Edwin Montagu reminded Asquith, who had invited a lady of dubious virtue to a Downing Street reception, that "ours is a Nonconformist Party with Nonconformist susceptibilities". Yet within eighteen years, in October 1924 no denomination gave a majority of its MPs to the Liberals, and after 1935 "the Free Churches never again ventured corporately into the electoral arena".

This is a significant aspect of early twentieth-century British history which has not previously been recounted in detail, and Stephen Koss has written a first-rate book: clear, scholarly, witty and perceptive. Indeed my only serious criticism concern the opening chapter, where Professor Koss considers why government education policy, both in 1870 and after 1902, should have sparked off such burning controversy.

It does seem strange at first sight that Balfour's 1902 Education Act, and Butler's 1944 Act, each of which has been ranked among the greatest measures of constructive social reform during the present century, should have had such different political consequences; the Balfour Act probably did more to accelerate the Unionist electoral decline after 1902 than has been generally realized, while the Butler Act was welcomed by harassed whips as a measure which would command moderate support right across the wartime coalition after the strains caused by the controversies over the Beveridge Report.

The reason was, of course, the far greater extent of the problem of the single-school area in 1902 than in 1944. Both Balfour and Butler, wanting to see educational advance, realized that the problem of keeping voluntary school buildings up to a satisfactory standard, in competition with state and rate-supported council schools, would be beyond the capacity of the religious denominations themselves.

But at the turn of the century there were fewer than 6,000 "provided" schools and over 14,000 church schools, whereas by the Second World War the proportion of children in church schools had already fallen to one-third. Professor Koss suggests that Nonconformists minded so much about having to attend church schools in single-school areas partly because they saw themselves as "patrons of a unique culture, marginal but inherently superior"; partly, also, because they had become "more self-consciously anti-sacerdotal", and suspected the Established Church of growing "less distinctly Protestant". These are valid points, but I suspect that Kitson Clark in his book *Churchmen and the Condition of England* gets still nearer to the root of the matter:

> The emphasis on religious teaching upset the balance of much education. . . . It was particularly dangerous when education was so largely in the hands of men who believed that the hierarchy of society was necessary for social order and had been ordained by God.

As Hensley Henson neatly put it: "Anglicans would not surrender privilege: Nonconformists would not abate demands."

In April 1906 Augustine Birrell, the president of the Board of Education, introduced a Bill which would have ended the dual system of "provided" (i.e. council) and "non-provided" (i.e. church) schools by enacting that, from January 1908, no school was to be recognized for the purposes of grant, either from rates or taxes, unless it became a provided school within the meaning of the Education Acts. "Unless electoral promises and pledges are fustian and fudge", Birrell told the Commons, "no other course than this was possible (to us). It does not fall short of our pledge, it does not go beyond our pledge, it is our pledge." Not for the last time in our history, a Bill which had been confidently expected, and which was introduced in good faith as a simple act of justice to Government supporters, succeeded in pleasing nobody. The Nonconformist leaders, [illegible] They did not like the provision for "extended facilities" for denominational education in those urban districts where four-fifths of the parents requested them.

More fundamentally, they felt that "the system laid down by Balfour's 1902 Act was modified in detail, but not in essentials": in other words they wanted the old school boards back, on which Nonconformists had always been strongly represented, instead of the new, more remote, local education authorities which corresponded to county and county borough councils.

Official Anglicanism was predictably outraged at the proposal to end the dual system, while the Government's Roman Catholic supporters were not satisfied with the proposals for extended denominational education—they would be content with nothing less than a guarantee of "Catholic teachers for Catholic schools". Even the section of the Anglican Church which most wanted to settle with the Government found their way obstructed. One of the provisions of the Birrell Bill which caused the greatest offence to moderate church opinion was the insistence that, while denominational teaching might be made available on two days a week in schools "transferred" to the local authority, this could not be given by members of the teaching staff.

Bishop Percival of Hereford, a radical and courageous Broad Churchman who supported the main lines of the Bill, urged strongly in an open letter to Birrell a concession on this point. No document

**STEPHEN KOSS:**
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272pp. Batsford. £7.

unearthed by Professor Koss is more interesting than Lloyd George's account to a friend of how he had insisted in Cabinet that "allowing all the teachers to give denominational education . . . would have been absolutely fatal to us". Given the existing balance between church and council schools in single school areas, he was probably right in his view that such a concession would have been regarded by Nonconformists as the ultimate "let-down".

The House of Lords insisted on its wrecking amendments to the Birrell Bill, which therefore perished; as Professor Koss rightly stresses, "conspicuously few [Nonconformists] mourned the measure at the time of its demise". In 1908 two further Education Bills were introduced, by McKenna and Runciman respectively, of which the second went a considerable distance towards meeting moderate Anglican demands.

But by now attitudes were hardening on all sides; Anglicans began to ask for statutory facilities for denominational instruction in council schools (something that was not granted even in 1944), Nonconformists could see no point in suddenly conceding what had been rejected in 1906, while the National Union of Teachers strongly opposed the proposal for "contracted-out" church schools which would receive a direct parliamentary grant. The Runciman Bill was withdrawn, the 1902 Act remained in force, and Nonconformists seemed to have gained nothing from their alliance with a Liberal Government.

Lloyd George's "People's Budget" of 1909, and the constitutional crisis which followed its rejection, presented the Nonconformists with a new target, the House of Lords; William Robertson Nicoll wrote in the *British Weekly* that "We recognise this as a far more serious crisis than even that in which we fought—and won" in 1906. This struggle should have set the seal on the Liberal-Nonconformist alliance; yet for a number of reasons it did not. Asquith was less instinctively sympathetic to Nonconformists than Campbell-Bannerman had been, a growing number of Free Church ministers began to have doubts about political Nonconformity at a time of declining congregations, while the dependence of the Liberal Government on the Irish vote after 1910 led to the realization that it was "not likely to tackle the Education question seriously".

Still more ominously for organized Nonconformity, the 1910 elections saw the beginning of the transition to class politics in their modern form:

> In London and the Home Counties, where neither Free Churchmanship nor Liberalism was dominant, the floodtide of 1906 receded: the va[illegible] of seats which the Lib[illegible] had won on narrow mar[illegible] swept away. Noncon[illegible] particularly Wesleyans, [illegible] tinued to migrate in [illegible] number to the midd[illegible] suburbs of the Southe[illegible] they tended to assert the[illegible] respectability by assum[illegible] neighbours' Tory colo[illegible] contrast, political Noncon[illegible] continued to manifest str[illegible] the West Country, in W[illegible] the West Riding of Yorks[illegible] in the Northeast, where [illegible] Unionist revival met var[illegible] grees of resistance. . . . [illegible] northern bastions of Pr[illegible] Methodism, where [illegible] helped to foster class[illegible] ness, the drift was decide[illegible] the Labour direction

The First World War, Pr[illegible] Koss reminds us, "dealt a [illegible] ing blow to organized religi[illegible] also "held out to Noncon[illegible] the prospect of full accepta[illegible] the community", thereby [illegible] dulling the edge of their m[illegible] In addition, just as Noncon[illegible] had been in conflict over th[illegible] War, so they now became ho[illegible] divided over policies like co[illegible] tion. As against those wh[illegible] gratulated John Simon on [illegible] signation from Asquith's G[illegible] ment over this issue, Nicoll [illegible] describe a meeting addre[illegible] the veteran Free Church[illegible] paigner Dr Clifford (who ha[illegible] a 1906 audience that "Mr [illegible] George was in politics as M[illegible] stone was in politics that he [illegible] serve God in politics"):

> The vast Nonconformist me[illegible] held last night . . . sho[illegible] far more militant spirit i[illegible] lish Nonconformity than [illegible] dared to hope for. Dr C[illegible] our Grand Old Man, who [illegible] keen pro-Boer, appeared [illegible] Cromwell Ironside, taunt[illegible] shirkers and urging that th[illegible] [illegible]e pursued with our whole [illegible]

[illegible] Lloyd George became [illegible]ister in December 1916 [illegible] naturally high hopes of [illegible] Nonconformist, in actual [illegible] with a Free Church" [illegible] office. Professor Koss [illegible] on Lloyd George's [illegible] involvement with [illegible]:

> [illegible] an organized body of [illegible] on which he could draw [illegible] and for which, as the [illegible] his pious upbringing, he [illegible] genuine reverence. Even [illegible] he had apparently dis[illegible] the content of religious [illegible] he retained a zealous devo[illegible] outward forms. . . . A [illegible], he took delight in [illegible] Welsh hymns and reciting [illegible] of sermons which [illegible] heard in his youth. [illegible] did he dismiss an oppor[illegible] address a denominational [illegible] [or] to congratulate a [illegible] who celebrated an anniver-[illegible]

[illegible] Professor Koss goes on to [illegible] this relationship became [illegible] less advantageous to [illegible]". As Prime Minister, [illegible] seriously considered a [illegible] whereby the drink trade [illegible] bought out at generous [illegible] public funds. As a party [illegible] with a general elec[illegible] as the war ended, he [illegible] as many seats for his [illegible] as anyone could have [illegible] his negotiations over [illegible]" with the Unionist [illegible] Sir George Younger, [illegible] to a well-known brewery. [illegible] Trade" was one issue [illegible] united the great majority [illegible]formists. A few months [illegible] the 1918 election, Lloyd [illegible] addressed the National Free [illegible] Council "not as the Chief Minister of the Crown, but as a humble member of the Free Churches, to talk to my fellow Free Churchmen in an hour of grave national emergency".

When the election began, Dr Clifford occupied a prominent position on the platform of the Central Hall, Westminster, where Lloyd George and Bonar Law launched their combined campaign. But the combination of the Prime Minister's chauvinism, the coupon, and Sir George Younger proved too much for Dr Clifford; ten days later, in a letter published in the *British Weekly*, he urged electors to vote for candidates pledged to revoke "the fraudulent Act of 1902", and still nearer to Polling Day he took the chair at a Free Church demonstration in support of Labour. In the outcome, eighty-eight Free Churchmen were returned, the smallest number since 1880, and only seven Independent Liberals. This election really marked the end of the Free Churches as a significant political force.

By 1924 not a single MP thought it worthwhile to attend the National Free Church Council, and Nicoll's successors as editors of the *British Weekly* were becoming inclined to regard Baldwinian Conservatism as the logical successor to Liberal idealism. However, there was to be one last attempt at a revival of the "old alliance" of Lloyd George and the Free Church leaders; and Professor Koss gives a full account of Lloyd George's Council of Action for Peace and Reconstruction in 1935.

This was a sad and futile episode, which cost Lloyd George's funds £400,000 for a negligible return. As Maurice Cowling has recently pointed out, Lloyd George made unemployment the centre of his plan for reconstruction in order to distinguish his policy from that of Neville Chamberlain; yet Scott Lidgett, his vice-chairman and the only Free Church leader who still counted, "embraced the National Government as a bulwark against socialism". Lloyd George and Samuel came together as Liberal leaders in the 1935 election campaign; even though their policies on tariffs could hardly have been more opposed. The only beneficiaries from the Council of Action were one or two individual candidates like Macmillan at Stockton, who worked shrewdly to enlarge what was for him a vital share of the middle vote. Perhaps the most mordant comment on this nadir of Liberal and Free Church fortunes was uttered, characteristically, by Lady Violet Bonham Carter when, two years later, she declined to appear with Lloyd George at a by-election at which Isaac Foot was a hopeful candidate: "[Lloyd George's] description of Hitler as 'the greatest man in Europe' as lately as last autumn must, I think, have come as a shock to most Liberals (even those Cerebresces the Free Church Ministers)."

But I cannot quite agree with Professor Koss when he calls the 1935 Council of Action campaign "The Last Rally"; I think that description should really be ascribed to an episode nearly twenty-five years later, the controversy over the Education Act of 1959. Professor Koss deals briefly in his final chapter with the 1944 Education Act, and suggests, while paying due tribute to Butler's "consummate diplomatic skills", that the absence of serious Free Church opposition to this Act was mainly due to the realization that the question had now become "whether [people] will be Christians at all". But this is to foreshorten history a little. Lord Butler in his masterly autobiography *The Art of the Possible* did himself less than justice when he suggested that his 1944 religious settlement was "not unlike" Birrell's Bill of 1906. Looked at in retrospect, the defeat and abandonment of the Birrell Bill, with its intended abolition of the dual system, was decisive for the future; and Butler, aided by Chuter Ede and Temple, put forward a scheme which was more generous, more sensitive, and (above all) based on far greater understanding than anything his predecessors proposed in the aftermath of the 1906 Liberal/Nonconformist triumph.

As Butler shrewdly recognized, for his plan to succeed "Anglican schools would have to opt for controlled status in large numbers", otherwise the old single-school area controversy would drag on. But Butler was able to make the concession to controlled schools over "reserved" teachers, selected to give denominational instruction to those children whose parents requested it, which Birrell had not been willing to grant to transferred schools. The Free Churches accepted this in 1944, partly because they had grown so much less militant, but partly also because the very generous terms of assistance to those church schools which opted for aided status were to be strictly limited to existing Anglican or Roman Catholic schools. In words used at the time, there was to be no enlargement of the denominational base.

In 1959, the Conservative Government of the day, in support of its policy set out in the White Paper *Secondary Education for All: A New Drive*, proposed both to increase the rate of building grant for aided schools to 75 per cent, and also to go beyond the 1944 settlement by extending this grant to new secondary schools needed to match existing primary facilities.

Geoffrey Lloyd, in introducing the legislation, admitted that the Free Churches had expressed "particular anxiety" about these proposals, and that it had been agreed that they would reexamine the problem of single-school areas jointly with the Church of England; Mr Lloyd added that the proportion of children in church schools, one third in 1938, had now fallen to one seventh. The indignation of Free Church leaders was criticized in Parliament by one or two of their own followers as "very considerably overdone", but they did feel genuinely strongly, and they had points on their side. Roman Catholicism and High Anglicanism had both made strides since 1944; there had indubitably been a social revival of Anglicanism during the decade after the war (it was not uncommon in big cities to find members of Free Church and Unitarian families "conforming" for the first time); and the Ministry of Education had only recently fought off a rearguard action by Archbishop Fisher who wanted the Church to retain the privilege, in a controlled school, of appointing the manager who corresponded with the local authority—exactly the kind of issue which had caused understandable bitterness in the past.

Yet the problem remained, just as in 1902, of ensuring that children should not be penalized at a time of educational advance because of the faith into which they happened to be born. The Labour spokesman on education, Michael Stewart, faced with Welsh opposition on the benches behind him, made an intervention in debate which was typical of the standards he has set throughout his long, valuable and (outside Westminster) much underrated career:

> The great majority of people do not send—indeed they do not want to send—their children to denominational schools. But those people desire good education for their own children, and, as a matter of public spirit, for the children of all people in the nation. They want to see education improved. What they expect of us is that we shall find a way of improving it that, as far as is humanly possible, will do violence to nobody's conscience.

I remember feeling at the time that these words finally established the principle that "opportunity for all" in education mattered more than sectarian privileges or demands.

It was, I think, only after 1960 that all the churches came to feel acutely the common challenge of "humanism", and Professor Koss is right to have referred in his closing pages to Bryan Wilson's important book *Religion in Secular Society*. We can now realize more clearly that political Nonconformity, so far from being "an eternal constellation in the firmament of parliamentary democracy" was, as Professor Koss puts it, more analogous to Halley's Comet, "another phenomenon of the Edwardian age". When, in November 1966, Parliament took the further and significant step of making available an 80 per cent building grant to all denominational schools, new or old, there was no Free Church opposition at all. One might guess that, since that date, many Roman Catholics have become increasingly doubtful about the objective of Catholic schools for all Catholic children, but that (for reasons by no means exclusively denominational) a growing proportion of Anglicans have become more determined to preserve those Church of England aided schools that still survive.

# The petticoat vote

## By F. M. Leventhal

**ANDREW ROSEN:**
**Rise Up, Women!**
The Militant Campaign of the Women's Social and Political Union 1903-1914
312pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £6.95.

**DAVID MORGAN:**
**Suffragists and Liberals**
184pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £4.

Books on the women's suffrage movement in England can be divided into several categories. There are, first of all, the innumerable memoirs of prominent participants. More concerned with settling old scores than with setting the record straight, these self-vindicating recollections, generally published long after the events they recount, are less notable for historical accuracy than for partisan invective. Whatever their differences, now long since forgotten, Pankhursts and Pethick-Lawrences, Fawcett and Kenney alike were determined above all to justify their conduct in the eyes of posterity. Secondly, the recent interest in women's history on both sides of the Atlantic has given rise to a spate of popular accounts calculated either to entertain or to inspire a new generation unfamiliar with the exploits of militant Edwardian ladies. Enlivened by titles like *Rapiers and Battleaxes*, *The Petticoat Rebellion*, and *The Militant Suffragettes*, such works reflect the mood of contemporary feminism, but reveal little not already known.

The most readable of the less partisan studies, Roger Fulford's *Votes for Women* (1957), deliberately eschewed manuscript material, relying entirely on printed sources. Despite his professed admiration for the valiant struggle, Fulford, like most male chroniclers of the movement, found it difficult to contain his amusement at the histrionics of the suffragettes. Almost in a category by itself, George Dangerfield's impressionistic and highly influential book, *The Strange Death of Liberal England*, first published in 1935, was inclined to ridicule the Pankhursts, but cited the suffragettes as exemplars of a widespread revolt against Victorian [illegible] the First World War.

Serious scholarship has been the category most neglected, with the result that current notions of the suffrage movement derive largely from tired anecdotes and unreliable sources. Until comparatively recently most historians accorded the women's campaign scant attention, regarding it as an irritating, if somewhat ludicrous, distraction from the vital political issues of the day—Liberal social policy, the rise of the Labour Party, the reform of the House of Lords, and the impending international catastrophe. Furthermore, the paucity of manuscript sources remained a deterrent to scholarly investigation: Pankhurst papers are virtually non-existent, Fawcett letters scarce, and those of the Pethick-Lawrences still uncatalogued and in private hands. The Women's Social and Political Union never divulged membership information, and many of its records may have fallen victim either to precautionary destruction or to police raids. What survives, thanks largely to the Fawcett Society, the London Museum, and other repositories, are collections of pamphlets, newspaper clippings, and organizational minutiae. Constance Rover's recent *Women's Suffrage and Party Politics, 1866-1914*, based partly on previously unpublished material, initiated a scholarly reexamination of the subject, but it was narrowly conceived and concentrated on the public pronouncements of the contending elements.

These two new books, their shortcomings notwithstanding, make considerable strides in filling the lacunae. Despite its inflammatory title, Andrew Rosen's *Rise Up, Women!* is a dispassionate reassessment of the Women's Social and Political Union, the principal agent of militant suffrage activity in the pre-war period. Making effective use of unpublished correspondence, Mr Rosen's meticulously researched and lucidly written work comes as close to providing a definitive study of the Pankhursts' creation as we are likely to have for some time. Yet one should not be misled by the book's claim to important manuscript discoveries: the Pankhurst collection in the author's possession, to which reference is made, would appear from an examination of the citations to be insubstantial, and the "secret correspondence" between Christabel Pankhurst and A. J. Balfour to have been brief and inconsequential. Inevitably Mr Rosen is compelled to rely more heavily than he would care to admit on periodicals, memoirs, and published WSPU records.

Mr Rosen is the first historian to explore systematically the emergence of militant strategy, which he views not as a series of ill-conceived expedients, but rather as a concerted campaign to win attention and to overcome popular indifference. Drawing upon the reminiscences of Sylvia Pankhurst, he traces the origins of the WSPU to a concern with the plight of working women which led the Pankhursts into the Independent Labour Party, the only political group in the 1890s that encouraged active participation by women. Without actually affiliating with the party, the WSPU, founded in 1903, depended upon the ILP for publicity, lecture platforms, and audiences, as well as for a model of militant conduct. In protesting against the banning of public meetings in a Manchester park, the ILP had shown that the defiance of unjust restrictions, resulting in prosecution and imprisonment, generated publicity and wider popular support.

As early as 1905, before the Pankhursts shifted their efforts from Lancashire to London, Christabel, jailed for disrupting a Liberal election meeting, decided that "martyrdom, deliberately sought after, would, if the deliberation were not revealed, make women's suffrage newsworthy". Far from being the victims of unanticipated repression, the suffragettes courted government retaliation in order to embarrass the authorities and to impose their cause on the public consciousness. Recognizing that the planning of provocative tactics might alienate potential supporters, the Pankhursts deliberately fostered an image of defenceless innocence. When outdoor demonstrations and the heckling of Liberal ministers reached the limits of their effectiveness, suffragettes resorted to hunger strikes as a means of evoking sympathy. Released prisoners received maximum publicity because, as Mrs Pethick-Lawrence realized, "every prisoner means a harvest of converts".

By 1910 the first phase of militancy was played out, although it had failed to persuade the Asquith Government to concede the vote. The Pankhursts agreed to a temporary truce, not out of affection for the proposed non-party Conciliation Bill, but rather to provide a breathing space to allow familiar techniques to fade from memory. More over their followers had begun to rebel against the one-sided vi[illegible] to which they were being sub[illegible] preferring, quite understand[illegible] break windows than to suff[illegible] indignities of police brutality[illegible] militancy was resumed at [illegible] of 1911, its objective was no [illegible] to secure publicity, a full m[illegible] of which had been obtained [illegible] even to convince the p[illegible] leaders. Window-breaking a[illegible] were not calculated to en[illegible] pathy, but to outrage the [illegible] to coerce the voters into dem[illegible] Government surrender. That [illegible] plan backfired is evident [illegible] Rosen contends, that the WSP[illegible] "incapable of a more or less [illegible] tive analysis of the likely re[illegible] of Georgian England to an [illegible] campaign waged by a re[illegible] small group of middle-class w[illegible]

But how is one to expla[illegible] escalating extremities to whi[illegible] militants resorted? By 19[illegible] WSPU was attracting fewer, [illegible] less impassioned, adherents. [illegible] Wilding Davison, the mo[illegible] most celebrated martyr, [illegible] sometime before throwing [illegible] in front of the king's horse [illegible] Derby, "To reenact the trag[illegible] Calvary for generations yet [illegible] that is the last consummate [illegible] fice of the Militant!" Y[illegible] quest for genuine martyrdo[illegible] not have been prevalent [illegible] body as emotionally over[illegible] as was the WSPU in its later [illegible] Although Mr Rosen should [illegible] criticized for failing to ven[illegible] the realm of retrospective [illegible] psychology, this is a dim[illegible] clearly lacking in his study[illegible] one knows considerably more [illegible] the kind of individuals attra[illegible] the WSPU, women willing [illegible] dure imprisonment under con[illegible] of acute hardship, the m[illegible] phenomenon will remain so[illegible] of an enigma. As complete[illegible] it describes the policy and ac[illegible] of the WSPU and its leader[illegible] *Up, Women!* does not off[illegible] kind of social analysis th[illegible] finds, for example, in Fran[illegible] kin's investigation of the Ca[illegible] for Nuclear Disarmament, [illegible] *Class Radicalism*.

Mr Rosen perceives [illegible] parallels with millenarian [illegible] tology, particularly in Chr[illegible] Pankhurst's growing preoccu[illegible] with the conflict between the [illegible] of light and darkness and th[illegible] ing for moral regeneration. [illegible] perhaps even more striking [illegible] adoption of proto-fascist tech[illegible] to consolidate her authority [illegible] the organization, the [illegible] oratory, the obsession with [illegible] [illegible] case sexual—contamina[illegible] successive purges of critic[illegible] rivals, the uniforms, [illegible] processions and songs, the [illegible] plotting, and, above [illegible] unchallenged autocracy of [illegible] leader herself estab[illegible] the WSPU's affinity with [illegible] movements. By 1913 [illegible] some semblance of [illegible] independence had ceased [illegible] only the true believers [illegible] willing to follow Christabel [illegible] course. "She knows [illegible]", one of the faithful ex[illegible] "and she can see through [illegible]". Certainly Christabel's [illegible] is not a sufficient [illegible] for the final excesses [illegible], but the capacity of [illegible] to inspire their sup[illegible] violence and self-sacrifice [illegible] this as a partial explana[illegible]

[illegible] persistence of militancy in [illegible] public hostility remains [illegible] unresolved aspects of the [illegible] the obstinacy of the [illegible] must be regarded as [illegible] curious. David Morgan's [illegible] *Suffragists and* [illegible] attempts to place the [illegible] question in a broader [illegible] context in order to explain [illegible] failure to act. To the [illegible] Government, votes for [illegible] a peripheral matter, part [illegible] business of franchise [illegible] from the Victorian [illegible] such it became embroiled [illegible] issue of adult suffrage, [illegible] party was publicly com[illegible] While there was a parlia[illegible] majority for some form of [illegible] suffrage, the Liberal Party [illegible] divided over the ques[illegible]

[illegible] the vote to a small group [illegible] or unmarried women, [illegible] which might have [illegible] majority drawn from all [illegible] regarded as advan[illegible] to the Tories, while [illegible] suffrage was deemed poli[illegible] [illegible] until the House [illegible] had been stripped of its [illegible] To complicate matters, [illegible] reform would have inevit[illegible] [illegible] some redistribution [illegible] seats, probably to [illegible] advantage of the Irish [illegible] whose support for the [illegible] was vital after 1910. [illegible] they would have to [illegible] electorate before complet[illegible] [illegible] legislative programme, [illegible] ministers had too much at [illegible] settle the suffrage con[illegible] until more urgent mea[illegible] [illegible] Irish Home Rule, had received parliamentary assent. Mr Morgan is persuasive in demonstrating that even suffragist MPs were reluctant to jeopardize fragile party unity by challenging the Prime Minister, an avowed opponent of votes for women. Even Lloyd George, a potential leader of the pro-suffrage forces, was immobilized at a crucial juncture by becoming implicated in the Marconi scandal.

While Mr Morgan offers some justification for the Government's inertia, he does not explain why it was willing to maintain an unpopular and repressive policy rather than commit itself at least to the principle of concession at an opportune moment. Much of the blame must be attributed to Asquith, as blind to the needs of his party as he was lacking in political judgment. Morgan accepts the anti-suffragist contention that a limited measure would have hurt the Liberals electorally, but this was no more evident than that the enfranchisement of the urban working class in 1867 would mean perpetual Liberal rule.

*Suffragists and Liberals* is far less satisfactory in its discussion of the suffrage campaign itself. There is little basis for the assertion that the government saw either the Pankhursts or the Conciliation Committee as "a Tory battering ram", a view the author appears mistakenly to share. Nor is it true that the WSPU was losing supporters by 1910; the turning point, as Mr Rosen indicates, came after the recourse to window-breaking and arson in 1912 and 1913. Mr Morgan argues that after 1909 militancy "served little real purpose", but at the same time he concedes that without militancy the Cabinet would have been unlikely to give women's suffrage active consideration. In addition, his book is marred by a number of minor errors: the window-breaking campaign of March 1912 was not announced in advance; Christabel's alias was Amy Richards, not Amy Johnson; Sylvia Pankhurst's splinter group was the East London Federation, not the London Suffrage Federation. Finally, as Mr Rosen shows, Mrs Pankhurst took as her model the ILP demonstrations in Manchester in 1896, not marches of the unemployed in Poplar.

Unlike other thorny questions, such as the future of Ireland, which continued to bedevil English politics, women's suffrage could easily have been resolved, as the experience of the First World War and the speedy passage of the 1918 Representation of the People Act demonstrated. Although these books elucidate the nature of the protracted conflict, they do not provide the ultimate answers as to why it should ever have developed.

# Parliamentary plethora

## By Barnett Cocks

**JOHN PAXTON:**
**World Legislatures**
169pp. Macmillan. £4.95.

Protagonists of the Interparliamentary Union, which has been in existence since 1889, claim success for this organization in promoting parliamentary fraternalism throughout the world except, as its bulletins innocently explain, when its services were interrupted by two world wars.

John Paxton's *World Legislatures* falls into the same category of institutional mythology. His book could be safely left in a traveller's luggage without giving offence to the security police in any country from China to Peru. The legislative arrangements it describes might be equally sound in Uganda and Utah, in Sikkim or in the Somali Democratic Republic where a Supreme Revolutionary Council took over the responsibility of legislature, executive and judiciary, after the *Parlamanka* (parliament) was dismissed, together with the Supreme Court, in 1969, and the Interparliamentary Union chalked up another temporary loss of membership.

There is a table of contents but, unhappily, no index, so that Moldavia, with 113 women among its 315 Deputies, and Guam, with its unicameral legislature, have both to be looked for under the letter "U"—easy for those familiar with the composition of the USSR and the USA, but perhaps confusing for new parliamentarians.

The information about each legislature is distinctly patchy. Sierra Leone, despite its interesting history of parliamentary trial and error, gets only an undated line and a half, while Namibia, not yet a sovereign territory, receives nearly a page of interesting facts covering the years 1884 to 1970.

The book seeks to confine its descriptions to the legislative as distinct from the executive and judicial functions of the state, and claims to clarify the complex processes of law-making in long-established governments and to give precise information about procedures in new states, in developing countries and in individual states which form part of larger federations. These may be its aspirations but the work falls far short, in the main, of the information available on these matters in *Whitaker's Almanack*. That is, of course, an annual publication, and the sad fact of sudden changes in constitutions brought about by gun and bomb must soon reduce the value of any more permanent work.

Mr Paxton suggests, however, that this is only a first edition of *World Legislatures*. What may be aimed at is eventual companionship with the *Statesman's Year Book*; and the mere listing of the divergence and frailties of national constitutions at least serves to mark the distance from utopian world government.

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# Establishing the precedents

## By Reyner Banham

ROBERT A. M. STERN :

George Howe
Toward a Modern American Architecture

273pp and 133 plates. Yale University Press. £12.50.

The author of this long-awaited architectural biography of George Howe is also, through the Architectural League, one of the anchormen of the "on-going New York architectural conversation", the other being Peter Eisenman, of the Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies. Between the league and the institute they have whipped up a body of chat, the like of which has not been heard thereabouts since the very early 1960s. Under Philip Johnson's able leadership it was then the most corrosive gossip-shop outside old Vienna, but if that undiluted vitriol is now sadly missing, the basic ploy or gambit is still name-dropping. It is just that the subject matter has changed completely—whereas the name of the game under Johnson used to be "Hint the Foible" it is now (in Peter Collins's exact phrase) "Hunt the Precedent".

Quite the most tedious aspect of Robert Stern's *George Howe* is his apparent inability to mention any building—or even detail of building—by Howe without immediately citing a building by someone else from which it may—to speak bluntly—have been plagiarized, and there are occasions when he seems to be prepared to go a very long way on his precedent-hunts. So, Hessian Hills School, by Howe and his Swiss partner William Lescaze, is described as "possibly derived from Richard Docker's Krankenhaus Waiblingen built in Stuttgart between 1926 and 1928"; and the inevitable justificatory footnote (Professor Stern averages better than two per page) begins "For Richard Docker's little-known hospital. . .". How little-known, mused one reader to the present reviewer, how little-known does a building have to be before Bob Stern knows of it?

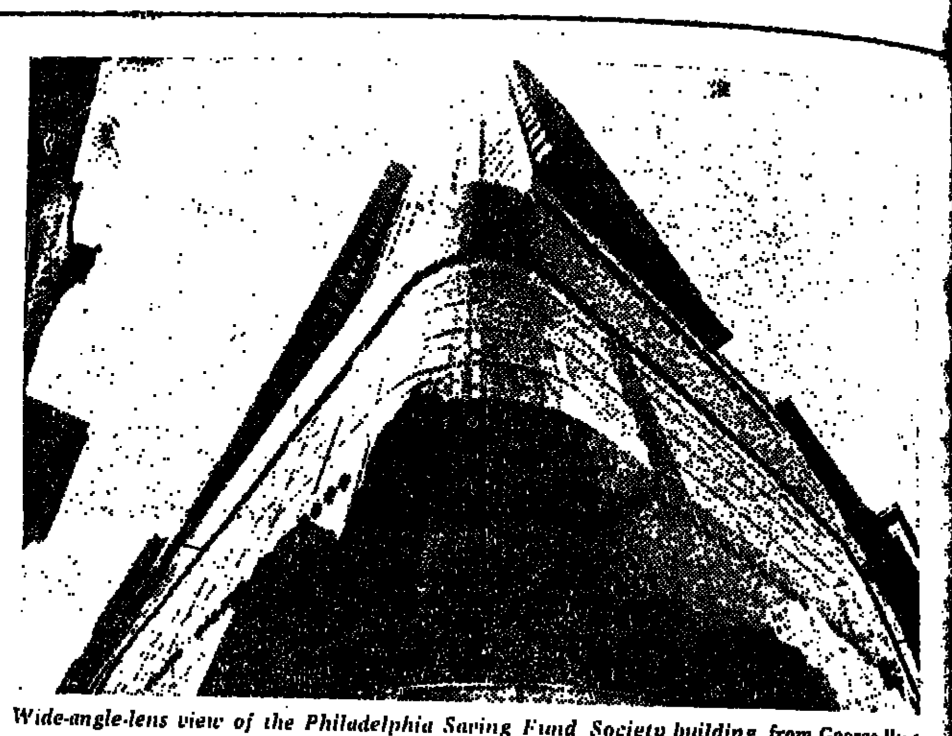
Tedious, but probably right. Howe, who appears to have had grave problems in being convincingly original (and seems to have known it) is almost too perfect a subject for this kind of treatment. In his long working life—he was born in 1886 and died in 1955—he produced many buildings of high quality, comported himself like a true scholar and professional, served his country with the dignified proficiency one would expect of Old Philadelphia Money, turned educator—late, but when schools like Yale needed men of his substance and experience—and had these awful problems with style.

In any final review, the splendours and miseries of his career—and the splendours were real—all seem to involve those problems. Towards the end of the 1920s he clearly convinced himself that he ought to turn "modern"; his early revisions to the design for the office tower of the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society show him groping for a modernism that would be more than just Art Deco with the Deco scraped off, but only groping, however earnestly.

Then Lescaze comes in, seems to just dash off a few whizz-bang perspectives that resolve all Howe's problems, and there suddenly is the first real modern office building, completed in 1932, just in time to make Rockefeller Center look forever old-fashioned. The PSFS is also something like a masterpiece, which no other skyscrapers of the next two generations were to be. An ornament to Philadelphia and a functional breakthrough in the servicing of large buildings, it remains a challenge that every critic or historian of American architecture must face.

But who "really" designed it? The drawings reproduced in William Jordy's classic study of the building history of the PSFS (*Society of Architectural Historians Journal*, May 1962) show that Howe had almost got it right before Lescaze took a hand, but also suggest that his hand was decisive. On (literally) the other hand, there would have been nothing for Lescaze to decide had Howe not been an accepted member of the Philadelphia establishment who could converse convincingly with other members, such as the president of the Savings Fund.

Professor Stern can really get no closer to solving the problem of who designed it than that—perhaps no one ever will—despite the fact



*Wide-angle-lens view of the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society building, from* George Howe.

that he has been "officially" recognized as the scholar working on Howe since 1962 when he published his first paper (appropriately enough, concerned with the stylistic problems of the PSFS's mixture of Beaux Arts and Machine Aesthetic). The ensuing decade or more of patient research has filled the book with information, but has not always purged it of mistakes and misreadings—even if the revered Henry-Russell Hitchcock did say in 1933 that the aforementioned Hessian Hills School was better than that by Hannes Meyer at "Beroun, Germany", a historian of Stern's ambition should have graced that with a *sic*, because he should know, since the publication of Claude Schnaidt's study of Meyer in 1965, that the location is *Bernau*.

"Stern's ambitions . . ."—such mistakes might be forgiven in a lower-falutin' historian, but one who insists on flexing his apparatus criticus so ostentatiously that you half expect him to offer "a body of scholarship like mine in fifteen days or your money back", must take what he gets. In that bitchy, hermetic little New York conversation he will probably get it, too. Unless, that is, the conversation decides to close ranks and hug the memory of Howe to its collective bosom as a prototype of its own self-image.

For Howe remains the kind of architect many of them might be: gently bred, urbane, academic, serious . . . and with awful problems about style. For that is what the precedent-hunting conversation keeps going on about; self-admitted eclectics almost to a man, "redeploying the linguistic discoveries of the heroic age of modern architecture" (i e, copying tricks from the 1920s) they noisseurs of the nifty borrow the witty crib—Professor recently completed Lang ha example, has a modern (f false front on one side and other a symmetrical el "derived from Lutyens" an mented with a wandering b stick-on classical mouldi these tergiversations about th sicizing of a modern traditi in decay, one must surely mirrored caricature of attempts to modernize a cl tradition then in equal decay.

It may be for these reaso delicate ancestor-worship th fessor Stern cannot see, or d care to play, some importan sions of the precedent ga which Howe appears as prop not borrower. For instanc other masterpiece to issue fro office is Fortune Rock, bracketed out over water a Sound, Maine, completed in It is not classical, it is not m ist, and in some senses it just architecture, but it is a lous house and the first to Raymond Loewy's descriptio collection of sheds leaning stone chimney". Such offered the relaxed conve of modern asymmetrical pl without the cultural pret of a Modernist exterior; F Rock is wooden inside a with pitched roofs and devoid of style in any cat sense. In another place, Scully has recognized it as p ing much of the domestic w wood of the 1960s, but he w talking about conscious archi Fortune Rock must also be c among the true prototypes myriad "split-level ranch tract-houses with which spec builders have aediculated America from coast to coast the war, and that being the is no more than provoking f fessor Stern to praise. It "authentic essay in region when its success as a protot made regionalism virtually sible in most of the regions United States.

Equally provoking are so the houses that Howe desig helped design, in the early before his problems of style too awful. They persistentl segmental-headed dormers tall roofs, sometimes joined windows below to form con vertical elements with thei segmental gables. The effec suspiciously like a possible type for that rather pret late-Sixties spec-builder style still lacks a better label "Gourmet Mansardic", the s so many quick-and-cheapo co niums, motels and steak across the breadth of the

It could thus be that Howe, scholar-architect and man-professional, is not o architect of the first true skyscraper, but also the un ancestor of some of the most fully disreputable, commercia ploitative "pop" styles of currently being practised in America. In a book from a so preoccupied with style derivations one might have at least for some disclaim Howe's responsibility for al low-life style-mongering—bu ongoing conversation is too with its own high-life style ing. It appears, to want to about that

# Residential rubbish

## By Philip Steadman

MARTIN PAWLEY :

Garbage Housing

120pp. Architectural Press. £5.75.

This is a preposterous book. Martin Pawley's basic thesis is as follows: conventional building technology, and the bureaucratic public housing establishment, have failed to solve the problem of homelessness and overcrowding in the developed countries, and, in the developing countries, have failed to provide new houses at a sufficient rate to keep up with population growth and the move to the cities. Meanwhile the packaging industries of the consumer society put forth in vast quantities boxes and containers, most of which are burned, buried or end up in the sea; whereas with a little judicious redesign and arrangements for their collection and sorting, these same packets, cans and bottles, once their primary use was finished, could be re-used as building materials for simple houses. Thus two great problems, housing shortage and pollution by garbage, are solved together. (Only one of the many drawbacks to this scheme is, of course, that the bottles and cans are in the United States, and the housing shortages in Latin America and Asia.)

Mr Pawley is quite frank in confessing that, so far, those attempts at realizing his proposals for garbage housing with which he has been involved have ended for the most part in failure. The net results of the Heineken brewing company's WOBO ("World Bottle") project for using a redesigned beer-bottle as a building brick, were one small summerhouse, bottle-built, in the garden of Alfred Heineken's Amsterdam villa, plus 60,000 more WOBO bottles lying unused in a warehouse in Rotterdam.

When Mr Pawley specifically prescribed his garbage housing ideas for Chile at a housing conference in that country in 1973, uproar prevented the paper being given in its entirety. Many of the audience, serious-minded proponents of industrialized building from Eastern Europe, thought that his presentation was a joke, or else a "subtle plot on the part of ideologically bankrupt and opportunistic Western industry". Of three experimental houses built by Mr Pawley and students at Cornell University from tin cans and cardboard sheet, two were destroyed by storms during construction. A manuscript by David Hunt, an architectural student and protégé of Mr Pawley's, on the re-use of rubbish for housing and other purposes (for example, the conversion of chocolate wrappings into swimming costumes—"Cadbury's Roses grow on you"), was "so impressive that it was rejected by his timorous publisher". One has at least to admire Mr Pawley for the fact that, in the face of these setbacks, his enthusiasm and crusading fervour are undiminished.

Mr Pawley seems determined to ignore—since he is not entirely unaware of—those contradictions in his own argument which will ensure his continuing disappointment in the future, while dismissing those housing realities which make his garbage schemes so futile. On his own analysis, for example, the failure of public housing in this country to meet the needs of the poorest and most disadvantaged groups can be attributed to the high price of houses maintained artificially through a conspiracy of owner-occupiers in league with the housing establishment to protect the value of their own investment. Another contributing factor is the high cost of land. Whether or not one accepts this analysis, it is clear that in Mr Pawley's own diagnosis the problems of housing in Britain are economic and political, not attributable to shortages of building materials, or indeed to any difficulties at the level of building *technique* at all.

Mr Pawley lashes out at what he sees as the system of materialist bourgeois values implicit in the private ownership of housing; and yet he places his faith in exactly those same values and motivations to drive the capitalist consumer machine that produces the material—garbage—with which that system is to be subverted.

Again, it is undeniable that there is a prodigal waste of resources represented by the burning or burial of domestic rubbish. This is particularly true of the steel, aluminium and plastics used in cans and bottles—materials with high energy input in their manufacture, and which in the case of the metals can be usefully and relatively simply reprocessed for repeated use. As Mr Pawley rightly points out, the proportions of these materials which are presently recycled, even with all the recent enthusiasm for conservation, is generally rather small. The solution to that problem, however, is surely either to reduce the use of such materials in packaging, or else to work towards more effective recycling policies, through legislation and incentives maybe; not to employ them in the relatively permanent structures of houses, substituting high energy, high resource cost, high technology commodities like steel and aluminium, for those cheap, widely available (and often re-usable) materials, such as clay and timber, from which most houses are currently built.

The concluding section of the last chapter, "A ghost dance of the twentieth century", is the most revealing. Here Mr Pawley traces the pedigree of the garbage housing idea back to the "myths and visions" of the student projects emanating from our more effete and frenetically fashion-conscious architecture schools. These projects he compares, quite unashamedly, to the pathetic totems of Pacific cargo cults and to magic spells, designed—in all knowledge of their ineffectiveness—to ward off the unpleasant and serious realities of the outside professional world, which the students "have not yet faced"; and which their "brilliant tutors . . . have never enjoyed".

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# Campus chronicles

## By Robert McCaughey

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have so far avoided scrutiny American have directed at other ional institutions. One this "benign neglect" in this century have most famous American become more than institutions, and only cond World War have more than provincial. recently, it can be have not deserved cri-

planation involves the versity histories have been written by his- own careers and are enmeshed with the they are chronicling. ness is hardly condu- interested inquiry. But, disinterest is not the sities have sought in ians; long affiliation manifest loyalty to alma usually prominent job specifications. then, most university are so institutionally and professionally self- to prompt Daniel Boor- dismiss the genre as of "company history".

missioned character of ily histories, which is are undertaken loss for of historians than ification of patrons, for their old-fash- odology. While other social historians are increasingly quantitative, academic historians enumerate. Similarly, ectual historians like ailyn, most recently in of *Thomas Hutchinson*, ed to the third of Sir erfield's heroic-whig- of historical expla- emic historians are ly, between the first usually in the form of, dominate their narra- they are portrayed as their labours on that plane which leads inexorably, as the whig interpretation has it, to the present happy pass.

However comforting such meliorism is for the sponsors of university histories, and however plausible it appeared as an interpretive scheme only a decade ago, it renders the events of the past ten years on American campuses incomprehensible. The dilemma presented by these events can best be avoided, as Brooks Mather Kelley has done in *Yale*, by stopping short of them.

"Yale", Roland H. Bainton has written, "was conservative before she was born." *Yale*, the first full-scale single-volume account, keeps to that tradition. Professor Kelley holds strictly to an administration-by-administration narrative of Yale's "March toward Greatness", from its founding in 1701 to the inauguration of Kingman Brewster, Jr, as president in 1963. There are no contemporary asides (though the author was at Yale all through the 1960s), few references to national events, and only occasional comparisons with academic developments elsewhere, and then usually with those at Harvard.

Given the scope of his task, Professor Kelley understandably made little direct use of the vast manuscript sources bearing on Yale's history. Instead he read closely and draws extensively from those who have, among them such distinguished Yale historians as Ralph H. Gabriel, Edmund S. Morgan, and George W. Pierson. The result is a readable, accurate synthesis of Yale's internal history, fully comparable to the best single-volume treatments of other major American universities. Less engagingly written (most things are) than Samuel Eliot Morison's *Three Centuries of Harvard*, after forty years still the model, it has the compensating virtue of being less categorical in personal judgments.

For all his cautiousness, Professor Kelley does confront what is from an outsider's perspective the central question in Yale's history: why, with a distinguished science faculty established before the Civil War and after an early start in graduate training (Yale offered the first American Ph Ds in 1861, twelve years ahead of Harvard), was it not until the 1920s that Yale became a full-fledged research university? Most of the responsibility, as Professor Kelley sees it, rests with Yale's governing board, which, unlike those of Harvard, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, or Columbia, remained dominated by clergymen well into the twentieth century.

Not only did the board resist reforms proposed by research-orientated professors and prestige-conscious alumni, it regularly elected to the presidency men equally conservative in outlook. In 1871, for example, the board ignored the example of Harvard which had two years earlier gambled on a thirty-six-year-old chemist, Charles W. Eliot, and passed over Daniel Coit Gilman, a thirty-eight-year-old Yale graduate who three years later became the first president of America's pioneer graduate institution, Johns Hopkins University. As Kelley phrases it, "a group of old men, presided over by an old man, chose the old way, and an old professor Noah Porter, to lead them".

Although Professor Kelley's emphasis on the presidency as the source of institutional vitality (and lethargy) deprives them of comparable causal significance, his descriptions of the late nineteenth-century Yale faculty suggests another factor in Yale's slowness to transcend its origins as a sectarian college. Long after Harvard had freed itself from dependence on Boston Brahmin society for faculty recruits, Yale's faculty remained a closed club of New Haven gentlemen, most of whom seem to have been related. Yale's first professor who was not a Yale graduate was appointed in the 1870s, a half-century after outside appointments had become common in Cambridge. Whereas Eliot instituted policies in the 1880s which broadened the ethnic and religious composition of the Harvard faculty, at Yale as late as the 1930s "in only a few fields was there any willingness to tolerate Jews on even a temporary basis". The negative effect of such inbreeding is acknowledged in Professor Kelley's reference to James Rowland Angell (1921-37), the first (and only) non-Yale president since 1766: "He arrived an outsider and he remained one. Nonetheless, he did what none of his predecessors had been able to do. He made Yale a great university."

Professor Kelley concludes by saying some kind things about Angell's two successors, Charles Seymour (1937-50) and A. Whitney Griswold (1950-63), although his description of Seymour as "the quintessential Yale man" is not necessarily one of them. No mention is made of the present presidential incumbent or his stormy administration, although a passing reference is made to Kingman Brewster's efforts as a Yale undergraduate in 1940 on behalf of non-interventionism. Having violated one of the canons of university hagiography by writing critically of the dead, Professor Kelley is not about to violate another by acknowledging the living.

Turning to *Education and Politics at Harvard* involves more than a change in academic setting. Sponsored by the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, these essays by Harvard social scientists Seymour Martin Lipset and David Riesman depart from the traditional mode of university analysis. Although ostensibly historical in approach and narrative in form, both were prompted by and are preoccupied with events of the past decade.

Professor Lipset begins his essay with an admonition: "If the sixties taught any lesson to those participating in American collegiate life, it is that people who do not know their history can not know what road they are on." The subsequent analysis of nearly three and a half centuries of Harvard political controversies, however, reflects more closely Santayana's famous dictum than Professor Lipset's modification of it. One infers from his essay that history is not a road but a merry-go-round, not linear but repetitive.

Professor Lipset conveys his cyclical view by parallelling earlier events at Harvard with those of the late 1960s. Harvard presidents in both the 1650s and 1960s thought long hair "abominable"; student riots in 1834 were in many ways "comparable to the events of 1969"; a critique of Harvard by black leaders in the 1920s was "stated in terms not unlike those to be made a half-century later"; a pre-First World War "description of events and student ideology bears strong resemblance to latter-day activities in Harvard Yard". In addition to a descriptive function, such comparisons are clearly intended to check the inclination of some Harvard observers to view all aspects of the contemporary scene as without precedent—and therefore without the possibility of resolution. Like an earlier Harvard essayist, Emerson, Professor Lipset is determined to distinguish the sound of pop-guns from the real crack of doom. His conclusion is calmly reassuring. "In a sane and only reasonably troubled world, Harvard will continue its history of political activism and concern, while doing its primary job of scholarship and education as well."

Yet how much assurance does the fact that Harvard has done both in the past provide for those who hope it will be able to continue doing so? Not much, according to Professor Riesman in his accompanying essay, "Educational Reform at Harvard College: Meritocracy and its Adversaries". Unlike Professor Lipset, who adopts the detached view of a student of politics on the global scale and a Harvard outsider (who has since moved on to Stanford), Professor Riesman takes his reader on "a personal journey" through the Harvard he first encountered as an undergraduate in the late 1920s and to which he returned as Henry Ford II Professor of Social Sciences in 1958. The objective of his journey is to trace the fate of the meritocratic values emergent at Harvard in the late 1920s and ascendant there in the 1950s. Sensitive to the psychological costs paid by the "losers" in the endless competition for rank and distinction that a functioning meritocracy requires, and uneasy about the inordinate prestige given to "winners", Professor Riesman none the less identifies with those values. "The principle that all people are fundamentally equal", he writes, "is an axiom I myself can accept as a religious mandate, but not as an educational one."

Yet all around contemporary Harvard he finds these values being assaulted. Members of the contrameritocracy include not only ideological egalitarians, who find all divisions, intellectual as well as social or economic, intolerable, but also many from privileged backgrounds who correctly see that meritocratic standards, particularly when bureaucratically applied, have helped dull the ascriptive edge they would have enjoyed at an earlier, more elitist Harvard. Professor Riesman is particularly distressed by the success this element of the contrameritocracy has had "projecting on the first-generation students the dilemma arising from their own elite backgrounds, even in some cases calling for open admission to Harvard College". Nor is the assault on meritocratic values limited to that made by students, as is indicated by Professor Riesman's discussion of post-1969 faculty-sponsored changes in the curriculum. "A substantial group of faculty", he writes, "believe that traditional standards have been debased at Harvard, perhaps beyond redemption."

That Professor Riesman finds it "hard to imagine Harvard going on as before" is itself serious grounds for questioning Professor Lipset's cyclicity thesis. Unlike many of those who have been grousing about the imminent demise of the American university, and to whom Professor Lipset's essay is a needed rejoinder, he has devoted much of his career to the systematic study of higher education. Moreover, he has never viewed undergraduates as a distraction to be avoided whenever possible, but rather as important members of any worthwhile academic enterprise. His pessimism, therefore, is all the more disturbing because all the more difficult to dismiss.

Perhaps the crucial difference between these two essays is suggested by a remark of Professor Lipset's that the Puritans who founded Harvard were "a people of the book". Both essayists continue that tradition, but whereas for Professor Lipset the crucial book is Ecclesiastes, for Professor Riesman it has become the Apocalypse. Both commentaries leave the literature of American universities broadened and enriched.

# mething in the air

## H. Gibbs-Smith

HAEL JACOBS :

Controversy in America

Indiana University Press

y of any phenomenon been witnessed for cen cannot be produced at cientific study, has almost a curious course. It complete official dis- the phenomenon exists progresses slowly to a agreement in some quar- something seems to be which one day will be by science when more is it; and finally general is reached by the scien- thing" about what causes of such a sequence the meteorites is typical. The mie des Sciences even *ex cathedra* statement in no such objects existed, any stones fall from the ement, which put back of meteoritics by a gene- satisfied Paris official- ravaged those sturdy of France who par- ed being hit on the head existent objects. jects of Unidentified jects has now just reached the point where a sufficient number of eminent scientists agree that these anomalous objects certainly exist, even after the subtraction of hoaxes, mis-sightings of known aerial objects, and "visions" by individuals on the religious and psychological fringes; but what they are is unknown.

D. M. Jacobs's meticulously researched and impartial survey, *The UFO Controversy in America*, covers in detail only those events from 1947 to 1974, with an authoritative preliminary piece on the wide-spread and still unresolved United States sightings in 1896-97 (when no aeroplane or airship existed to explain them away). When it is borne in mind that this large work is confined to the study of twenty-seven years, and covers only a minute fraction of world sightings, the true magnitude of the subject becomes evident.

America is peculiarly prone to "scares" of one kind or another—thanks chiefly to the operation of the mass media—and it is not at all surprising that the focus of national attention was at first on the highly respected United States Air Force, who had the job of UFO investigation wished upon them; a job which often consisted of trying to damp down such scares. From the outset it was a highly irritating, then potentially dangerous, assignment, and the way the Air Force came to handle it was inadequate, inefficient, and often dishonest. The surprise discovery that the great majority of reliable sightings did not come from "cranks and kooks" but from reliable professional men such as pilots, radar operators, doctors, policemen, and the like was one thing; but the situation was further complicated by the wide-spread growth of so-called "contactees" and cultists, people who boasted of having "friends" from Mars and Venus, and who had had rides in saucers to the moon and elsewhere.

Then, on political directions from above, the Air Force got rid of all its staff who were concerned with the actual sightings. It came to regard the chief danger of the whole subject as the risk of national hysteria which might be used by the Russians to cloak a military attack. So, by fair means and foul, the Air Force stifled reports of sightings, and put them all down either to hoaxes, cultists, or to mis-sightings of known phenomena. Finally they off-loaded the whole subject on to the well-known Condon Committee. Led by an elderly physicist of great ability, but now hostile to the subject and ailing in health, the Condon Committee produced a report of dubious value. But no body, and no policy, produced a diminution in the number of reliable UFO sightings themselves, which Professor Allen Hynek, the former—now disillusioned—United States Air Force consultant, has described as a "profoundly impressive body of data which can truly be said to constitute a new empirical set of observations . . . something not yet encompassed by our present science".


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# TLS Commentary

## Dis-assembly kits

Romantic critics were intrigued by sketches because they seemed to preserve the vital original conception of an artistic idea, before it had been invaded by thought and corrupted by "finish". They even read works of art backwards, suggesting that the finest are those which remain unfinished, never stultified by completion. For Ruskin Gothic cathedrals were works perpetually in progress; their architect is Faust, who is snatched away to perdition the moment he dares to abandon his enthusiasm for progress and to rest in satisfied contemplation of an achievement.

Our own sense of the relation of the sketch to the completed work, of process to product, is different: we think of art less progressively and less organically. We know that artworks do not grow but are made, and criticism is fond of dismantling them. Because the art-work is more like a machine than it is like a plant, the critic is the mechanic who knows about its workings and who can take it to pieces to display them. For us, then, the study of sketches has become an exercise in decomposition, in dis-assembling art.

The exercise is performed with enormous skill and erudition in three rooms of the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh, where an exhibition called *Work in Progress* has been mounted to coincide with the festival (though it will outlast it, and does not close until September 24). Fitted into crevices between the permanent collection, the design of the exhibition is deliberately inorganic: the various sections illustrate the same idea by almost random examples. In the introductory series of sketches for paintings, Allan Ramsay's portrait of General Burgoyne makes the point aptly. Criticism, which elsewhere submits Van Dyck to an X-ray, takes Ramsay's picture to pieces: the background of the Colosseum is shown to have been painted first, and the general to have stepped in front of it later, as if by accident; the artist has not bothered to make the figure fit its landscape, since Burgoyne is lit from the right while the Colosseum is lit from the left. Modern criticism, as exemplified by the Edinburgh exhibition, treats sketches as a form of haphazard induction, and in the case of Ramsay's Burgoyne the background is a conjecture which the foreground nonchalantly refutes.

Elsewhere the exhibition demonstrates its reductive thesis in the unrelated cases of Van Dyck and Wilkie. Dublin has an early Van Dyck St Sebastian in its National Gallery; Edinburgh has a later one, and the comparison between them reveals an abrupt iconographic change. The early saint has the burly physique of a rugby-player, and the only concession to sanctity is a coy, almost simpering expression: a brawny Flemish model is lost in a *role* which does not fit him. The later version is gracefully Italian, lithe and elegantly curved; his white flesh dazzles his dusky assailants, and he looks up towards heaven with a baroque conviction of release.

The transition from Flemish realism to Italian lyricism goes with the iconographic change Van Dyck introduces in omitting the arrows which bombard the saint in most earlier versions: instead he shows Sebastian being bound, anticipating the physical laceration which is to come later. The embarrassment of the arrows reveals an interesting scepticism: details like this signify in iconographic tradition the trusting literalism of faith—such things could be understood symbolically only if they were believed literally. Van Dyck's Sebastian is in the process of liberating himself from the icon, becoming a psychological study.

While Van Dyck psychologizes the icon Wilkie democratizes it—one of the case-histories in the section given over to him, "The Irish Whiskey Still", recreates the drama of baroque in a peasant hut, with a naked amorino stoking the fire and a rugged athlete swathed in skins sprawled on the floor. Wilkie's genre paintings turn the exemplary icon into a clue in a sentimental crossword puzzle. "The Refusal" is to be decoded not by reference to symbolic manuals of faith but by sentimental curiosity and the reading of a ballad by Burns. The details studied in sketches show Wilkie attempting to twist painting into narrative shape—the various sketches of hands, for instance: in "The Refusal" the claw-like grip of the jilted young man on his hat set against the admonishing tap the father administers to his daughter's shoulder; in "The Letter of Introduction" the artfully casual but suspicious grasp with which the old man handles the letter.

"Work in Progress" is not an epic exhibition like the Burlington House Turner show; nor is it a maze of trendy involution such as Roy Strong delights in devising—it is manageable, instructive and enthralling.

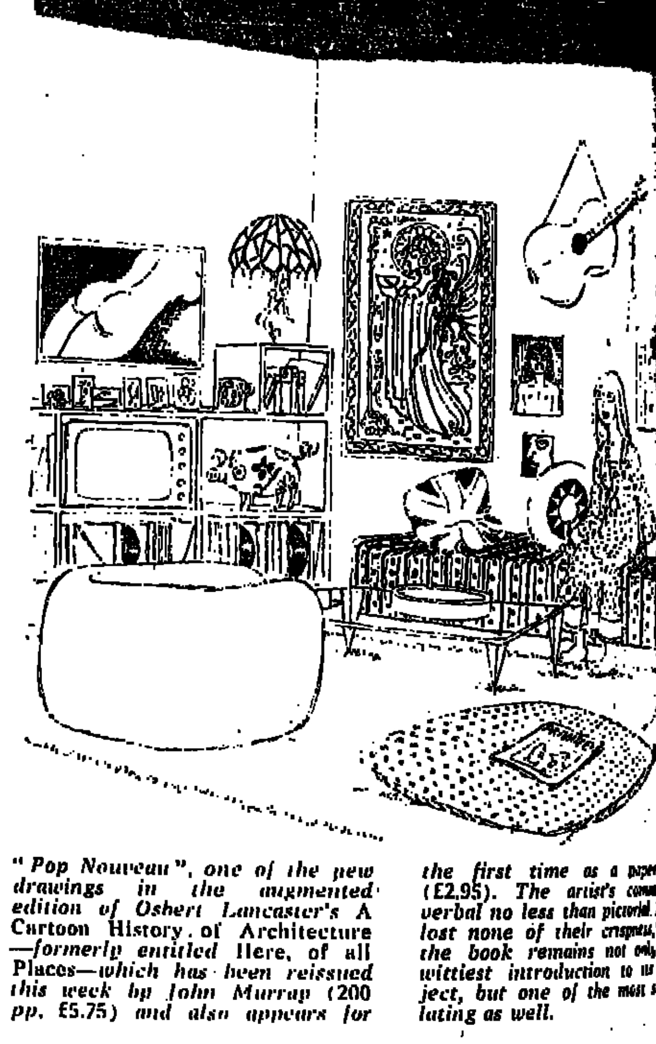
## Big battalions

Sir Francis Baines bagged the northern approach to Lambeth Bridge. Burnet, Tait and Partners showed solidarity with fellow buildings down at Blackfriars Bridge. Sir Edwin Cooper topped Richmond Hill and covered various bank sites. Helmle and Corbett turned the end of Kingsway into an almighty edifice looking like a cross-section of an old Cunarder. These and other architects of the 1914-39 period, successful in that they succeeded in getting their buildings built, were responsible for darkening a large amount of London skyline. Among them they probably produced more sheer bulk than any generation up to our own incomparable Seifert years.

Their buildings are so big you hardly notice them. The ICI colossus at Lambeth Bridge just provides a long, grey sensation as you pass. Sir Edwin Cooper's Star and Garter House on Richmond Hill is a masterpiece of Brobdingnagian Queen Anne style. Bush House looks everlasting. But anyone who comes to his senses and wishes to asset-strip them down to basement height, should be warned that these edifices are part of our glorious heritage, and, if the London Region of the RIBA has its way, they will be listed "as being of special architectural or historic interest". A limp ninety-six-page picturebook with sepia illustrations has been published by the RIBA to back their claims. It is called *Battle of Styles*, costs £1 and counts as a contribution to European Architectural Heritage Year.

The battle is now time-honoured: modernity versus the big guns of the contract gaining business. A brief, irritated foreword by Maxwell Fry, who was himself responsible for some of the better pre-war developments, raises the question of whether it is necessary to preserve monstrosities just because they happen to have period feel and some kind of presence. Certainly the loss of at least half the buildings illustrated would brighten central London considerably. Those listed on the ribbon developments, most notably the Egypto-Lego Hoover factory on the Great West Road are far more deserving. And the peak cinemas, the Granada Tooting, the New Victoria, the Brixton Astoria, may have been bastard versions of a host of stylings, but they were genuine dream palaces, far more innovatory than the ICI and Unilever citadels. These cinemas are given a special place and notes to themselves in the RIBA list, lest anyone start thinking they are real, serious, significant buildings.

*Battle of Styles* is worthwhile if it makes us look again at Georgian architecture, particularly the buildings that are taken for granted but are now coming up for demolition orders. But it is sad that virtually all the buildings are shown without mention of their surroundings. London's character depends not so much on headquarters monuments as on street assemblages, alleyways, corner shop, bits of detail, odd views of river, park and warehouse. *Battle of Styles* rages on, regardless of all that.



*"Pop Nouveau", one of the new drawings in the augmented edition of Osbert Lancaster's* A Cartoon History of Architecture *—formerly entitled* Here, of all Places*—which has been reissued this week by John Murray (200 pp. £5.75) and also appears for the first time as a paperback (£2.95). The artist's commentary, verbal no less than pictorial, has lost none of their crispness, and the book remains not only the wittiest introduction to its subject, but one of the most stimulating as well.*

## The private Mann

Thomas Mann's daily notes from 1933 to 1955, "without any literary value but not to be opened by anybody before twenty years after my death" (thus his own inscription on the sealed packets deposited in the Zurich Thomas Mann Archive) were duly opened on August 12. They run to thirty-two notebooks totalling 5,118 pages of text, and they contain one major surprise: four of the notebooks in fact cover the period from September 11, 1918 to December 1, 1921.

These last must be accounted a major find. The diaries of Mann's exile period are likely to be of interest enough, to judge by the 1933-34 extracts he published in 1946 under the title *Leiden an Deutschland*, or by the excerpts which went into the *Entstehung des Doktor Faustus*. They should certainly compete, in more than one sense, with Brecht's *Arbeitsjournal* for roughly the same period. But Mann's exile years are already quite well documented—and they were exile years, with all the limitations that imposed on the writer as an observer and commentator. The period 1918-21, on the other hand, is much less well documented and is of crucial importance, both in Germany's and in Thomas Mann's personal history: the Armistice, November Revolution, Bavarian Soviet episode (which Mann, living in Munich, could observe at close quarters) and Versailles Treaty; and on the personal level Mann's residual conservative period, before the murder of Walther Rathenau turned him into a partisan of the Weimar Republic. Both Mann's observations and his reactions in these years should be of extreme interest.

There can be no doubt that all the diaries will belie the quaintly naive label "without any literary value", and not merely in mechanical questions of dating. But it is not clear when they will be made accessible. Thomas Mann left, apparently, no positive instructions, although both the act of preservation and the specifying of a twenty-year delay clearly imply an intention. The decision rests with the Mann family which, through the agency of the Zurich Archive, has always shown itself generous in these matters.

The new material will obviously be of immense value to Peter de Mendelssohn for the [...] reaches of his biography (the [...] volume of which will shortly be reviewed in the *TLS*). But [...] very much to be hoped that [...] will not mean (as was the [...] over several years with the [...] Mann notebooks) that all [...] scholars will be denied access [...] interest of these [...] materials is potentially too [...] for them to be either long [...] back, or made public through [...] channel of one man's selection [...] interpretation.

## Lewis the po[et]

Of exceptional interest is the [...] number of *Poetry Wales* devoted [...] Alun Lewis (Christopher [...] Ltd, Dylan Thomas House, S[...] SA1 5DZ, 60p). Planned [...] "assessment and tribute" fo[...] thirtieth anniversary of his de[ath] 1944, it also reminds us that [...] would have been sixty this [...] There are some good critical [...] (one by Roland Mathias abou[t] errors and omissions in the [...] *Alun Lewis and the Making* [of] *Caseg Broadsheets* is essenti[al] students of Lewis) but the sp[...] must fall on the many [...] unpublished photographs of [...] the reproductions of [...] poems, and the pieces by [...] wife, mother and sister. His [...] Gweno Lewis's contribution co[...] mainly of letters to her from [...] after he had joined the Royal E[...] eers—fine letters for a [...] twenty-four written in unpro[...] circumstances. His sister Mair [...] can write, too, and her [...] though brief, is most helpful [...] understanding of Lewis's myst[...] inner life. Lewis's mother is, [...] foreword's phrase, "very adva[nced] in years", but her reminisc[ences] notes, written last year, are sh[...] recalled and set down. One of [...] anecdotes is of Alun when a [...] boy, sitting for a scholarship [...] telling her that in the General [...] formation paper he was sure of [...] of his answer to the question [...] for identification of the W[...] Mite—he had put down "A [...] less child". The mixture of [...] lessness and ingenuity surely [...] dicted a true poet . . .



# TLS Children's books

## Duckling among the swans

**By John Bayley**

ELIAS BREDSDORFF:
Hans Christian Andersen
The story of his life and work 1805-75
376pp. Phaidon. £4.95.

[...] Hans Andersen was [...]ess, and to possess [...] the innocence once [...] children. One could [...] that children discover [...] to act the part. For [...], the ageless tale—[...]—is in some sense [...], the most 'know-[...] worldly, of literary [...] would not be true at all [...] Andersen bowdlerized [...] bestowed on it the [...] that it had always [...] have. He gave it its [...] Platonic sense, well [...] and after the repre-[...] belonged only to [...]

[...] innocence was con-[...] Elias Bredsdorff makes [...] admirably scholarly and [...] biography. That is [...] did not wish to be as he [...] could not help it. The story [...] duckling has a further [...] which illustrates both the [...] innocence and the use [...] (Andersen always [...] himself by the Danish [...] this Goethean honorific [...] no English equivalent; [...] national oracle and [...] turn his genius.

[...] kind of fantasy the ugly [...] to become a swan [...] other swans, handsome, [...], poised and mature. [...] duckling's creator not only [...] was but became great [...] by so doing. Andersen's [...] appears in the fact that [...] himself as a swan, but [...] knew that the duckling [...] to be, and the popular [...] the image is founded on [...] contradiction. Children [...] to be their unique selves [...] up to be like other [...]

[...] always did very well out [...], bourgeois, baronial [...] for was his ducklinghood [...] a very painful business: [...] instinctively how to placate [...] and make it a matter of [...] for them to tolerate him. He had the kind [...] and happy childhood [...] in a poor home where [...] child is doted on by its [...] Although his father, the [...] cobbler, died insane, and [...] took to the bottle in later [...] were fond parents to the [...] Andersen; his father was [...] that he should never do [...] did not want, and his [...] her widowhood twice re-[...] from places of work [...] was not happy and where [...] from the jests and ob-[...] of the other boys and [...] Though he was adroit [...] later life to exploit the [...] poverty and hardships [...] childhood, his early experi-[...] resembled much more [...] D. H. Lawrence than of [...] his stepfather seems [...] kind. [...] autobiography, *Mit Livs Eventyr*, much of this is either stated or can be read between the lines; but what he does not say is that his mother, who was considerably older than his father, had a daughter from an earlier common-law marriage, and that when he began to succeed in Copenhagen and to become well known, he was haunted by the possibility that she might suddenly turn up and claim kinship with him. And, in fact, as Professor Bredsdorff is able to establish, she appears to have done so. Andersen managed to keep her quiet with small sums of money, for by that time he was in receipt of a modest court pension; he seems to have been relieved to find her not too hopelessly unpresentable, but she seems to have worked as a washerwoman, perhaps a prostitute, and like her mother may possibly have died of drink: at any rate she disappears from the guarded entries in her half-brother's diary. She was not to meet the swans, nor to seek to become one.

Professor Bredsdorff speaks of "Andersen's extraordinary talent for making other people interested in him", and after the initial fiasco of his apprenticeship in Copenhagen, when he was rejected successively as singer, dancer, actor and playwright, he began his unfailingly successful career of being adopted by swans whose egos were gratified by having in fief the patronage of this unusual kind of ugly duckling. It is significant that the most reliable and profitable of these, the Collin family, whose house in Bredgade became Andersen's "home of homes", were not in the least interested in, or impressed by, his struggles to become a fashionable poet, novelist and dramatist.

A great part of their pleasure in him depended on their not taking him in the least seriously, and the more successful he became and the more worldwide his reputation, the more amused they were and the less impressed. They were not a bit like the Verdurins; they had no interest in having power over a real artist; but nor were they the kind of philistines who could not recognize and respond to literary gifts and achievement. They were simply unable to associate the man with his work, and this is an indication of something remarkable in Andersen which it would not be unreasonable to call Shakespearean.

Not that Hans was modest or self-effacing. Like most would-be authors good and bad, but especially bad, he was devoured by ambition and immensely vain. One of the great sorrows of his life was his inability to be accepted by the Collins on any other terms than that of their loved and laughed-over comic son; and he wrote agonized letters to their kindly but coolly

*The fairytale castle above, and the illustration on the cover, are taken from* Arthur Rackham *edited by David Larkin. (40 plates. Pan. £2.50.)*

superior eldest boy, Edvard, with whom his relations were half lover-like, half fawning, with a clumsy little boy's longing to be accepted by the poised and socially brilliant elder brother. His relation with the Danish authors was equally naive. The wife of one of them, to whom he insisted on reading an early dramatic effort, pointed out that it contained whole paragraphs which he had copied word for word from Oehlenschläger and Ingemann. He replied: "Yes, I know. Aren't they wonderful?" They too repaid the compliment by being kind and patronizing, and seem not to have been the least envious in the days of his success.

The "unliterary" quality of Andersen, which impressed itself involuntarily and insensibly, has something of the same relation to his literary attempts that Burns's songs have to his poetical pieces. The critic Georg Brandes put this point well in his extended essay, "H. C. Andersen as a Writer of Fairy Tales", written in 1869. It opens with some generalizations on the nature of new talent which resemble what Tolstoy had said in his prefaces, and was to make an article of dogma.

> You must rely on the form which comes naturally to you, even if it be a new one, having the right to exist . . . the right of a talent—in cases where no accepted form and no given material are able to satisfy the special demands of its nature—to select new material, establish new forms, until it finds a site for construction of such a kind that without overstraining itself it can use all its strength and express itself freely and easily. Such a site for construction H. C. Andersen found in the fairy tale.

Andersen had always feared and disliked literary critics, as Brandes well knew, but now he was delighted. Oddly enough one of his earliest books, the more or less sentimental novel *Only a Fiddler*, had been attacked at length by the twenty-five-year-old Soren Kierkegaard, who devoted to it the whole of his first published work, the only one that has never been translated into English. As Professor Bredsdorff points out, there could not have been any personal animosity between the two, who barely knew each other. It may strike one that Kierkegaard was in fact paying Andersen a remarkable compliment in seizing on a kind of new typicality in him which helped to crystallize his own beliefs and his own case. Kierkegaard perceived that Andersen was not only domesticating the genius Outsider but was encouraging the philistines to identify with him, as philistines given the chance—which Andersen's innocently subtle formula provided—are always happy to do.

Andersen is here a true contemporary of Dickens, but Dickens's massively complex nature, though it could pretend at times to Andersenian innocence, was fundamentally exasperated by it. The five-week visit to Tavistock Square in 1857 must be one of the drollest incidences recorded of hospitality abused by *sancta simplicitas*. The genuinely kind impulse of the Dickens family was unbearably strained; daughter Kate later observed that Andersen was "a bony bore, and stayed on and on", and Dickens stuck a card in the dressing-mirror of the guest-room which read: "Hans Andersen slept in this room for five weeks—which seemed to the family AGES!" Andersen characteristically noticed nothing, though at times a little piqued by the offhandedness of the Dickens boys.

"Neither of them showed any interest or attention in helping me by taking a little of my luggage. . . . I had the feeling no one sympathized with me." Kings and dukes had been much more thoughtful. Like everyone else Dickens patronized Andersen, writing to Miss Burdett-Coutts: "You won't mind *him*—especially as he speaks no language but his own Danish and is suspected of not even knowing that."

Andersen found Mrs Dickens "so mild, so motherly, so exactly like Agnes in David Copperfield". What he did not grasp was that the menage was on its last legs, with jollity papering over the domestic cracks, and the Ellen Ternan complication looming. Not that he was not shrewd in his own way, as the fairytales abundantly confirm, but his shrewdness was that of a child in whom the capacity to develop both the accommodations and the commonplaceness of adulthood have been totally suspended. Andersen's sexuality remained polymorphous; in the course of his life he seems to have had no physical experience with members of either sex. He was always "falling in love with" young girls, like his well-publicized first love, Riborg Voigt, and it has been speculated that this was merely a cover for homosexual inclinations; but it seems clear that his relations with men young or old were familial rather than passionate, reflecting his need for dependency and affection, although it looks as if less innocent figures like Edmund Gosse assumed more from his attitude towards them, to the point of presuming on it.

Danish friends abroad attempted to take him to brothels, but though he acquiesced once or twice he always escaped before becoming involved. As an elderly man he went to a Paris establishment where young girls sat about with nothing on, but both his companions and his diary confirm that he only conversed rather stiffly with "the poor children" in his bad French—as Professor Bredsdorff dryly observes: "There is something profoundly innocent about Andersen carrying on polite conversations with naked prostitutes in French brothels."

As not infrequently occurs with writers, Andersen's sex life seems to have merged with and become a part of his social romanticism. He was warmly attached to the grand duke of Weimar, a young man of twenty-six. "The young Duke was extremely kind—I could have chosen him for a friend if he weren't a Duke. . . . I wish that he weren't a Prince, or else that I was one." The elliptical fancy is engagingly characteristic: Andersen was far more honest about his feelings about the rich and great than are most writers of very humble origins, and the Nightingale is speaking with his voice when it says of the emperor of China: "I

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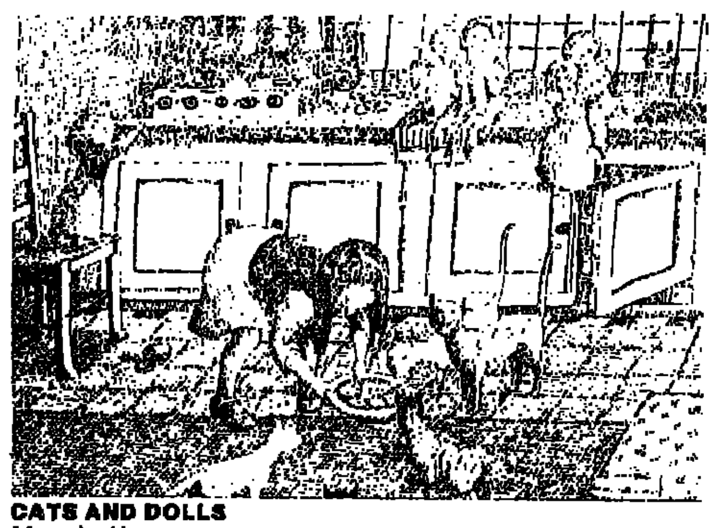

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KESTREL BOOKS


love your heart better than your crown—and yet there's a breath of something holy about the crown". As Professor Bredsdorff points out, the chief preoccupation of the toys in the stories is the class differences between them. In his apparently artless fashion Andersen managed to bring together the nineteenth-century cult of the child with the absorption in matters of class of an evolving capitalist society.

This seems the secret of the universal appeal which also helped to make Dickens so popular, but in Andersen's case—as Kierkegaard had analysed with such voluminous vehemence—the appeal was more simple and more elemental. "Simply to tell the most heart-easing things", in Keats's words, is not so easy as it looks, and it takes a genius to suggest with conviction that the solitary modern self, twinned with angst and loneliness, can none the less get on in the world, be accepted and secure kindness from cold solipsism itself, get on affectionate terms with the rich and the powerful, with kings and counsellors, with God—Andersen's conception of the deity seems in the naivest way to have been that of a patron and father. Yet his achievement is not really just on the level which he was so gratified to find exemplified in the "kind words" of Wilhelm of Prussia: "If I am really sad I read Andersen's tales and then feel myself comforted and refreshed." For one thing there is humour, the light and liberating spirit which is an aspect of Andersen's innocence, and on whose wings it departs to all sorts of unexpected places. In this context, our own insistence on the "wildly funny" and on the knowing black joke often takes on the aspect of a leaden conscientiousness hardly compatible with humour at all—and it may be that the wit of a Beckett, a Kafka or a Kierkegaard produces in us a sort of narrowness and pedantry that disables us for the simplicity of Andersen's. If so, that is our loss.

In fact such a fable of Kafka's as that of the hunger champion, or of Josephine the singing mouse, must owe a good deal to the universality of Andersen in the nineteenth-century *Weltanschauung*. But such stories have lost the universal innocence; a deliberate intellect shapes them from inside and joins with that of the *hypocrite lecteur* in mutual and intimate recognition. No one can *claim* Andersen as every reader claims Kafka, and while Kafka lends himself to meticulous translation it is no accident that Andersen has been exceedingly ill-served. The qualities of the Danish—by turns spontaneous, lyrical, cunning: awkward, earnest and sly—clearly do not come over in English at all, where the apparently appropriate equivalents are too overt and sentimental. The "Swedish Nightingale", Jenny Lind, with whom Andersen had one of his fraternal flirtations, had, he felt, something of the same quality in her voice and the same problem. "She sings German the same way as I read my tales, with the native language shining through, but, as they say about me, that gives it an added interest." (That gives a good idea of the tone of the diaries, which as Professor Bredsdorff points out, are always more reliable than the autobiography and much closer to the actual Andersen—not many authors would have written down the experience that Andersen had with the brothers Grimm, on whom he confidently called, only to find that they had never heard of him and were as concerned by the fact as he was.)

He is a more interesting problem for the student of comparative literature, and for the student of the Victorian mind, than might at first appear. The appeal of Watts was not unlike that of Andersen; however inexact a pictorial equivalent must be we have there something of the same strangely innocent blend of atavism and morality. Andersen's father was a freethinker, but his mother was a deeply primitive and superstitious woman and her son retained all his life something of the mentality of a stone-age savage. When he first came to Copenhagen he could not pay his landlady, who threatened to throw him out.

> She left, and I sat there crying in her drawing room, bereft of all hope. On the wall hung a portrait of her late husband; while lying weeping in front of it it seemed to me that the picture looked at me in a kindly way, and in my childish innocence I prayed through the [...] dead man that he [...] his wife's heart [...] me, poor child that I [...] I took my tears and [...] them on to the eyes [...] trait to make h[...] bitterly I was crying [...]

The charm worked. [...] eyes responded to the [...] primitive magic. And [...] seems to have been [...] Goethe was, of the [...] strains in him from [...] father, but his tales [...] to reveal it in their [...] and morality. Chesterton [...] that "The Steadfast Tin [...]

> uttered a true defence [...] tic militarism against [...] who would forbid it [...] toy for the nursery. It [...] in the true tradition of [...] that the dignity of the [...] is not in his largeness [...] in his smallness, in [...] loyalty and heroic help[...] the hands of larger [...] things.

And Chesterton well ob[...] Andersen's "treatment of [...] things as animate was [...] and awkward allegory: [...] true sense of a dumb [...] things that are". But [...] Watts again—allegory [...] are really inseparable, a [...] Victorian blend: super[...] innocence take the ha[...] lightenment and progres[...] sen's father, the freeth[...] passionate admirer of N[...] whose behalf he was a [...] tant, half-enthusiastic [...] would have enjoyed "The [...] Tin Soldier".

Professor Bredsdorff [...] accomplished the defini[...] graphy of Andersen in [...] though he makes handsome [...] ledgement to the lea[...] H. Topsøe-Jensen, "the [...] living authority on Ander[...] annotated and collected the [...] the autobiographical mate[...] book is a remarkable [...] biographical compilation [...] should stimulate interest [...] in Andersen but in Sca[...] literature as a whole, for [...] Andersen's international [...] ment in a detailed and [...] local context.

# Viable dreams

The Complete Grimm's Fairy Tales
Illustrated by Josef Scharl
Introduction by Padraic Colum
Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3.95. (7100 8205 3)

Some tales they heard in their entirety; some they heard in fragments and pieced together like jigsaws; some they heard time and again and selected the best from each version; all in all Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm were able to assemble and publish no less than 210 fairytales collected from oral tradition. What is more, they resisted the blandishments of their friends to "improve" the tales and allowed the voices and dialects of the folk to be heard as they had heard them themselves. They were the first of the modern folklorists.

To read Grimm complete is an utterly absorbing and enriching experience. Time and again one enters a world in which, however exotic the clothing and however marvellous the action, the human situation is immediately recognizable and touches us deeply.

In these tales the same formulas crop up again and again; after subjection or lack of recognition, after trial, sometimes after suffering, the hero invariably wins out and justice is done all round. It is no good objecting that life is not like this. Folk-tales first embody all our actual fevers, and then they represent how we would *like* things to turn out.

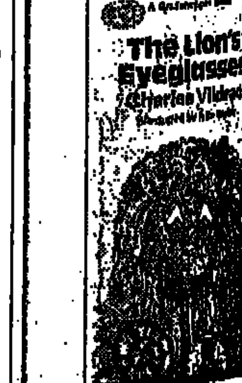
This is not sufficient for some sophisticates. Now and then one hears that folk-tales are irrelevant to children of the 1970s. What nonsense! Auden supplied the quick answer in a piece on Grimm and Andersen in *Forewords and Afterwords*: "Luckily, the test of viability is a simple one. If a tale is enjoyed by the reader, or audience, it is viable.... One has only to tell the stories and observe the reaction to find out what, if anything, needs changing." Grimm is viable, all right. Ask almost any parent, teacher or librarian who reads to children.

In addition to the welter of single stories available as picture books, there are at least eight selections from Grimm in print, illustrated by George Cruikshank, Arthur Rackham, Mervyn Peake, Maurice Sendak, David Hockney (only six stories) and, perhaps more modestly, Fritz Wegner, Tiri Trnka and Janusz Grabianski. Regrettably enough, only two of them make any mention of a translator. This may not be crucial in books that are primarily vehicles for artists, but that this major edition of *The Complete Grimm's Fairy Tales* should also fail to credit a translator, let alone say anything about the relationship of the translations to the originals, strikes me as a serious omission. As it is, these versions (with a little detective work, I have been able to establish that they are "Based on the translation of Margaret Hunt. . . . Revised, corrected and completed by James Stern") read fluently enough but seem a little mannered. An archaism here, an inverted word-order there, rather too formal a stance overall, the style is just sufficiently dated to deter those not already addicted to Grimm. What is needed is a new, definitive translation of the tales to last until the second millennium.

In the meantime, though, this collection, which was first published by Pantheon Books in New York in 1944, with its rather whimsical introduction by Padraic Colum, informative commentary by Joseph Campbell and line drawings by Josef Scharl, is an essential and worthy stopgap for scholar and child alike. Its substance is such that it makes me wonder how I had done without it until now. Alongside Rapunzel, Rumpelstiltskin, Tom Thumb, the Nose, the Frog-Prince and such familiars that I, like countless others, cannot remember not knowing, there are also many, many unfamiliar tales into which also we can look and see ourselves, our day-to-day delights and disappointments, our realized dreams.

**Kevin Crossley-Holland**


A selection [...] Grasshopp[...] Original[...] from Abel[...]



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# [...]w style heroism

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[...] children's books have the [...] foreignness and fami[...]ed about equally: the [...]uage but a different [...]ginable customs but dif[...]rals, unfamiliar brand[...]d meal times, clothes and [...] *After the Goat Man* starts [...] game of Monopoly, but [...] the front porch, which [...] others things, and with [...] course, that are different [...] Monopoly streets; and the [...] yearning for chocolate is [...] of Hershey bars.

[...] books show children on [...] adolescence involved in [...]blems, problems they half [...] don't understand and [...] with. *After the Goat* [...] wild old man refusing to [...] cabin to make way for a [...]way; *The Long Secret* has [...]yled woman crashing into [...] of a daughter she has [...]jected. In both the cen[...]acter, a child who sorts [...] adult disorders, is bossy, [...] unheroically fat.

[...] V. Coleman in *After the* [...] somehow knows he'll [...] conviction; how, he isn't [...] he has a presence of sorts [...] and, when faced with [...] dignity, an understanding [...] his friend Figgy's grand[...] barricaded himself inside [...] with a shot-gun; Figgy [...] broken leg and won't be [...] except by his grandfather; [...] to the rescue, tackling [...] Goat Man on his home [...] This is a slighter book [...] of Betsy Byars's earlier *The House of Wings*, for [...] and points its lesson—a [...], admittedly—a bit obtru[...]perhaps; but then that's [...] V. Coleman's way, the [...] expansive, selfconscious [...] boy who can see himself, [...] all kinds of figures, pre[...] future, and use the [...] and imagery of, say, adver[...] "Whenever I go out to meet [...] I shield myself with a light [...] covering of goose [...]" he mutters as he braces [...] for the alarming encounter.

[...] M. Welsch of *The Long* [...] who sees herself in pretty [...]: she's the heroine of an earlier book, *Harriet the Spy*, a thick-set, likable, irrepressibly nosey child whose shorts are festooned with books and tools for spying and whose life's work is seeing what everyone else is up to. Amateur detection this time takes place at Water Mill, NY, where Harriet's summer-holiday best friend is a quiet rich girl called Beth Ellen with mysteriously absent parents. The reappearance of Beth Ellen's mother with a smart new husband flings Harriet into a whole new dimension of noseyness, and though the plot isn't up to much the marvellous exactness of the three main characters — Harriet the selfconfident, floundering a little when faced with the unfair secretiveness of life; Janie the scientist, who zooms in for a visit and some straight talking; and Beth Ellen whose nickname is Mouse and who suddenly emerges from mousedom—makes up for everything. The great thing about their talk and everyone else's around them is that you seem to be hearing every word of it, following each intonation, catching the pitch exactly. Perhaps this is what seems the most characteristically American thing about it, the unmistakable sound of its voices: Harriet is in the Salinger tradition, unforgettably funny, limited, right-thinking, vocal, touching.

**Isabel Quigly**

# Limited suffering

M. E. KERR:
The Son of Someone Famous
Gollancz. £2.75. (575 02016 4)

DAVID MARTIN:
The Cabby's Daughter
Leicester: Hodder and Stoughton. £2.20. (340 19319 0)

Writing about teenagers so that even in a limited way they come near to resembling the real thing is a rare and difficult achievement. As in the case of other depressed groups, there is much in this mixed-up state that can never be really sympathetic to an outside witness. Minimize this, and you get the unreal, plucky bore, so often a pony-fancier into the bargain, that has been the bane of so much British writing on the subject. Admit the sullen moods and the inevitable but tedious crises of personality, and you may have a more genuine hero or heroine, but one in whose company few readers of any age would choose to linger.

American authors have managed better in this area, perhaps helped by the exuberant, wise-cracking dialogue they so often seem able to call upon, and by the greater familiarity there between adults and the young generally, resulting in fewer of those agonizing adolescent authority problems to work through. M. E. Kerr's *The Son of Someone Famous* is a good example in this genre. It begins inauspiciously with the heroine Brenda Belle buying a facial depilatory in a local drug-store. But the opportunity for a frank discussion on general problems of personal hygiene and appearance is mercifully passed over in favour of quite a lively story about a small town community reacting to the disturbed son of a high-pressure state diplomat, who also likes dating young girl-friends, yet another point of verisimilitude in this novel. Together, the plain heroine and the young, rather jaded product of the international jet-set reflect two different aspects of the Cinderella fantasy, and the picture of a narrow, remote town is convincing and sometimes sharp. The ending eschews any grand finale, but is still romantic enough to warm young readers. Altogether there is some good, amusing writing throughout the novel, but perhaps finally the impression is of something bright but rather vacuous. So far as nourishment is concerned, *The Son of Someone Famous* offers little more than popcorn, however stylish the packaging.

*The Cabby's Daughter*, by David Martin, describes the same age-group but is set in Australia in 1903. It is odd how little is written about this rough, pioneering time, and the story is interesting for this alone. In addition, David Martin writes well and avoids obvious Australian clichés, beyond the odd "fair dinkum" and the unnecessary appearance of a wallaby next door. The heroine has a tough time with her alcoholic father, but the story steps back at the point of tragedy through the agency of saintly neighbours and an idealized boyfriend. This type of concession may humour many young readers who might not feel up to anything more Zolnesque at this age, but inevitably the total effect suffers, leaving the reader wondering again whether his journey was really necessary. The artistically correct mixture of romance and reality is obviously hard to strike, but if both these novels seem to miss it, they still come reasonably close, and can be recommended for good if ultimately undemanding entertainment.

**Nicholas Tucker**

# Resistance

JOHN FULLER:
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Deutsch. £2.25. (233 96645 5)

*The Last Bid* tells of the struggle of sections of a village community in Snowdonia, led by William, the somewhat morose son of a Welsh hill farmer, to resist attempts by a land development company to purchase (or, more accurately, annex by bribery, murder and deceit) the village and its surrounding farms in the belief that gold can be extracted from a disused mine.

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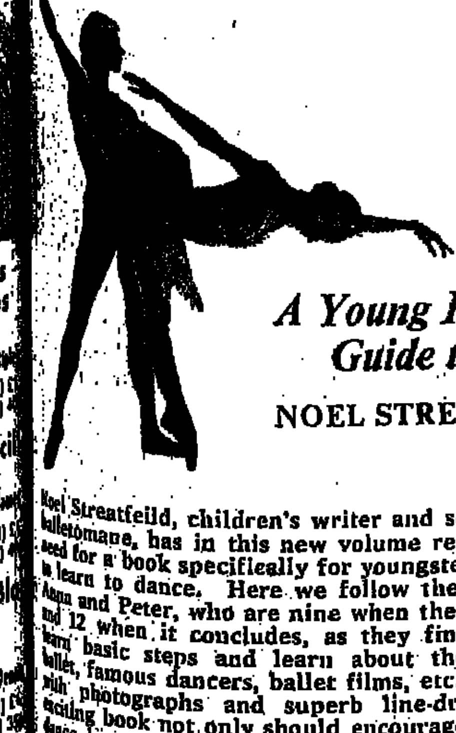
The problems of the novel are threefold: the novelist's metaphorical flights of description often distort what he can describe with clarity and beauty; the Snowdonia setting is a particularly obvious example. The writing often lapses so that climaxes which ought to be created are not; and finally, sentences are awkwardly constructed and fail to accumulate effectively within their paragraphs.

**Mike Glover**

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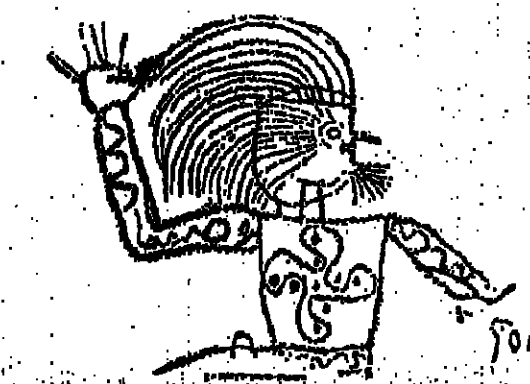


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Crisis on Conshelf Ten
Hamish Hamilton. £2.20. (241 89211 2)

Real understanding of political events generally comes long after one has reached voting age; without a brilliant teacher current affairs tends to be a non-subject, and even the grandly named Council for Education in World Citizenship has a built-in alienation technique whereby foreign politics become just another weird statistic. Sylvia Engdahl uses a more subtle approach: her thought-provoking novel tells of a young galactic anthropologist who comes to observe a Youngling world (could it be ours?) during its Critical Stage, at a period when it could either blow itself up in an all-out nuclear war or channel its aggressions and drive into space exploration. Totalitarianism, political idealism and conscience, partisanship and non-involvement are some of the subjects dealt with in what is basically a gripping psychological science fiction.

The action takes place during a protracted period of interrogation neatly interspersed with flashbacks; the relationship between the heroine and her sophisticated, unbrutish interrogator is beautifully balanced and adds another dimension to a story which is already multi-faceted. The use of telepathy and the acquired power of mind over matter make a fourth dimension entirely plausible.

Mind reading and mind control appear not as a defensive technique but as a dangerous weapon in *Iron Cage*, a more traditional science fiction which again deals in a palatable way with serious issues. Jony and his younger half-brother and sister are discovered and reared by a tribe of primitive vegetarian bear-like creatures whose simple language and gentle tradition they absorb and accept until Jony discovers the ruins of man, a city, a stock of laser-like weapons and an ancient wall painting, which shows the creatures chained and subdued to the will of the more intelligent man. Now tained by his evil forebears, Jony is ostracized by the tribe and forced to wear a symbolic iron collar. When a human spaceship lands, some of the tribe-creatures are caged for experimentation. While Jony's brother is seduced from the tribe's ways by machines and power, Jony redeems himself by destroying the weapons that make men omnipotent. Life continues with all animals living in peaceful coexistence, united against natural perils and the obscenity of enslavement.

Beginning and ending with the image of a pet cat dumped on a rubbish heap in a cardboard carton, this strong and vivid novel asks important questions about our interaction with the animals we so mindlessly dominate.

Like her science-fiction colleague Ursula Le Guin, Andre Norton has hats of various styles: *The Jargoon Pard* is a fantasy in the grand manner. The archaic telling, the creation of a magical world with a complex history, the epic war of good and evil, the magnificent variety that pullulates under the supernatural umbrella—all the fantastic stock-in-trade is here in this powerful story of a young man ignorant of his inherited shape-changing ability who is caught in the form and sometimes the beastly nature of a (leo)pard. Splendid scenes of the confrontation of powers, an imaginative coding of magic and a solid medieval flavour mostly suppress the suspicion that the author is not entirely happy with this particular hat and that the archaisms are slightly forced.

Miss Norton aims high but doesn't quite touch the giants; *Crisis on Conshelf Ten* aims to be nothing more (or less) than an exciting adventure for those people unpleasantly described as young adults. Within its own limitations it succeeds admirably; copywriting cliches such as "a rattling good yarn" come to mind and belittle what is, truthfully, a fast-moving, efficiently constructed, thoroughly compelling thriller. The twist is that it all takes place at the bottom of the sea. Set in the far future, with the moon uncomfortably colonized and the sea more salubriously settled, the story deals with the interesting issue of atmospheric nationalism: the moonmen are negotiating for less crippling freight rates and the underwater men are resorting to violence, sabotage, and genetic tampering (turning them into gillmen) so that they can be free of an overcrowded filthy world. The details of life on an ocean shelf a hundred feet below the surface are most ingeniously and attractively worked out; readers who are reluctant to look at a more traditional area of children's books should be warmly recommended to make a visit to Conshelf Ten.

Sarah Hayes

# Blasted from the past

**JUDY ALLEN:**
The Stones of the Moon
Cape. £1.95. (224 01104 9)

**MARY RAYNER:**
The Witch-Finder
Macmillan. £2.30. (333 17921 8)

Show me a prehistoric stone circle, and I'll show you a plot: and so two more competent novels join the ranks. Although both books are original, extremely rich in ideas, information and intent it is interesting to see that both fail to exploit their potential for the same reason: style.

*The Stones of the Moon* seems to be fragmented, and the style, despite occasional gems, cannot hold it together. Judy Allen's Yorkshire stone circle holds a watery and dangerous secret which is approached by the son of a professional archaeologist and a sad, obsessed "perpetual student" steeped in mythology, the occult, and "alternative archaeology". The elements are of high quality: unclichéd characters, absorbing facts, sane ideas, shrewd class observation, and some fine interactions, especially between the professor and his son. But the uneven utilitarian prose does not allow the book—or the circle—much atmosphere. The pervasive mist and rain are stated, not felt, and so the mystery becomes mechanical, leading up to a too-easy dénouement unworthy of the rest. It is as if the style, too simple and uncertain for the ideas, has finally taken over, dampening the sparks.

Style also fails to create atmosphere in *The Witch-Finder*, if for different reasons. Mary Rayner's psychological study of an adolescent girl's fantasy that her mother has become a witch is also packed with good ideas and a fine circumstantiality. Here, the stone circle is just one part of a half-understood pattern, mother and daughter isolated and depressed in a Wiltshire heat-wave. But, again, the atmosphere does not come across, for the style tends to be leaden, full of evasion, which in this case often reflects an attitude which sells the material short. Mary Rayner's style may be intended to parallel the low-key normality of the beginning of the story, but, if so, she is playing a dangerous game, for it is difficult to distinguish between subtlety and tedium, even when she changes gear for emotional passages. Yet the book does have a unity of conception and a cumulative feeling of oppression, which make the romantic thinking of the climax (or anti-climax) the more disappointing. Again, the style allows a simple rounding off which does not do justice to the depth of the ideas.

Peter Hunt

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MACMILLAN LONDON



# Fey, fi, fo, fum

**MARY NORTON:**
Are All the Giants Dead?
Illustrated by Brian Froud
Dent. £2.75. (460 06671 4)

**MOLLIE HUNTER:**
A Stranger Came Ashore
Hamish Hamilton. £2.20. (241 89241 4)

There are difficulties inherent in success. For a writer, one of them is the problem of the next book. We have had to wait a long time for *Are All the Giants Dead?* Mary Norton published the last of her major *Borrowers* titles in 1961, and since then we have had nothing from her except the short Borrowers tale *Poor Stainless*. The original four books have assumed classic status and admirers of Mary Norton's work will be glad to know that the new book has been well worth waiting for; it is original, witty and excellently plotted. Although so different, it has the same consistency and attention to detail of the earlier books.

Mildred, a brisk and even brittle society reporter, has access to a strange world of aging characters from fairy-tales. It is—perhaps—the Land of Cockayne, and the period is Time Immemorial. On one visit she takes with her—as she has to other places on other occasions (which we may hope to hear about later)—young James, who really prefers science fiction. Things which at first seem strange gradually become quite real, and James finds himself drawn, against Mildred's advice, into the problems of Dulcibella, the young daughter of Beauty and the Beast.

Their search for the magic frog involves them in encounters with a witch, the two Jacks (the Giant-killer and the Beanstalk one) and the last giant in the world. The tone is light and ironical and there is plenty to amuse the adult reader, but this is in no way a satire on traditional fairy-tales. It is a loving contemporary exploitation of their rich possibilities. Brian Froud's illustrations are excellently matched to the text.

Mollie Hunter's success with her last book, *The Stronghold*, which recently won the Carnegie Medal, can have had no effect on her new book, which was obviously written long before she heard the news. *A Stranger Came Ashore* is altogether a slighter, less original book than *The Stronghold* but still well worth reading. Its central concern is the fate of young Elspeth Henderson. Will her bridegroom be her old love Nicol Anderson or the new mysterious Finn Learson who comes out of the sea one wild stormy night? Everything is seen through the eyes of twelve-year-old Robbie, Elspeth's brother, so that it is a much younger book than Rosemary Harris's strange story *The Seal-Singing*, which draws on some of the same elements. The hints about Finn Learson are rather heavy-handed, Yarl Corbie should have appeared—or at least have been mentioned—a little earlier in the story, and it seems only for the sake of the plot that Robbie could not swim. But there is plenty here to attract and hold a young reader, and Mollie Hunter's love of the Shetlands and their selkie-legends is pervasive.

Ann Thwaite

# Town truths

**BERNARD ASHLEY:**
Terry on the Fence
Illustrated by Charles Keeping
Oxford. £3.25. (19 271377 9)

**CHARLOTTE MORROW:**
The Marigold Cut
Blackie. £2.25. (216 90061 1)

**IVAN SOUTHALL:**
Three Novels
Methuen. £3.50. (416 83390 X)

Few writers for the young seem at ease when writing about ordinary children in everyday situations. The urban novel—in this country, at least—tends to be either embarrassingly condescending or else clinically realistic, and few writers have captured with any success the ordinary world of street and school that is the familiar terrain of their readers. There are exceptions, of course, and to their number must now be added the name of Bernard Ashley, who has followed *The Trouble with Donovan Croft* with a remarkable new book in which an exciting and unusual story combines with acute observation of character and place to make a completely satisfying entity.

Terry is eleven, the child of harassed but loving parents, and he lives in a dockland area of south London where high-rise council flats have begun to penetrate the respectable streets around his home. After an inconsequential family row, Terry runs from the house and meets violent, disfigured Les, a deprived boy who bullies Terry into helping him and his gang perpetrate a minor theft at Terry's fashionable primary school. Terry is repelled and terrified by his captor and, at first, is an unwilling victim, a reluctant participant in the crime. But his feelings change as he becomes more deeply involved with his strange tormentor and, when the theft misfires and Terry is identified by the school caretaker as one of the culprits, he can no longer ignore his own guilt or conceal his confused loyalty to his enemy.

*Terry on the Fence* is far more than an exciting suspense novel. Bernard Ashley explores the changing relationship between Terry and Les with subtlety and skill, and the lesser characters, notably Terry's family and the headmaster of his school, are all acutely observed. The urban setting, the background of school and home, the idiom and dialogue of the children are captured with remarkable authenticity.

Yet there is no trace in this book of condescension or overstatement; *Terry on the Fence* is not a case-history or a social document, it is simply a gripping and convincing story. It is a pity, though, that such an approachable and readable book should be encased in the familiar austere Oxford carapace. The elegant format, the dense setting and the rather half-hearted Keeping vignettes may well deter the many children who would otherwise enjoy this splendid story.

Bernard Ashley's characters and dialogue leap from the page; those of Charlotte Morrow stay firmly rooted on it. The hero of *The Marigold Cut* is, like Terry, a city boy. But Rann Morgan has been unwillingly transported to the country, to be fostered by a strange family until his injured arm has recovered. Rann is lonely and, he thinks, misunderstood by his foster parents and the other children in their care. His discovery of an old barge in a neglected canal provides him with a focus: here, at last, he can be himself and do what he wants. But the discovery complicates his life still further as new tensions and conflicts grow in the family as a result. At the end, of course, enlightenment and understanding replace Rann's discontent and the story concludes happily, if unconvincingly. *The Marigold Cut* is a pleasant enough book but Charlotte Morrow fails to do justice to her theme and to her characters: the children never spring to life and their dialogue is too articulate. Sadly, the entire book is remarkably dull.

Whatever else one may feel about Ivan Southall's work, one can never accuse it of being dull. Few writers share his ability to cram so much cumulative disaster within the confines of a short book. Yet it is a measure of the astonishing economy of his style that he can compress into books like *The Fox Hole* and *Over the Top* not only gripping accounts of extraordinary events but also subtle exploration of character and motive, of the relationship between adults and children, and their attitudes towards each other. *Three Novels* brings together within one volume three of his short books: *The Fox Hole*, *Let the Balloon Go* and *Over the Top*. It is refreshing and revealing to consider these earlier works in the light of Southall's later, more pretentious progress.

Lance Salway

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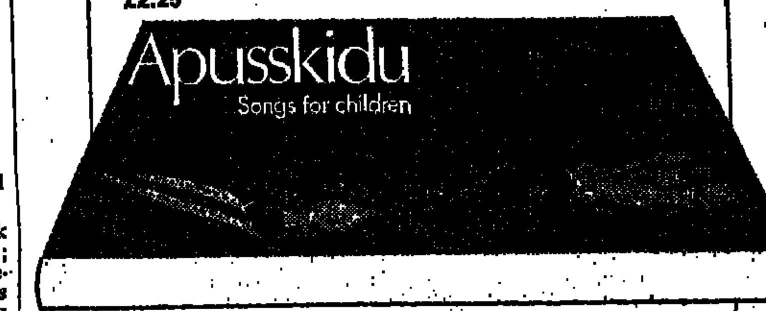


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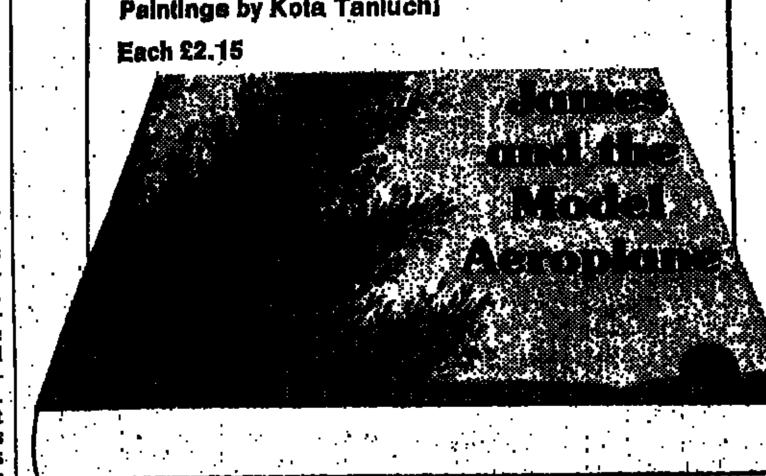


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Adam & Charles Black

# Input and output

By Elaine Moss

*The staff and customers pursuing the thieves, from* Henderson the Supermarket Cat.

Over the past two decades economics has been obsessed with growth: publishers and printers have increased their output, especially of picture books, and these are now a profitable part of their business. But the idea of applying a growth rate to talent is preposterous so that at the present rate of production a vast number of second-rate picture books have to be published, books the public can well do without as prices rise and incomes fall. Who, for instance, other than the publisher and the printer needs a book called *Splodges?* Children are as good at spilling paint as is Malcolm Carrick, and most of them can turn their own splodges into a personal version of a giraffe or a butterfly, which is cheaper and much more satisfying than being shown how to do so by him.

Polly Donnison was probably a splodger once. She is a young artist, still only sixteen, who appears to know by instinct the fundamentals of good picture-book making. She claimed attention a few years ago with *William the Dragon* which had charm and naivety as well as the rich promise she now amply fulfils in *Henderson the Supermarket Cat*. Written by Polly's elder sister Rachel, for Polly to illustrate, it is a mature and assured piece of work by any standards. Rachel Donnison clearly knows the inner workings of a supermarket—from the packaging of cutlers (an intriguing machine, this) to the cash out. She has woven into the supermarket organization Henderson the cat, whose services become indispensable and reach their crowning glory when he observes two shady customers whose attempts to steal the takings he cleverly foils. Polly's full-colour pictures of watchful Henderson going discreetly about his self-appointed tasks are clear, colourful, varied and full of humour. The Donnison sisters get full marks; but their publishers are offered a rap on the knuckles for using what should be back end-papers for an illustration that is an integral part of the book—a practice librarians, for practical processing reasons, abhor.

More feline appeal in Margriet Heymans's *Cats and Dolls*, a pleasantly off-beat picture-book from Holland about the impossibility of keeping a house clean and tidy when mischievous dolls and ubiquitous cats gang up against you. There is a cosy domesticity about this fantasy, a practical everyday atmosphere of chores to be done come what may, that holds the imagination; the formal rectangular pictures of Nellie sweeping, cleaning and washing up while calculating cats peep out from behind curtains and designing dolls lift the lids of their boxes, are captivating.

At least there is no witch in the well of Nellie's house; but when Mr Mulally the taxi driver in Joanna Stubbs's *Weather Witch* decides to buy a cottage in the country and grow his own vegetables, he also buys, without realizing it, an unhappy witch who can turn sunshine into showers according to her mood which is almost always black. She is miserable because she has not moved with the times like other witches who have bought bicycles and who stir their cauldrons over electric stoves—so she makes rain, and Mr Mulally's vegetables do need the sun. Mr Mulally invites her in for a smoke, and gradually the sun begins to shine. A gay and colourful picture book with delicious shivers for those who are susceptible to the idea of witches peering in through windows.

Children, unable fully to share in adult day-to-day activities, lead a valuable secondary life in their imagination. Tony, hero of Alan Arkin's *Tony's Hard Work Day* is three years old and anxious to help refurbish the house his parents have bought: but they are far too busy to spare the time to let him help them. So Tony builds his own fabulous house—a hundred trees for the walls another hundred for the roof, a thousand stones for the chimney, a whole meadow of grasses woven into his hearthrug. No wonder Tony is tired at the end of his hard work day—so tired that when Mum and Dad ask whether they can help *him*, Tony says "Yes". James Stevenson's pictures catch the comedy of this story-with-a-moral to perfection.

Stephen Kellogg, on the other hand, illustrating Doris Herold Lund's *You Ought to See Herbert's House* uses a heavy chalky solid style that overpowers the author's idea. Herbert, invited home by his friend, brags about his own house inventing a quite impossible towered and moated structure with, in permanent residence, a pig, a lobster, twenty-eight goldfish, an armadillo and a cricket (lion and tiger still on order). There is always a party in progress at his house, says Herbert—and his bluff is called when his friend says "Let's go!" The story is humorous, touching and well controlled but the crude obtrusive pictures somehow lessen its impact.

Ulf Löfgren, perhaps because he is artist as well as author, does better with a similar kind of fantasy adventure, *Albin Lends a Hand*. Albin is not very helpful by nature, but when he puts his mind to it he can imagine himself as the hero of a succession of emergencies with which the dustman, the fireman and even the doctor could never have coped on their own. Bright, clear pictures of life in a small Norwegian town.

Pastoral, British and incomparably beautiful is the new Helen Piers nature story *Grasshopper and Butterfly*, illustrated by Pauline Baynes. Helen Piers builds her stories in nature's intricate pattern so that the reader feels he has been given a magnifying glass and is privileged to observe snail, grasshopper, ant, bee, earwig, butterfly and spider preparing for the winter. Grasshopper, cheerful and busy in the late summer sunshine, will die. Butterfly, on the other hand, has woken from her chrysalis stage too early. The book is about the plans Grasshopper helps her to make for a winter sleep so that she can, after all, enjoy the springtime of her life. Pauline Baynes's microscopic paintings of bark and grasses, honeycomb and anthill, flowery meadow and raindrops on a fir cone transform Helen Piers's text, which has a La Fontaine edge to it, into a picture-book of rare quality.

*How Does the Czar Eat Potatoes* by Anne Rose has that universal wisdom that characterizes age-old tales. To a Russian peasant child the Tzar is a colourful extravagant fantasy figure who leads a life of ease and splendour: Janosch, the illustrator, paints full-colour, wryly humorous pictures of the Tzar eating potatoes, having a bath, crying other people's tears. By contrast the peasant child knows how his father eats, washes and cries—and these pictures fill the black-and-white pages between the coloured ones. A forerunner, surely, of the return to alternate openings of black-and-white and colour, this book is laminated and jacketless.

Most of the picture-books this season are jacketless, a sensible saving in cost, but if jackets are going to be abandoned, ... binding remain to be learned. ... have two picture-books bound ... printed cloth with black spines ... will too quickly show the result ... wear and tear at the edges and ... ners. The first is Pascale A... mand's *The Pop Rooster*; the ... able simplicity that characteri... *The Boy and his Friend* the ... still discernible, but here ... been used to tell a trivial, ... funny story about a rooster who ... ignored by his hens till he ... a pop star. John Hurford's ABC ... *Animals* has the heavily ... atmosphere of a Metro Gold... Mayer masterpiece, each ... being shown roaring, leaping, ... ing or, in case of U for ... gazing in pink-faced ... misery from a jungle ... glorious Technicolor: with its ... lettering and occasionally ... choice of animals John Hurford's ... alphabet is not one for the ... class—but then, was it meant ... be?

*A Wet Monday* by Doro... Edwards and Jenny Williams is, ... the other hand, a perfect book ... the young reader: that Mond... morning feeling—"Look at ... Rain, rain, rain"—is developed ... expanded through the small ... ters an ordinary family experienc... getting off to work and to school ... being late, forgetting to put ... dog out—with dire results ... they all come home. Doro... Edwards is a master storytel... even when restricted to words ... two syllables—and Jenny Willia... paints clear, vivid, homely yet ... designed pictures.

Charlotte Hough's *Pink Pig* ... *Bad Cat* are refined, British ada... tations of the vulgar—and, perhaps ... therefore successful—Dr Seu... method of zany reading practi... picture-books for children at ... single syllable stage.

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MALCOLM CARRICK: *Splodges*. Collins. £1.95. (00 183901 2)

RACHEL DONNISON: *Henderson the Supermarket Cat*. Illustrated by Polly Donnison. Sidgwick and Jackson. £2.60. (283 98103 2)

MARGRIET HEYMANS: *Cats and Dolls*. English adaptation by Lance Salway. Kestrel. £1.70. (7226 5118 X)

JOANNA STUBBS: *Weather Witch*. Deutsch. £2.25. (233 96659 5)

ALAN ARKIN: *Tony's Hard Work Day*. Illustrated by James Stevenson. Deutsch. £2.50. (233 96646 3)

DORIS HEROLD LUND: *You Ought to See Herbert's House*. Illustrated by Steven Kellogg. Dent. £2.25. (460 06616 1)

ULF LÖFGREN: *Albin Lends a Hand*. Macdonald and Janes. £1. (356 08156 7)

HELEN PIERS: *Grasshopper* ... *Butterfly*. Illustrated by Pauline Baynes. Kestrel. £1.80. (7226 6... X)

ANNE ROSE: *How Does a Czar E... Potatoes?* Illustrated by Janosch. Abelard-Schumann. £1.85. (... 72258 1)

PASCALE ALLAMAND: *The Po... Rooster*. English version ... Michael Bullock. Cape. £1.6... (224 01113 8)

JOHN HURFORD: *ABC of Anim...* Cape. £1.60. (224 01175 8)

DOROTHY EDWARDS: *A Wet Monda...* Illustrated by Jenny William... Methuen. £1.30. (416 83470 1)

CHARLOTTE HOUGH: *Pink Pig*. (43... 94322 3) *Bad Cat*. (434 94323 ...) Heinemann. £1.60 each.

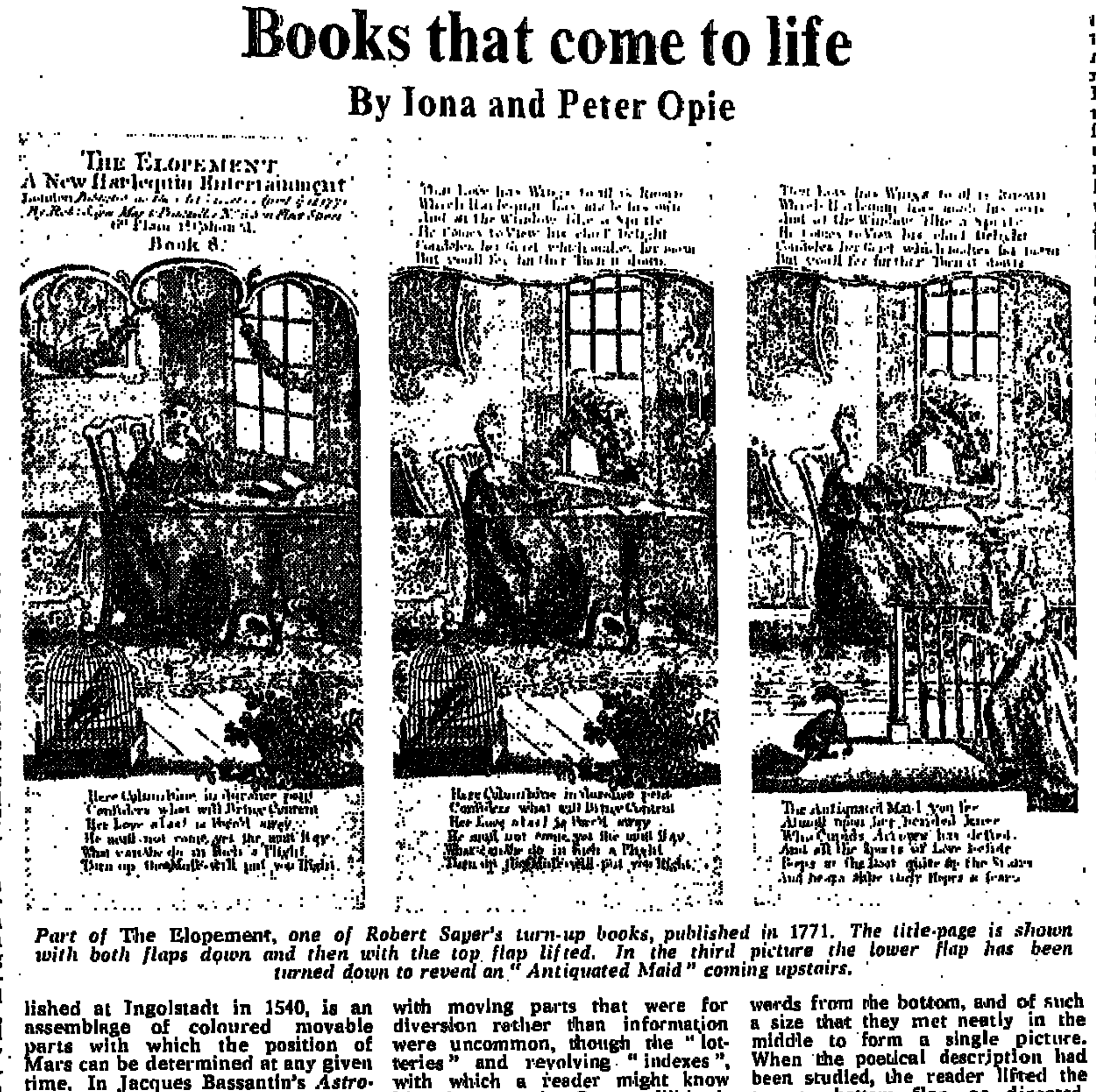
# Books that come to life

By Iona and Peter Opie

... a book that is just ... Publishers rely for their ... the acknowledged usefulness of their publications, or on the ... their authors, or on the ... their illustrators, or on the ... of their productions, ... relative cheapness or— ... case of *The Saturday Book* —on their having all these ... at once. But what of the ... with no vital information ... with only hack writers and illustrators in his employ, ... only average means of production? For a surprisingly long ... there have been firms, ... small, particularly firms ... for the young, who have ... put life into their books ... of all possible means, ... life mechanically. ... may not be able to de... ..., so the figures in ... are made to move in ... may not be able to ... illusion of depth, so they ... pictures that are actually ...sional; they may be in... portraying a cow mooing, ... noise is in fact con... argument seems to be ... a book is shaped like a ..., and has a couple of ro... wheels at the bottom, even ... will appreciate it is a ...ilwayana. And, before we ... we are, the non-readers ... who seemingly include ... of visitors to antique ... and buyers at ... children's-book sales, are ... non-books above real ... paying for them as if ... the gems of our literature.

... in these books—and fun ... undoubtedly is—is however ... to identify. It lies in ... to surprise, as when ... a commonplace-seeming ... album and unwittingly ... off a musical box buried ... This point, however, ... emphasizing: mechanical ... should look like ordinary. Their success is to be measured ... the ingenuity with which ... format conceals un... characteristics. Nister's ... of *Long Ago* is no more ... inch thick when closed, ... three-dimensional ... a combined depth of ... a half feet. Bookano ... the late 1930s, utilize the ... the book not merely to ... figures pop up but to ...: the part-shutting and ... of the book enables ... to keep sawing logs, and ... keep flapping their wings, ... recourse to levers.

... first invented a mechanical ... book we do not pretend ... In the *Astronomicum* ... of Petrus Apianus, published at Ingolstadt in 1540, is an assemblage of coloured movable parts with which the position of Mars can be determined at any given time. In Jacques Bassantin's *Astronomique discours*, printed at Lyons in 1557, an intricate circular diagram with moving parts is provided "*pour trouver le vray lieu de Venus au Zodiaque*". And in Gallucci's *Coelestium Corporum*, produced in Venice in 1603, no fewer than fifty-one diagrams are to be found with volvelles and movable pointers, an abundance that puts to shame some present-day novelty books.




*Part of* The Elopement, *one of Robert Sayer's turn-up books, published in 1771. The title-page is shown with both flaps down and then with the top flap lifted. In the third picture the lower flap has been turned down to reveal an "Antiquated Maid" coming upstairs.*

These volvelles and pointers were, of course, for scientific use; as were, supposedly, the layer upon layer of coloured cut-out flaps in the book containing "anatomical models" so popular with the curious at the beginning of the present century. In the early days books with moving parts that were for diversion rather than information were uncommon, though the "lotteries" and revolving "indexes", with which a reader might know his character in George Wither's *Collection of Emblemes*, 1635, scarcely advanced the cause of science; and the gimmick was imitated, indeed reproduced, by Nathaniel Crouch in *Delights for the Ingenious*, 1684.

The great advances in book illustration in the eighteenth century made it inevitable, perhaps, that some publisher, whose engravers were not of the top rank, should employ craft rather than art to attract attention. In 1766 or 1767 Robert Sayer in Fleet Street produced the first of a series of booklets in which two flaps were hinged to each page, one downwards from the top, the other upwards from the bottom, and of such a size that they met neatly in the middle to form a single picture. When the poetical description had been studied, the reader lifted the top or bottom flap, as directed, which instantly revealed, with no change of location, the next action in the story; and when the second flap was lifted a subsequent action was exposed, which sometimes brought about a complete metamorphosis in the characters. During the next half century at least six publishers issued these "turn-up" books or "harliquinades"; and books using the same principle continue, in fact, to be manufactured to this day.

What is curious is that even when these turn-up books appeared on the market 200 years ago they were not new. We ourselves possess a home-made one, fashioned on precisely the same plan, in which—among the transformations—Adam turns into a mermaid; and this homely amusement was given to a child in 1741. Further, the tradition there certainly was in the eighteenth century for the private manufacture of turn-up books seems to go back to the middle of the seventeenth century. In the British Museum we find a work entitled *The Beginning, Progress and End of Man*, printed in London by B. Alsop, for T. Dunster, 1650; and the flaps, the subject-matter, and the opening verses of our manuscript metamorphosis are all but identical to those of the seventeenth-century example.

To the connoisseur, the golden age of the mechanical book was the second half of the nineteenth century. If the claim made by Dean and Son in the 1860s is correct, that they were the "originators of Children's Movable Books", then the first book to contain pictures in which the characters could be "made to move and act in accordance with the incidents described in each story" was one produced in 1857; and almost certainly the volume was *The Moveable Mother Hubbard*. This was subsequently advertised as No 1 in a series of thirteen movable books; and it is to be noticed that our copy, apparently printed in 1857, carries no notices of other titles, and has the figures jointed with thread. By the beginning of 1859 Dean's had realized the figures worked more smoothly if jointed with thin copper wire.

During the 1860s Dean's establishment at 65 Ludgate Hill must have been the scene of almost frenzied activity, of picture-colouring, of paper-sticking, of card-cutting, and of head-scratching, as they sought to keep ahead of their rivals in the field: Ward & Lock, and Darton, and Read. In 1860 they produced the first of their books of "dissolving views" in which one picture turns into another simply by pulling a tab. By 1862 they had manufactured movable books celebrating the feats of both Blondin and of Leotard, then the talk of London. They produced a peep-show book to display the "lifelike effects of real distance and space". And, at the beginning of 1863 if not earlier (though we have not found an advertisement earlier), they published the first of their "New Scenic Books" in which, by pulling a ribbon, life was put into the cut-out figure of Little Red Riding Hood to the extent, at least, that she stood at right angles to the page. If the day of the automatic "pop-up" book had not yet come, it wasn't far away.

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This article also appears in the new *Saturday Book* (208pp. Hutchinson. £7.50) edited by John Hadfield.


rainbow

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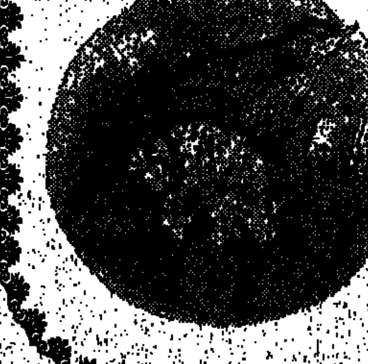


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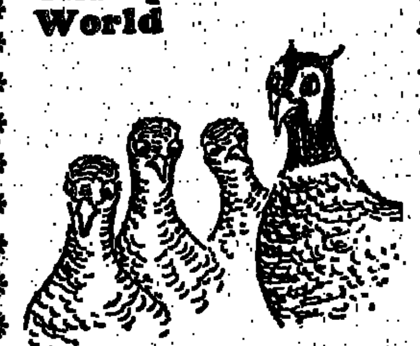


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Books for children from JONATHAN CAPE

# Inspired romance

**ANTHONY HOPE:**
**Sophy of Kravonia**
Bodley Head. £2.75. (370 10939 2)

**ALISON LEONARD:**
**The Crest of the Dragon**
Hamish Hamilton. £2.30.
(241 89195 7)

**V. C. CLARKE:**
**The Colvins of Shipley Court**
Blackie. £2.95. (216 89712 2)

**PATRICIA MILES:**
**Nobody's Child**
Hamish Hamilton. £2.20.
(241 89179 5)

Of all the elements missing from the contemporary novel the one most consciously regretted by those old enough to be aware of the loss is romance.

It is for this reason that *Sophy of Kravonia*—in the Bodley Head's excellent Bow Street Library—comes lightly disguised as a children's book. The original Edwardian readers of this glorious yarn were in no sense immature, but they enjoyed without condescension its splendid improbabilities. The assured success of this reprint may owe something to nostalgia; Anthony Hope may, however, gain new admirers among the young who, even in the books written specially for them, miss the mixture of love, high adventure and worldly wisdom so finely blended here.

*Sophy of Kravonia* is not likely after seventy years to achieve the wide fame of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, for the very qualities which distinguish it. No reader is hindered in his appreciation of the suspense and the sword-play by considerations of the psychology of Rudolf Rassendyl. Sophy, however, is a character drawn in depth. She is curiously like one of the creations of a modern writer who in some ways upholds the Hope tradition: Nora Lofts. Mrs Lofts might well have thought up the little Welsh kitchen-girl with greatness in her, but her disciplined imagination would scarcely have allowed her promotion beyond control of a modest Suffolk country house; Anthony Hope took Sophy to Kravonia—a near neighbour of Ruritania—where for a few hours she literally queened it.

For young readers the leisured pace of the first chapters may have an archaic air, just as they will hold a period charm for their elders. Once the scene changes to the mythical Balkans young and old are totally committed as Sophy meets her prince and faces conspiracy and revolution. Anthony Hope was never one for happy endings, and artistic justice and common sense alike call for the story to end in tragedy.

Despite the mannered style and the occasional longueur, contemporary children may find that the adult Anthony Hope speaks to them more directly than the writers of those modern romantic novels which have been tailored to their needs.

The essence of romance is that, while following its own laws conscientiously, it should be based on some good solid improbability. In *The Crest of the Dragon* the improbability is that good Sir Richard, Baron of Kinderton, should take a boy out of the Cheshire salt-mines because he spoke nicely. That is how Alison Leonard's story opens, and a fine romantic air it has. However, Miss Leonard is as much scholar as novelist, and her tale is tied tightly to the history and topography of the Cheshire plain. John Fletcher's benefactor is of the king's party in the conflict between Richard II and Bolingbroke and, as such, a doomed man. He returns from Richard's futile Irish expedition to see the king imprisoned and his own lands forfeit. He himself dies fighting an unworthy adversary. A harsh fate, unrelieved by romance. Such romance as there is comes from John's desperate attempt to rescue the royal treasure.

The most interesting theme in *The Crest of the Dragon* is that of the relations between Sir Richard and his brother, opponents in the civil conflict but still deeply involved in one another. The same theme occurs, more conventionally, in V. C. Clarke's *The Colvins of Shipley Court* which follows the fortunes of three families in the opening stages of the Civil War. Prince Rupert, Cromwell and Hampden—whom the author persists in calling "Sir John"—appear, not too convincingly, in the story, but the main interest lies in the picture of young people enjoying themselves in their everyday activities without too much interference from the conflict going on around them.

John is determined to stay at home and farm his acres. It is not his fault that he finds himself commanding a troop of cavalry on the king's side at Edgehill, and he comes home, without the formality of resigning his commission, as soon as possible thereafter. The domestic scenes, in Royalist and Parliamentarian households alike, are exceedingly well done. The book suffers a little from its multiplicity of characters. Among all those Thomases and Tobiases, Tonys and Henrys, one tends to forget who belongs to which family. For the child reader, too, there is no one character with whom to identify, or possibly an embarrassment of choice. This is the more regrettable because V. C. Clarke tells a brisk story and has founded it on sound historical research.

*The Colvins of Shipley Court* is historical romance with the emphasis rather upon history. *Nobody's Child*, though set in a roughly identifiable period, is pure romance and a splendid specimen of the genre.

The vast improbabilities of the story might burst even the bounds of romance were they not centred upon the acceptable person of Fanny Butler (who prefers in vain to be called Frances). Fanny is, in the words of the village curate-cum-schoolteacher, "like a fine eater in a barrel of cooking apples". She stands out among her putative brothers and sisters because of her intelligence as much as her fine features. She is quicker than her elders to see that all is not as it seems in her family. When the last breathless episode is over and Fanny is installed in the Great House, she is perfectly at home there.

*Nobody's Child* has everything. All the stock ingredients of the romantic tale are here—lost heir, ailing lord, wicked doctor, witch—but here transmuted into gold by the writer's exuberance and delight in her own invention. Whether in Hertfordshire or London, among the press gangs or in the abbey ruins the story moves swiftly with energy generated from within itself.

**Marcus Crouch**

# War efforts

**ROBERT WESTALL:**
**The Machine-Gunners**
Macmillan. £2.95. (333 18644 3)

**GORDON COOPER:**
**A Certain Courage**
Illustrated by Robin Jacques
Oxford. £2.75. (19 271375 2)

Tyneside, 1940. A raiding German Heinkel is brought down in a wood. Local lad Chas McGill, fourteen or so, finds the wreckage and sees sticking from the ruined stern an undamaged machine-gun. At first the chance to pinch such a prize is motivated by nothing more than the craze for collecting bits of Jerry litter. But then an idea grows: why not spirit the gun away to some secret nest from where it is possible to let fly at hit-and-run bombers? Chas's bit for the war effort.

In *The Machine-Gunners* Robert Westall describes in unsparing detail the result of this dangerous thought. Chas is no angel, Tyneside then (as now) is a tough place to live, and the devastation wreaked by night is a cruel aid to brutalized sensibilities. Soon Chas has gathered about him an incongruously talented squad of contemporaries and one pathetic adult with a giant's strength, handy for building earthworks, but with a child's mind which prevents his betraying to harassed officials the deadly plan.

As the plot develops through twists and turns as unexpected and cliff-hanging as a thriller's, the episodes are morticed together with scenes from Chas and his squad's family and community life. These incidents are entirely necessary for an understanding of story and character. But at the same time they add up to a vivid, three-dimensional picture of that time and place: the battered streets, the refugee families, the weary nights and days, the shortages, the acts of courage, love, and decent neighbourliness, and the moments of desperation, cowardice and stupidity too.

There will inevitably be those who will wonder about offering an eleven year olds a book so compromising in language and incident as this. They might take some of the controlling elements of humour which throughout redeems this story from any hint of mundering pleasure in the bellish horror it in part depicts, just as the same humour—ironic, sardonic, sometimes surgically brutal, but always in the end compassionate—relieved those who lived through the evil of the times.

Best of all in this book is Chas himself. Cunning, irreverent, disrespectful of pompous authority, healthily unimpressed by the bogus and dishonest. Tyneside breeds the race. Mr Westall gets beneath his carapaced skin and touches the nerves inside. He reveals Chas's native intelligence and his resilience. It is this dimension of the book which makes it not just the best book so far written for children about the Second World War, but turns it into a metaphor for now.

To turn from *The Machine-Gunners* to Gordon Cooper's *A Certain Courage* is to go from northern granite to soapstone. Twelve-year-old Hilary Turner, our heroine, is a junior Mrs Miniver and Mr Cooper's story no more than an extended pleasantry.

It is as though the author had listed everything he must mention in a story intended to give a panoramic picture of wartime England as it was in a small West Country town for the girls evacuated there from a London high school. There is the rationing, the blackout, the loss of loved ones at the front and of relatives in the blitz; there is makeshift school, the school pageant about brave Women of England, and the slog of collecting paper for the war effort.

The trouble is that this domestic epic—it begins before the war starts and ends with Hiroshima—is all rather like a magic-lantern show: bloodless and delicately colour-tinted. Throughout the entire book and the six years it pretends to depict, no one has a cross word, there is not an unpleasant incident, not a crime nor a sin committed. Except of course for the nasty Germans doing wicked things with their awful bombs.

*A Certain Courage* may be passable entertainment if you like your tales of fantasy dressed up as fact. But the truth is that Mr Cooper fails to achieve a dramatic realization of his people and events. His story, and the reality it is based on, are emasculated. And it would be wrong to suggest to any young reader that 1940-45 was such pleasant suffering as this book makes it seem.

**Aidan Chambers**

# Feminine insights

**LYNNE REID BANKS:**
**Sarah and After**
Bodley Head. £2.25. (370 10953 8)

**KATHERINE PATERSON:**
**The Sign of the Chrysanthemum**
Illustrated by Peter Lauda
Kestrel. £2.40. (7226 5451 0)

*Sarah and After*, which is Genesis retold from the woman's point of view, is dedicated to the author's "neglected god-daughters lest they, like many of their contemporaries, grow up believing that the Christian religion sprang up without roots in the year one". How it is intended to make good that deficiency is not clear. It is in four sections: "Sarah and Hagar", "Rebecca" "Leah and Rachel", and "Dinah", and is an attempt to invest the Old Testament narrative with female psychological realism.

One difficulty is that the book lacks a theme or organizing principle to unite the four sections. The switch from an impersonal narrator in the first two sections to a first-person narrator in the last two sections further weakens the book's structure.

But the main difficulty is over the handling of the woman's viewpoint. The effect is to trivialize the Bible stories. The book gives no sense of the beginnings of a great people seeking in the arid desert their God and their destiny. The legendary figures of Abraham and Isaac, Jacob and Esau have become no more than suburban sunbathers.

Lynne Reid Banks's language also lets her down. It ranges from the portentous to the lightweight, from the rhetorical to the coy. Abraham tells Sarah: "I have been in conversation with Him who sent those who have been with us", while Rachel tells her less well-endowed sister: "Leah, I love him! No, this time I am sure, don't tease me for I am all open to pain, and you—You are all kindness and goodness. Oh, I wish I were like you! Why am I not good and patient and industrious as well as beautiful?" So much for psychological realism. There must be some adolescent girls for whom the Authorized Version would be a more rewarding literary experience.

*The Sign of the Chrysanthemum*, however, is conceived as a harmonious whole. It tells the story of Mina, the boy whose name means "no name". He goes in search of his father whom he has never seen and about whom he knows only that he is a samurai and has a chrysanthemum tattoo on his shoulder. Muna is befriended by the disreputable and easy-going Takenobu, a former samurai; by Kawaki, an old sick sandalmaker and his lovely daughter Akiko; and by Fukuji, the disciplined and exacting swordsmith. Through dangers and some searingly painful experiences Muna's search ends in his finding his true self.

The book is about pain, wisdom, choosing, and growing up, but it is far from didactic. The story is exciting, moving and unpredictable, and is presented with precision and economy of language. The striking oriental illustrations by Peter Lauda add much to the book, and with fine judgment Katherine Paterson introduces at appropriate points in the narrative fragments of Japanese poetry that would have been known in twelfth-century Japan.

**Graham Hammond**


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# Seaside Sensation

*The strains of an elastic band*
*Waft softly o'er the sandy strand.*
*The maestro stretches out his hands*
*To bless the bandiest of bands.*

*Their instruments are big and heavy—*
*A glockenspiel for spieling Glock,*
*A handsome, bandsome cuckoo clock,*
*For use in Strauss (Johann not Lévi),*

*Deep-throated timpani in rows*
*For symphonies by Berlioz,*
*And lutes and flutes and concertinas,*
*Serpents, shawms and ocarinas.*

*The sun is shining, there are miles*
*Of peeling skin and healing smiles.*
*Also water which is doing*
*What it ought to, fro- and to-ing.*

*But can the band the bandstand stand?*
*Or can the bandstand stand the band?*
*The sand, the sand, it cannot stand*
*The strain of bandstand and a band!*

*Now swallowed up are band and stand*
*And smiling faces black and tanned.*
*The sand was quick and they were slow.*
*You hear them playing on below.*

# Hard Cheese

*There was no cheese-paring—*
*We spent millions and billions and trillions*
*Of dollars and roubles*
*On getting a man to the moon.*

*It was found to be of green cheese*
*After all. Of green cheese.*

*Not an extraordinary delicacy,*
*To tell you the truth.*
*Dry, crumbly stuff with green holes in it.*
*But it tickled our low sublunary tastes.*

*By the end of the following year*
*There was a shortage of bread, and no moon at all.*

*Now we're all looking green.*
*We could just as well have sent a mouse up,*
*It would have cost much less.*
*It wouldn't have cost the sky.*

**D. J. Enright**

# Wocket launchers

**DR SEUSS:**
**There's a Wocket in my Pocket!**
Illustrated by the author
(00 171221 7)

**Great Day for Up**
Illustrated by Quentin Blake
(00 171222 5)
Beginner Books.
Collins. 95p each.

"There's a wocket in my pocket. And a findow in my window. And a nook gase in my book case." A snatch of surrealist poetry or an obsessive word jingler? Actually the beginning of one of the most recent Dr Seuss books, an American series of beginning-reading books with the stated aim of achieving humour, rhythm, and a carefully designed relationship of pictures to words.

Amid the proliferation of reading schemes, here is a series that breaks many conventions. The quote above, for instance, introduces "wrong" words like "wocket" and "findow", which, according to any psychological theory based on the concept of learnt responses, would be a clear case of building up in the child a repertoire of faulty verbal responses.

It is true that more recent psycholinguistic theories have emphasized the importance of the child's endeavour to extract an overall meaning from a text rather than learning specific responses to letters or words. Yet even this "new look" runs into a fundamental problem, which indeed characterizes all psychological attempts to explain how we perceive the world about us. Clearly what people expect to see, what they think a written passage is about, enormously influences their perception of it. An example is the way in which, as long as words fit in with expected sense, people normally completely fail to notice misprints and misspellings. It is as if they read the letters they expected to find rather than those actually on the page. It is a truism among proof-readers that the only way to pick up misprints is to carry out the unnatural practice of concentrating on the letters themselves rather than the meaning.

And yet expectancies cannot be the whole story. The actual shapes of the printed letters and words also have a determining influence on what one reads. Misprints are only minor infringements; and, after all, just because I am expecting to read a passage from Proust, I would scarcely fail to notice that the actual words on the page are "There's a wocket in my pocket".

This dual role of expected "sense" and "sensibility" to actual letter shapes lies behind the major controversies between rival teaching schemes, whether they be phonetic or "look and say". A properly humble approach would be to admit that no one has the slightest idea how a child learns to relate the squiggles on a page to the ideas and meanings they represent for him. All that can be said is that many teaching methods, such as reading out loud in class, sensible reading books with carefully graded vocabularies, and tests involving reading individual words out of context, might almost be designed to inculcate the negative skills found in "poor" readers; those who tend to mouth out each single word without any general comprehension of the passage. "Good" readers on the other hand, are distinguished by their ability to race through books, gathering up and comprehending the essence as they go, guessing where necessary to fill out the sense, and largely unconscious of the particular letters which have contributed to this process. What experienced reader skimming through an article would be able to tell you the particular words in which the ideas were clothed?

The miracle rather seems to be that most children do manage to learn to read, and that a sizable proportion go on beyond basic literacy to become willing and eager lifelong readers. Obviously there are all sorts of relevant sociological factors to do with home background and educational opportunities. But one variable is surely the extent to which a child realizes that reading is exciting in its own right, something intrinsically worth discovering; as opposed to routine drill, the main motivation for which is to meet a teacher's requirements, with all the implications for school success or failure which that entails.

This is where books like the Dr Seuss series come in, full of jokiness and puns which, a crucial point, are sufficiently amusing to attract and hold an adult's attention too. Both children and adults have their favourites and will argue as seriously as any other aficionados about their relative merits. Of the two books here, I personally found *There's a Wocket in my Pocket!* with its strange animal-like wockets, findows and nook gases popping up all over the house more appealing than the rather more diffuse generality of everything going up in *Great Day for Up*. Of the earlier books in the series I especially warm to *Green Eggs and Ham* with its gradual breaking down of the initial prejudice: "I would not like them anywhere. I do not like green eggs and ham. I do not like them, Sam-I-am." Equally compelling and somehow slightly sinister is the sequence of closely matched actions and words in *Bears in the Night*. But the very lack of uniformity, the appeal to different senses of humour, reflects just what the series is about—not teaching reading skills as such but providing an environment for the child to persevere with that mysterious business which somehow ends up in being able to read anything and everything.

**Judith Greene**


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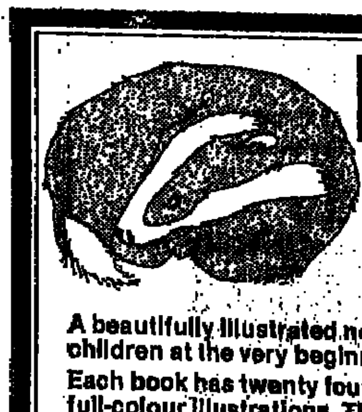

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# Comic transitions

By the time they come to read a book most children have more than four years television viewing behind them. For many the bridge to reading is the comic. Writers for the young have therefore done well to use the same techniques as film makers and strip writers. It is an idiom that children understand.

Breathless narrative is the style of E. W. Hildick's latest McGurk mystery *The Menaced Midget* which is aimed at young, perhaps reluctant readers. A high pitch of stirring action runs through this short book, calculated to please its readers well, but not to be read aloud. Both the text and the illustrations do their job well. They have the same vitality as good caricatures or comic strips.

Speed is also the essence of *Dragonfall 5 and the Master Mind*. In this adventure Dragonfall 5, "a vintage starship more than sixty years old with very complicated machinery" and its inmates help to bring peace to a planet peopled by three races of hares (black, grey and white) and ruled by a Master Mind computer.

Humour lends spice to action and affectionate feeling to characterization in *Himself and the Rooney Rebellion*. Himself, the talking dog, Timothy the tinker and Mulligan the mule are never seriously in trouble in any of these zany tales.

Most books for young children are in the class of these books. They are written by adults aiming to stay within the world of a child's mind albeit widened by television. They reflect the outlook of children and are therefore attractive to those for whom they are written. But another class of books attempts something more: the reader is guided beyond the expected to worlds apart from his experience.

In the *Catfish Bend* books the four animal friends of the narrating racoon Doc, heroes within their society, are human in their failings. The hunters, the snake Judge Black and the fox J.C. have to exercise self control. Of the prey, the frog is often in despair though transformed when in command of the Indian Bayou Glee Club. The rabbit is just plain silly; like so many, no use in an emergency. It is this assembly of ordinary animals who sustain us through the dangers of the story: the difficulties of ... ing and maintaining a pact for ... within the community of C... Bend and of protecting the ... and other societies from ... evils. The theme is universal ... allegory works. The pace of ... books is fast and the ... straightforward in the style of ... lore, with a rollicking humour. ... this is picked up in the illustra... by Alice Caddy.

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**Sarah Gregory**

E. W. HILDICK. *The Menaced Midget*. Illustrated by Val Bi... Leicester: Hodder and Stoughton. £1.85. (340 19431 6)

BRIAN EARNSHAW. *Dragonfall 5 ... the Master Mind*. Illustrated by Simon Stern. Methuen. £1... (416 83050 1)

KENNETH BIRD. *Himself and the Rooney Rebellion*. Illustrated by Adrian Bird. Macdonald and Janes. £2.10. (356 08177 X)

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN. *The Owl Hoots Twice at Catfish Bend*. *Blow a Wild Bugle for Catfish Bend*. (7226 5401 4). *High Water at Catfish Bend*. *Seven Stars for Catfish Bend*. (7226 5...) Illustrated by Alice Caddy. Kestrel. £2.70 each.

FRANK HERRMANN. *All About the Giant Alexander*. Illustrated by George Him. Methuen. £2... (416 81490 5)

# Enjoyably earnest

*The Nixie From Rotterdam* is the dull, vaguely off-putting title of an original and amusing book. Carel van der Veen falls into a canal during his otherwise thoroughly respectable infancy, and the very tricky Nixies take an unfortunate fancy to him. As he grows up, his ears get a bit funny, his toes a bit webby; he dives off the old bridge into the Scheldt and is gone for eight hours. . . . But his nurse Mathilde is too much for the water-sprites: Dutch plainness and commonsense undo them. It is difficult to pitch this kind of thing accurately; Olive Dehn gets it just right.

The illustrations to *The Magnolia Tree*, which are by Keith Howard, are mesmerizingly like a little fleet of Hockneys, particularly those alarming Grimm ones: they have the oddest effect on the otherwise unremarkable story by Pamela Rogers. Michael has no friends on the new estate, still being built, where he lives. The sit-in he organizes to save a magnolia tree brings him into contact with Sarah, sharp-tongued eldest of a large family, and Alexander, a friendly though pedantic prospective neighbour of Michael's age.

*The Young Reporters* are Chris, Karen and Ronnie, wishing for something to turn up on the last day of the Easter holidays. They make the most of their friendship with Joe Marky, editor of the *Courier*, and manage to do him a great good turn as well as win a little gratifying fame for themselves. Pleasant and unpretentious, rather rare virtues in this genre at the moment.

*The Witch at Lundy Cottage* is about an old lady who is done good to by some earnest children. Peter and Katie try to teach their friend Mickey to ride a bike so that he can help deliver papers and earn some money for his mum. Mickey crashes his way into Miss Freeth's lonely cottage, and finds that his skill with birds and animals is valued there; he is employable after all. The curiously old-fashioned story, lamely narrated, is interestingly illustrated by Paul Wright.

The practical details of *Patchwork Grandmother* are not quite adequately worked out, and there is some gratuitously upsetting material in a book meant for readers of six to nine. Joey's grandmother leaves Sydney for a visit to Melbourne, and disappears. His mother seems to accept an absence which shocks and grieves Joe, and he learns for the first time that his grandmother has once, "long ago", abandoned her young family for several years. Joe's persistence leads him eventually to the lost grandmother, everything is sorted out and old sorrows are forgotten in the joy of reunion. It is hard to know what a six-year-old could make of the idea of someone "marrying too young", but it is otherwise a credibly touching story.

**Mary Sullivan**

OLIVE DEHN: *The Nixie from Rotterdam*. Illustrated by Harold Bisby. Grasshopper Book. Abelard-Schuman. 95p. (200 72211 5) Paperback: 30p. (200 72212 3)

PAMELA ROGERS: *The Magnolia Tree*. Illustrated by Keith Howard. Grasshopper Book. Abelard-Schuman. 95p. (200 72213 1) Paperback. 30p. (200 72214 X)

JOHN ESCOTT: *The Young Reporters*. Illustrated by Douglas Hall. Antelope Book. Hamish Hamilton. 95p. (241 89217 1)

DENISE HILL: *The Witch at Lundy Cottage*. Illustrated by Paul Wright. Antelope Book. Hamish Hamilton. 95p. (241 89203 1)

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# Whimsical witching

...udies of anthropologists and ...ons have shown witchcraft ...h to be the horrid outcome ...resolved social tensions, lead... ...ts acts of communal violence, ...itches remain as popular as ... in children's fiction, laying ...hoppy fingers upon their lips, ...g their spells and riding their ...sticks through numerous ... They are, of course, pre... ...d as figures of fun rather than ...blood-drinkers under whose ...er children and cattle sicken ...rops fail. Washed free from ... traditional maleficence, they ... merely quaint or picturesque, ... fictional equivalent of garden ...mes. Their metamorphosis is ...ptomatic of a more general ten... ...cy to rewrite fairytales without ... characteristic elements of ...ty and numinous power or the ...h code of cause and effect that ...ke the original versions truth... ...and persuasive.

...vertebrate fantasy of this kind, ... of well-meaning giants, mis... ...ous witches and obstinate ...asses has almost become the ...le fare of the five to eight... ...olds. Three new collections of ...ies, at their weakest, lapse into ...tedium. Dorothy Edwards has in... ...ingly modernized her props, and The Witch who Lived on the ...Way" occasions some amusing ...signs: "Beware Witch 20M. ...d No Stopping". Her initial ...t is diminished, however, when ...learn that she has to wash every ...to maintain her magic strength ... novel but quite inappropriate ... This story is from *The Magician Who Kept a Pub*, the title-piece ...which is rather disappointing. ... interesting notion of a magician as landlord is never really ...ploited and apart from the ...tern idiom and urban setting, ...it is a fairly conventional fairy-... Other stories include a ...man, a magic badge, a neglected ... and the old woman who lived ... vinegar bottle (an outsize one ...ght by a fish-and-chip shop ...prietor). Outstanding is "The ...le Chap", the tale of a tiny, bald ...geling adopted by a lonely and ...ldless couple. After two years ...h them, it spins itself a chrysalis and hatches into a wonderful winged creature that flies out of the window. The old man's heartfelt narrative is beautifully conceived and compasses a depth of imagination and feeling that makes the other stories look superficial and contrived by comparison. Apart from the opening and closing references to flying saucers, it avoids trendiness and is more representative of Dorothy Edwards's gifts.

*The Third Margaret Mahy Story Book* also has its ration of witches, notably "Aunty Nasty" and the patients of the young poet who becomes "The Witch Doctor" (with some facetiousness). There is a wide range of mood and subject matter here from the ordinary and everyday—the boy who wanted a budgie and the girl who liked mending cars—to "The Green Fair", a story of miniature magic that recalls Eleanor Farjeon or *Mossy Green Theatre*. Several pleasant poems and the sensitive animal drawings by Shirley Hughes make this an attractively diverse book. The quality of the writing is uniformly high and yet there is something a little stuffy, about its tones.

Susan Dickinson's anthology *Stories for Bedtime* kicks off splendidly with Pamela Rogers's "The Bedtime Thing" a funny, vivid and totally convincing story of a toddler who would not go to sleep, and the various solutions to which his exhausted parents resorted. Unfortunately none of the other stories quite come up to this standard and several show a quite startling disregard for things as they are, unacceptable even in a book for the very young.

**Julia Briggs**

DOROTHY EDWARDS: *The Magician Who Kept a Pub and other stories*. Illustrated by Jill Bennett. Kestrel. £2.60. (7226 5452 9)

*The Third Margaret Mahy Story Book*: Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. Dent. £2.75. (460 06625 0)

SUSAN DICKINSON (Editor): *Stories for Bedtime*. Illustrated by Anne Knight. Collins. £2.75. (00 195066 5)

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# Clinical classics

The folk tale remains, astonishingly popular, even in this supposedly technological age, and there can be few areas of the world that haven't been mined for it by modern editors. In this group there are collections from Italy, Russia and Scotland. But give or take some local and minor features the genre stays reassuringly familiar, no matter how exotically located.

The anthologies at hand, however, have one other aspect in common that I find rather less reassuring. All their compilers have plumped for a style of retelling as unadorned as possible. Plainness is a virtue, no doubt—or perhaps it is only that we are being constantly told so. Let us grant, at any rate, that it is preferable to any amount of stage fustian or sub-Dylan Thomas poetics. Yet after one collection or so of this group I began to long for a dazzling metaphor or even a telling adjective. In one version of "Lord Rundal" the young man's sweetheart offers him, with stunning chemical illogicality, "a cup of cold poison,". Whether it chilled his stomach isn't revealed but I know that reading about it chills my heart. Alas, no such icy surprises await the reader of these books.

They are, none the less, well worth having and I think that pride of place must be divided between the Italian and Scottish collections. *Italian Folk Tales* is a beautifully produced addition to the Children's Illustrated Classics series, with full-page colour paintings whose reproduction is of art-book quality. These may not be to everyone's taste, though, since they are done in an ultra-modern faux-naif style. They are gay and amusing, certainly, but they do little or nothing for the stories.

The stories themselves are delightful, and I mean that even though heads are chopped off and fried with the utmost casualness (as elsewhere in these collections people are boiled, disembowelled, roasted and cannibalized). Reading them, I was led to ponder the sheer bloodthirstiness of the folk-tale and the capacity of children to shrug it off.

*The Well at the World's End*, the collection from Scotland, is equally desirable if a good deal different in outlook and intention. This is a more serious, more literary gathering. I don't mean that children won't enjoy it—much of it they will. But adults interested in literature of this type will also want it, and it should whet appetites for the great scholarly collections of the nineteenth century.

These stories range all over Scotland, a range considerably diversified in culture if relatively small in mileage, and they are appropriately varied. One gets more changes of mood and tone here than in the Italian collection but the penalty paid is lack of consistency. At its best, as in some of the Finn tales, this book is as good as the Italian or even better. But as its worst, as in the meandering and pointless "The Battle of the Birds", which reads like bits of two or three different stories joined together, it falls short.

I have mentioned the ruthlessness of the folk-tale. It tends to be equally materialistic. No character, not even in *Vasilisa the Beautiful*. from Russia, wants to be of slender means or hardworking or thrifty or anything dull but honest. You do what the witch or the fairy tells you not to acquire virtue but to encompass *la dolce vita*. A pity, perhaps, but on the other hand, that is life. *Vasilisa the Beautiful* is a well-bound book, copiously illustrated in colour. The translation is generally good and at its subsidized price it must be one of the book bargains of the year.

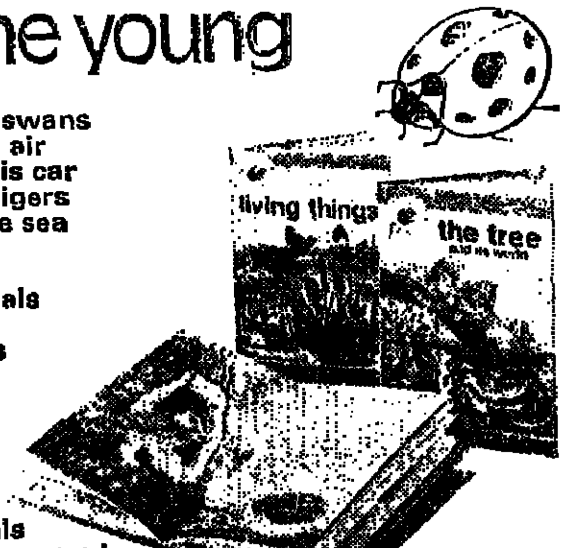
**Alasdair Maclean**

ITALO CALVINO (Editor): *Italian Folk Tales*. Illustrated by Emanuele Luzzati. Translated by Sylvia Mulcahy. Dent. £3.25. (460 05100 8)

NORAH and WILLIAM MONTGOMERIE (Editors): *The Well at the World's End*. Illustrated by Margery Gill. Bodley Head. £3.20. (370 01280 1)

IRINA ZHELEZNOVA (Editor): *Vasilisa the Beautiful*. Translated by Irina Zheleznova, Bernard Isaacs and Dorian Rottenberg. Moscow: Progress Publishers. Distributed by Central Books. £1.





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# The most difficult problem

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Illustrated by Gareth Floyd
Macdonald and Jane's. £2.25. (356 08272 5)

**GRISELDA GIFFORD :**
Jenny and the Sheep Thieves
Gollancz. £2. (575 02019 9)

It will be difficult to find a children's book this autumn by a new author as good as Doris Buchanan Smith's *A Taste of Blackberries*. It deals with the great taboo subject: death. Few writers for children know how to deal with it and most therefore leave it aside. The exceptions are memorable, the unsentimental ending of Jill Paton Walsh's *The Dolphin Crossing*, for instance; or E. B. White's great novel, *Charlotte's Web*, where death is a major theme of the writing. *Charlotte's Web* of course removes the subject into the safety of a world of talking animals and it has often been said that the author could not have done otherwise, that young children could not cope if the characters had been humans. *A Taste of Blackberries* may well prove this assessment to be wrong.

It is a very short book, eight chapters, and the first two are largely concerned with establishing the attractiveness and liveliness of Jamie, and his relationship with the narrator of the story, his best friend. In chapter three Jamie dies. He is stung by a bee, and turns out to be allergic to bee stings. The rest of the story deals quite unsparingly with his friend's emotions, particularly a sense of guilt induced by thinking that he might somehow have been able to save Jamie's life. Parents and friends try to help, but nothing it seems can remove the grief and shock, until, in the last chapter, the boy meets the person he has been avoiding most of all—Jamie's mother. In a few words she shares her feelings with him, and is able to release him from his despair. It is certainly a moralistic book, even in small details like pointing out the dangers of accepting lifts from strangers, but it works. Designed, as it certainly is, for young readers, it can perhaps only be moralistic, but Doris Buchanan Smith's success lies in knowing how to handle the theme with exactly the right balance of sensitivity, humour and open emotion.

Any new book by Lucy Boston will automatically arouse interest. She is outstanding among modern writers for children, and although she has not produced a major work since *An Enemy at Green Knowe*, the short pieces she has written subsequently are memorable, particularly *The Sea Egg*. It is sad to say that *The Fossil Snake* adds very little to her reputation. It is a small thing, and intended as such, a short story for her grandson's birthday. The basic idea, somewhat similar to that of *The Sea Egg*, has fascinating possibilities: a boy discovers an unusual snake fossil, and the warmth of the radiator in his bedroom brings it back to life. The snake, Ra, grows and grows, and the boy, Rob, makes friends with it. Immediately problems arise. He has to conceal it from his parents. It is seen in the neighbourhood and complaints are made to the police. He hides Ra in a patch of wild undergrowth, and continues to visit it. At this point the story suddenly stops. It is almost as if the author had written a few chapters of what was intended as a much longer piece and abandoned it. None of the issues raised are properly resolved and the reader is left dissatisfied. Some of the assumptions will also be objected to, for example, "a tousled-looking young man with back street manners". People who live in back streets have no monopoly of bad manners. This character, Stephen, seems to be intensely disliked by the author. It is as if she had observed him in real life and thrust him into the story without bothering to see whether he really fitted.

His bad manners are irrelevant to the narrative, and in any case hardly deserve such venom. It is not likely, either, that the leader of a gang of local tearaways would use such phrases as "Scram chaps, scram", nor that a dipsomaniac vicar would carry his drink up to the lectern in his church. The book is, as usual, beautifully illustrated by Peter Boston, but, despite this, it is a rather too expensive trifle.

*Tommy Mac on Safari* by Margaret Stuart Barry is the third book of short stories about Tommy Mac and his gang. The author writes with considerable humour and a keen eye for the details of working-class life in Liverpool. The best of the writing, in fact, is concerned with the background; the plots of the stories seem a bit too far-fetched, certainly less credible than those in the previous two volumes.

*Alvin Fernald, Mayor for a Day* by Clifford B. Hicks is an interesting variant on the children-outwit-the-crooks theme. Alvin Fernald wins a speech contest at school, and his prize is being Mayor of Riverton for twenty-four hours. He and his classmates occupy the town hall and run the town's affairs, during which they discover that the real mayor and his secretary are a pair of confidence tricksters. It is a somewhat improbable story, and a little didactic; we learn a lot about local government and political corruption in America. Nevertheless it is a very readable book with some neat characterization, and its racy American style is lively and entertaining.

Finally, *Jenny and the Sheep Thieves* by Griselda Gifford again shows the children defeating the criminals; the title is self-explanatory. The relationships between the children occupy a great deal of the story and are always convincing, as is the portrayal of Jenny's grandparents, an old farming couple who are finding the farm more and more difficult to cope with as they grow older. However the use of language is dull, and it is not only adults who will find sentences like "'Don't you like my spotted dick, then?' Grandpa asked, as she poked her pudding round the plate" unintentionally funny.

**David Rees**

In Alan Wildsmith's *Summer at Forty Five Acres* (Deutsch. £2.25. (233 96657 9)) a family settles in a remote homestead north of Lake Ontario. The younger brother, John (who tells the story) discovers hot embers in the grate of an apparently deserted shack on their land and, later, a deer skin is found stretched and drying between two trees, a trick turns sour when the elder sister's ten silver dollars are stolen, and tom toms beat in the night. The truth about the mysterious intruder is not revealed until, late one stormy night, John, catching sight of smoke billowing from the chimney of the shack, hurries to apprehend the intruder, and discovers—Indian Joe, a youth who has been robbed of his makeshift home of two years standing by the arrival of the family, and whom the storm has driven back to it. Regrettably, Indian Joe is of little intrinsic interest: he mouths the injustices—repression, neglect, and labour discrimination—which he has experienced at the hands of the Whites. As a reward, however, for saving the life of the youngest child, he is offered employment and is accepted into the family circle.

Alan Wildsmith fails to spice a banal plot, or add colour to characterization, by giving strong individuality to John's tone of voice, but the book is written with a clarity and simplicity which appeals, and its language should pose no problems for a literate ten-year-old.


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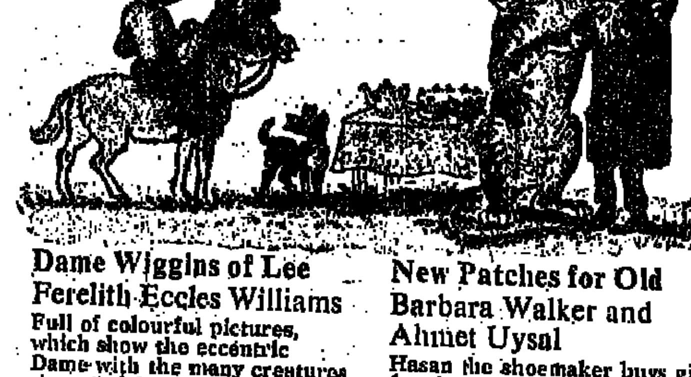

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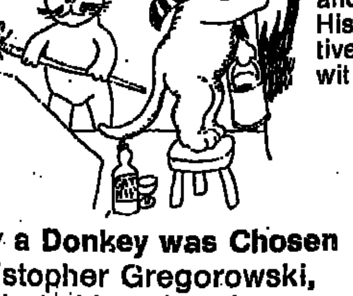

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Ernest Benn




# The saddest story

## By Hugh Greene

...s STUART (Editor) :
...th Diaries
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...y 15, 1961, a remarkable ...ment appeared in the ... column" of *The Times*: ...Reith seeks advice. He has ...a diary, not a day missed, ...er 50 years; it is in two ...vols manuscript, ten with ... photographs, newspaper ...s and such like. He is ...and more minded to destroy ...mse: (1) he does not wish ...a burden on either of his ...ren by leaving it to them; ...he does not like to think of ...g in some library for a ...red years and then being ...sed (he would prefer to ...in himself); (3) he does not ...such records of himself. Has ...e any kindly advice? Write ...1361, The Times; E.C.4.

...is occasion the term "agony ...n" for the personal column of ...ers was only too appropri... ...ith had many friends and ...ances, including publishers ...ewspaper editors, to whom he ...ht have turned for advice. But ...agonized conviction that he ...a forgotten man with no future ...ed to share his perplexities ...s pain with the world. In ...he received several hundred ...s from publishers and others. ...Beaverbrook had the diaries ...d by an emissary to see ...r they deserved purchase for ...torical archives. When the ...r was, not surprisingly, a ...ve one, Reith, who at that time ...ed high regard for Beaverbrook, was much hurt. My own ...tion was that he should ...h the diaries to the BBC Library where they could be made ...le to researchers and would ...e "scrapped". It was a pub... who, as we now see, ...ed.

...t interject here a personal ... At this time I was nearly in ...ddle of what I believed was a ...e friendship with Reith. ... early in 1964 he abruptly ...off the relationship with me ...y wife, we came reluctantly ...conclusion that the affection ...d felt for him had not, despite ...earances to the contrary, been ...ed; and that once he knew ...he could not run the BBC ...gh me he had no more use ... This seems to be confirmed ...y diary entries for these years. ...dship with Reith, as others ...ve found, was something of a ...e job. One had to be available ...d had one's secretaries—at ...me of the day or night for ...ely long telephone calls. One ...o find theatre tickets and such ...en on one critical occasion ...—at the shortest notice. One ...to try to divert him socially ...the darkness which, particularly in these years, was always ...ening to engulf him. One had ...en to, and try to tease him ...t, his reiterated cry that he ...he was dead and that he had discovered too late that life was for living. At the time it seemed worthwhile. Before reading these diaries one did not realize quite how deep the darkness was, how bitter his resentment about what he believed to be his failure in life, how violent his hatred of all those who had failed to give him the chance to exercise power, how total his lack of what are usually regarded as the Christian virtues of charity and compassion—to an extent which an "unbeliever" (Reith's word for me) would be inclined to find shameful.

These diaries are bound to come as a shock to many people who have revered Reith as a great Christian figure, who stood for all that was good in public life. That image is destroyed for ever. Indeed, after this act of self-destruction nothing is left of the Reith legend but a handful of ashes. For this reason it is bound to be argued that the diaries should never have been published. Legends of transcendent virtue, it will be said, are needed in these unbelieving days. I cannot go along with that. It is better to know and accept the truth, however painful it may be.

The only lasting value of the diaries is as a self-portrait. As a contribution to history they have little or no value (Beaverbrook was right about that). Everything is seen through the distorting spectacles of one of the most self-centred men who ever played an important public role. They are brilliantly edited by Charles Stuart, and the short biography of Reith with which he introduces the text can be regarded as definitive; it does not make the mistake of concentrating on his BBC days at the expense of the rest of his career. If the diaries are read in the future it will not be for the light they throw on Reith's work or on his contemporaries, but as a record of a soul in torment.

For a man who considered himself a failure Reith had a remarkable career; a fine record in munitions production in the United States in the First World War after being wounded in France; a successful factory manager in Scotland; creator of the BBC as general manager and then director-general for sixteen years; chairman of Imperial Airways; ministerial posts for Information, Transport and Works; head at the Admiralty of the department responsible for the supply of all the materials needed for the invasion of Europe; chairman of the Colonial Development Corporation and a wide variety of other jobs at an age when most men have retired. Is it possible, one asks in amazement, for a man to touch public life at so many points, to know all the leading men of his time, and to have nothing illuminating to say about any of them—only expressions of envy, hatred and resentment? But that is the case. Only Reith is illuminated, and how baleful is the light.

Let us take a few examples. The mildest adjective applied to Winston Churchill is "wretched"—a favourite epithet which is applied to a motley collection including Sir Archibald Sinclair, Sir Ivan Stedeford, Sir Ian Jacob, Lord Hill, myself, and the bar on board the Stratocruiser. Churchill is also "evil", a "cur" a "coward", a "loathsome cad", a "blasted thug", "essentially rotten" and "the greatest menace we have ever had". Nowhere is there the faintest glimmer of recognition that Churchill, even if he failed to make Reith viceroy of India or ambassador in Washington, after all saved his country and perhaps the world from the horrors of Nazi domination.

Beaverbrook, for whom he was later to express such high regard, was a "shit" and a "swine". Surely not the whole truth about a very complex character. The members of the War Cabinet in 1942 were all "buggers"—an interesting suggestion if Reith is speaking from personal experience. What, one wonders, would Reith have said to any member of the staff of the BBC in his day who had dared to use such expressions in his presence? So we go on. Lord Cranborne (later Lord Salisbury) is a "half-wit". Of Malcolm Macdonald when Colonial Secretary in 1935 he writes: "What a very poor figure he seems for such a job, walking back with his hands in his pockets and no stick or gloves and a grey suit. He would normally be mistaken for a Division II clerk." Sir John Anderson is "blighted", and, Reith remarks, "His self-satisfaction, conceit and pomposity seem to increase". We can be sure that if the libel lawyers had not been so hard at work we should have been able to enjoy some more venomous remarks about many people still alive.

Reith is scarcely more charitable even to people he would have counted among his closest friends. When Cecil Graves, the man he would have liked to see as his successor at the BBC, refuses a job at the Ministry of Information which Reith wanted him to take, the diary entry reads as follows: "I shall have nothing more to do with him." He is "fed-up" even with Sir William Haley who treated him with unending kindness and patience. Haley is "dreadfully muddled". "The contact with Haley does me more harm than good".

Perhaps one should not be surprised that even God does not get off scot-free—if I may be allowed the pun. In March 1938 Reith chides God severely:

The Lord seems to have done nothing whatever in the matter of English advertising competition from Luxembourg all these years and soon we fear that this horrid place and others like it will hold English listeners even when we are operating. I am distressed but it is no case of my being weaker than I used to be.

In other words, the inaction of "the Lord" would not move Reith from his Sunday broadcasting policy which was driving a bored British public into the arms of commercial broadcasting from Luxembourg.

When one starts to consider Reith's admirations one becomes even more alarmed. Almost the only people about whom he has some kind words to say are Hitler and Mussolini. On July 2, 1934, this is what he has to say about the massacre of June 30 when Hitler killed off hundreds of his old supporters: "I really admire the way Hitler has cleaned up what looked like an incipient revolt against him by the Brown Shirt leaders. I really admire the drastic actions taken which were obviously badly needed." One must remember that the Night of the Long Knives was too much even for Reith's friend Geoffrey Dawson, the editor of *The Times*, and that on the morning of July 2 Reith must almost certainly have read a very strong leader in *The Times* headed, if I remember rightly, "Methods of Barbarism".

In his attitude to Hitler Reith was at least consistent. In March 1933 he had welcomed Hitler to power with the words: "I am pretty sure that the Nazis will clean things up and put Germany on the way to being a real power in Europe again." When the Germans occupied Prague in March 1939, which was too much even for Chamberlain, Reith's comment was: "Hitler continues his magnificent efficiency." A year earlier on March 10, 1938, at the height of the Austrian crisis, Reith went to the German embassy and asked Ribbentrop to "tell Hitler that the BBC was not anti-Nazi". If this had become known I should think that there would have been quite a rumpus even in Reith's BBC. Mussolini too was a good thing. In November 1935, at the time of the Abyssinian War Reith told Marconi that he had always admired Mussolini intensely, and "had consistently hailed him as the outstanding example of accomplishing high democratic purposes by means which, though not democratic, were the only possible ones".

After all this one should not, I suppose, be surprised to find Reith recording baldly on September 15, 1938: "I ought of course to be dictator." One cannot help speculating to what lengths admiration of the dictators and sick ambition might have carried Reith a couple of years later if the hated Churchill had been overthrown and England forced to surrender to Hitler. However that may be, one can see why no meeting of minds could ever have been possible between Churchill with his hatred of the dictators and his love of Parliament, and Reith who admired the dictators and described Parliament as "the Mother of Abominations". Many years later Lord Normanbrook confirmed to me the truth of the story that Churchill after a talk with Reith, then one of his ministers, had said: "I never want to see the old Wuthering Heights again."

The hankering after dictatorship died hard. After the war was over—on Sunday, December 2, 1945—Reith recorded in his diary: "Finished Napoleon's Life. It upset me all through, of course, as there was so much in it reminiscent of myself. For I might have been of such power in the world. Feeling quite miserable."

"Quite miserable." In the end as one reads this painful book it is pity that triumphs over distaste for his extravagances, and one is reminded of the man one could not help finding rather lovable in spite of everything. There is one passage of self-knowledge which will, perhaps, find its way into future anthologies and be set to schoolboys for Latin and Greek proses. On May 20, 1944, he wrote:

I suppose I am, and always have been almost completely self-centred and that nothing interests me at all except what I am concerned in. I expect it is too late to change. I have no ordinary


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human kindliness or tolerance. I have brilliance, intellect and all sorts of things like that, energy, conscientiousness and thoroughness. About the only passion I show is reviling politicians. Churchill especially. Never rise to any heights. Scornful of patriotism and honest efforts to serve the country. Loathing the common people. I will rarely admit greatness in others. This is the kind of thing that might be said about me. A good deal is true. I am obsessed by my own fate and by a desire for revenge for my treatment; by a sense of injury. . . . I have always known I had a horrid character and disposition. And now I am querulous and embittered and small and shrunken and can't even see the near horizon. Believing nothing and without faith or hope; stifled and strangled and submerged by the pettiness of my own preoccupations. . . .

A few days before he had contemplated suicide. "All the swarming people that push against me in trains and tubes—they are all more or less happy. Anyhow none can be so utterly bereft and without hope as I. . . . I am absolutely at the end of my tether. . . ." A couple of days before that he had been screaming: "To hell and torture with Churchill and all the lousy swine of politicians and civil servants." A few days afterwards he was at it again. The intervals of realism and self-knowledge seem to have been few and far between. Even as late as March 1965 when two rather unimportant Conservative MPs tabled a motion demanding my dismissal from the BBC, Reith, then seventy-five, confided to his diary that if I went and he was offered the job he would take it. "I could do what was required more or less in my sleep", he writes. Poor John. The BBC and the job of director-general had changed since his time in more ways than he could ever understand.

One cannot help asking whether the destruction of the legend of Reith the man must affect the historical estimate of his work. As a minister he was not a success; with his obsessive hatred of his political colleagues, of Parliament and of civil servants he was pretty well bound to fail. He did important work at Imperial Airways, at the Admiralty, at the Colonial Development Corporation and elsewhere; but those jobs, in the nature of things, have left no permanent memorial.

There remains the BBC. Although Reith, as he himself realized in his occasional moments of insight, was not the man his staff and his admirers outside the BBC believed him to be, the BBC, with its immense international reputation, is still there. It was very much his personal creation — all the more because, as he admits, he could not tolerate around him men who did not think as he did. All the same it is now clearer than ever that if Reith, as he never ceased to hope, had been given a chance to return the BBC would be the worse for it today. By the time he left in 1938 his job was done. The BBC's great work in the war, and in particular the unconventional enterprise of the European Services, would have been impossible under his grim shadow.

In the BBC one has been tempted too often—I do not exclude myself—to invoke the spirit of Reith. I doubt whether that temptation will survive the publication of this book. In particular one of Reith's legacies, the tinge of self-righteousness which has sometimes marred the public image of the BBC, can be eradicated. Reith's tormented spirit should now be allowed to rest.

When I closed this book for what is, I hope, the last time (it is no pleasant experience to live with it for a few days, let alone, as Charles Stuart did, for years) I thought of the first sentence of Ford Madox Ford's novel The Good Soldier: "This is the saddest story I have ever heard."

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# To the Editor

## 'La Métaphore Vive'

Sir,—Paul Ricoeur's "indignation" (September 12) is ill directed. His book ascribes to Keats the line "When by my solitary *heart* I sit. . . ." I did not quote this surrealist find, nor the howler in a Churchill citation later on, in order to save embarrassment.

In a book dealing with matters of close reading and of exact verbal nuance such oversights do raise a question of "trust".

GEORGE STEINER.
Churchill College, Cambridge.

## Mediate and Immediate

Sir,—Anne Berthoff's letter (September 5) is hasty. The only reference to Ernst Cassirer in my review of Geoffrey Hartman's *The Fate of Reading* comes in this passage:

> Otherwise he [Professor Hartman] writes of language as if it were a desperate expedient and never a joy. Ernst Cassirer is quoted on the curse of mediacy by which language "is bound to obscure what it seeks to reveal", and thereafter Professor Hartman seems to deny himself and language every possible pleasure.

I merely wanted to give the source of a lively phrase. Clearly the reference was not designed (a) to indicate the direction of Cassirer's general argument about language and symbolism or (b) to "associate" Cassirer and Professor Hartman beyond the point of the latter's quotation.

Incidentally, I share Professor Berthoff's admiration for *Language and Myth* and *The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms* and have quoted them frequently in essays here and there, but I do not find that Professor Cassirer's account of symbolic expression clears away the doubts I feel about an idealist epistemology and a corresponding theory of language and imagination.

DENIS DONOGHUE.
University College, Dublin.

## In Two Dimensions

Sir,—D. H. Mellor's review of Ian Hinckfuss's book *The Existence of Space and Time* (September 5) calls for three comments.

The first is that I am saddened that Dr Mellor implicitly confesses to a belief in the "Two Cultures" ("Our two cultures nowhere show to worse advantage . . .") since I had imagined that this myth, which so far as I can judge appealed only to the uncultured on either side of this imagined divide, was now dead and decently buried. But let me say, speaking as a physicist, that of course I have trouble talking with my "arts" colleagues, but on the whole rather less than I do with mathematicians, biochemists, zoologists and even sometimes with other kinds of physicist. So let us hear no more of this two-culture nonsense.

Secondly, Dr Mellor claims that "physicists will talk nonsense about time travel at the drop of a minus sign". Assuming that Dr Mellor is using "at the drop of a minus sign" to mean "frequently" then he must be on listening terms with a very odd bunch of physicists. Most of my time as a professional physicist was spent with other professional physicists who devoted a good deal of time and effort to the fundamental problems of space and time and I cannot recall one of them ever talking about "time travel". But then they were chaps who did not drop minus signs all that frequently.

Thirdly, it seems to me something of a nonsense to distinguish between physicists' ideas of space and time and philosophers' ideas about space and time. There is only space and time to worry about and I cannot see that it matters whether it is a philosopher or a physicist who is doing the worrying. What is certain is that not only are the ideas of space and time built into modern physics conceptually demanding but they are also very much part of the very elaborate structure which physics has become, and one certainly does not acquire even by the reading of books a familiarity with that structure which will make it likely that one will make a worthwhile contribution to our understanding. Of course, one can make the argument that one does not need to know what the other fellows have been up to in order to tell them something new but that seems to me to be treading a very dangerous path. So in this respect the physicists certainly present the philosophers with a serious problem. From a very superficial knowledge of the philosophical literature on this subject I would say the reverse problem does not hold to anything like the same degree; but that could be due simply to philosophical illiteracy.

ALEC MERRISON.
The University, Senate House, Bristol BS8 1TH.

## 'Max and Will'

Sir,—May I comment on Alan Bell's review of *Max and Will* (August 29)? I am grateful for his observation that Will Rothenstein could write very well indeed. This will be further substantiated in a subsequent volume.

However, Mr Bell finds too little in the introductory essays about the relationship between Max Beerbohm and Will Rothenstein. If he has looked at *Imperfect Encounter* (1972), my edition of the Rothenstein-Tagore correspondence, he will know that *Max and Will* follows that model: the letters are selected so as to set forth that relationship, and since full biographies of both Beerbohm and Rothenstein are available, the introductory essays are designed to concentrate on crucial events that served to highlight salient personality traits.

As for the alleged "humdrum literalism" of the editing, it is difficult to see how annotations that contain so many passages from unpublished letters by such writers as Robert Ross, Siegfried Sassoon, and George Bernard Shaw can be wholly humdrum. Mr Bell cites Max's joke about the non-existent "Oxford Celebrities"; this was accepted by Rothenstein's biographer with total literalism, and precedent for correcting this impression was set by Max's distinguished biographer.

Is Mr Bell himself perhaps too literal in his reference to Will's joke about Herodotus on cosmetics? This cannot be a "citation from Herodotus" because Herodotus (thoughtfully using the Greek letters) certainly did not write the *English* words "so bad for the skin", and what can one do but dismiss this as fiction? Rothenstein was not a Classics scholar (he should, moreover, have written ῥοπ, not ῥορ) and was merely indulging in his own variety of Oxonian fooling. Greek is not exactly a staple of school curricula these days, and the price to be paid for the decline is that even pseudo-classical jokes must be explained.

As for the prodigies of research, I believe that if a picture long lost is cited in a letter, it behoves the editor to indicate, if possible, its whereabouts, even if it turns up in the possession of the Affpuddle and Tonerspuddle Parish Council. As this was a portrait of Ernest Debenham, tracing it was relatively simple. Mr Bell would have been more fair to both Will and Max if he had noted that a considerable number of long-lost pictures, drawings, and letters were turned up by the research for this book. He would have been much more fair to Rothenstein, at least, if he had noted also that this research has documented, more fully than has been done elsewhere, Will's side of the 1909 quarrel with Max, and the much-publicized breach with Roger Fry in 1911.

It is true that Max's comments on Goya were omitted, and I must thank Mr Bell for this supplemental contribution. But printing costs are high: a wealth of editorial material was on hand for this book, and hard choices had to be made in the inclusion of each and every note.

MARY M. LAGO.
Department of English, College of Arts and Sciences, University of Missouri-Columbia, Columbia, Missouri 65201.

## Peerless

Sir,—I endorse Sir Henry D'Avigdor-Goldsmid's praise of Janet Morgan's excellent study, *The House of Lords and the Labour Government* (September 5), but regret that he elides criticism of its publisher, the Oxford University Press, who have printed an index which is inexcusably slipshod even by their usual lax standards.

In a casual reading of the initial 165 pages of the book, I noted seventy-five peers who are mentioned or quoted in the text, but ignored in the index; I don't doubt that a systematic count would yield scores more. There is less sense in publishing a study signally concerned with the influence of personality on policy, but saddled with such a lousy index, than in measuring the distance from London Bridge to one o'clock. The Clarendon Press should be censured for their disservice to Dr Morgan and her readers.

R. T. HINES.
56 Warkworth Terrace, Cambridge.

## Milton the Radical

Sir,—Maurice Kelley (September 5) makes the interesting suggestion that in Milton's lines "Some I have chosen of peculiar grace/Elect above the rest: so is my will" the phrase "peculiar grace" is to be understood as a technical term of non-Calvinist theology, and to support this he quotes Erasmus's use of it. He hopes to show, by this, that the theology implied in Book III of *Paradise Lost* is non-Calvinistic, upholding the general thesis that the *de Doctrina* is the epic's theological key.

Against this suggestion it should be noted that the adjective "peculiar" is in fact a common expression in seventeenth-century theology. Theologians write of "peculiar love", "peculiar mercy" and (echoing the Authorized Version of Deuteronomy xiv, 2, I Peter ii, 9, Titus ii, 14, etc) "peculiar people". These phrases, like words such as "grace", "election", "foreknowledge" and "faith" are used by Calvinist and non-Calvinist alike. Thus the Puritan John Owen, in his work *Vindiciae Evangelicae* (1655), an examination of the views of the Socinian John Bid[illegible], claims that that love of G[illegible] "which is the foundation of all [illegible] grace and glory, of all the spiri[illegible] and eternal good things, where[illegible] the sons of men are made p[illegible] takers, is not universal, but pec[illegible] liar and distinguishing" [Wor[illegible] edited by Goold, Volume 12, p[illegible] 557], and: "There is not [illegible] one good thing whatsoever th[illegible] is proper and peculiar to the co[illegible] nant of grace, but it proceeds fr[illegible] a distinguishing love and as [illegible] tion of God towards some o[illegible] therein" [page 559].

But the central question is [illegible] verbal but conceptual. It is possi[illegible] to answer the question of wh[illegible] "peculiar grace" means in [illegible] writing of a theologian if we [illegible] able to say in what respects, in [illegible] view, grace is peculiar. Is it pe[illegible] liar because it is supernatural [illegible] resistible by the human will, [illegible] because it is supernatural and ir[illegible] sistible?

If, following Erasmus, we inter[illegible] pret "peculiar grace" in Milton [illegible] a second grace "not denied [illegible] anyone" which, if properly u[illegible] by the recipient leads to [illegible] obtaining of the "highest grace" we get problems. For instance, what happens to the "Some [illegible] the rest . . ." contrast of the lines? If "some" refers to "[illegible] men" who or what are "[illegible] rest"? I think that only by unde[illegible] standing these lines in a way th[illegible] is Calvinistic (and, as Erasmus would have conceded, Lutheran t[illegible]) can sense be made of them and [illegible] their context.

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## 'Beyond Marx and Tito'

Sir,—Richard Kindersley, revie[illegible] ing Sharon Zukin's book, *Beyond Marx and Tito* (September 5), [illegible] right to underline the tensions [illegible] nationalism as a limiting factor [illegible] making political experiments an[illegible] also right to pay tribute to th[illegible] Yugoslavs' ability to keep a pote[illegible] tially dangerous situation with[illegible] bounds. However, in assessing th[illegible] progress of the self-manageme[illegible] ideal the reviewer has omitted wh[illegible] most Yugoslavs seem to regard [illegible] the most serious limitation [illegible] scheme faces in practice, name[illegible] the difficulty which the worke[illegible] councils have in acquiring enou[illegible] expertise to give them an effecti[illegible] voice in the policy of their ente[illegible] prise. My impressions of the sy[illegible] tem are admittedly amateur, be[illegible] based simply on conversations w[illegible] an unrepresentative sample of th[illegible] citizens of Belgrade, but I co[illegible] across only one man who was [illegible] per cent enthusiastic for the sche[illegible] as it stands—he himself was [illegible] member of a workers' council [illegible] an enterprise employing only so[illegible] 200 staff, nearly all of whom ha[illegible] university degrees in scientific su[illegible] jects. Success with this sort [illegible] labour force could hardly be appli[illegible] automatically to factories wi[illegible] thousands of manual workers.

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## [illegible]npowder Tea

[illegible] *Sanditon*, Chapter 10, [illegible] the evening tea-party at [illegible] Mr Arthur Parker devotes [illegible] Charlotte Heywood, their [illegible] eventually reaches the [illegible] green tea:

> [illegible] said he—Do you venture [illegible] two dishes of strong Green [illegible] one Even$^{g}$?—What Nerves [illegible] have!—How I envy [illegible]. Now, if *I* were to swallow [illegible] such dish—what do you [illegible] its effect would be upon [illegible]—"Keep you awake perhaps all night"—replied Char[illegible] meaning to overthrow his [illegible] at Surprise, by the [illegible] of her own Conceptions. [illegible] if that were all!—he [illegible]ed.—No—it acts on me [illegible] Poison and w$^{d}$ entirely take [illegible] the use of my right side, [illegible] I had swallowed it 5 [illegible]—It sounds almost in[illegible]—but it has happened to [illegible] often that I cannot doubt it. [illegible] use of my right Side is [illegible] taken away for several [illegible]!" "It sounds rather odd [illegible] sure—answered Charlotte [illegible]—but I dare say it would [illegible] proved to be the simplest thing [illegible] the World, by those who have [illegible] right sides & Green Tea [illegible] & thoroughly under[illegible] all the possibilities of their [illegible] on each other."

([illegible] Works of Jane Austen, [illegible] by R. W. Chapman, Volume [illegible] page 418)

[illegible] fact and fiction during the [illegible] and nineteenth centuries, [illegible] has a bad reputation, and [illegible] its appearance alone which [illegible] the name Gunpowder Tea an [illegible] one. Among the refresh[illegible] produced by the Artful [illegible] and lovingly described by [illegible] Bates is "half a pound of [illegible] sixpenny green, so preci[illegible] that if you mix it with [illegible], it'll go nigh to blow the [illegible] the tea-pot off".

[illegible] most horrific example of its [illegible] on the human constitution [illegible] course, what happened to the [illegible] Lynder Jennings, in [illegible] Le Fanu's story, "Green [illegible]", but the charge against it is [illegible] that it causes sleeplessness, [illegible] bad for the nerves ("Oh, is [illegible]? How does it act?" asks [illegible] Podsnap, when informed of [illegible] no one enlightens her). [illegible] Arthur Parker's experience [illegible] thinking it is so much more [illegible] than most, that at first [illegible] the passage looks like a happy [illegible] of fancy on Jane Austen's [illegible]. But though such flights [illegible] in the Juvenilia, in her [illegible] work she keeps to verifiable [illegible] inquiring about hedgerows in [illegible]mptonshire, and borrowing [illegible] of her brother's ships: [illegible] claim to the "credit of a [illegible] imagination". (In the penulti[illegible] chapter of *Northanger Abbey*) [illegible] meant to be taken seriously. [illegible] therefore not surprising to find [illegible] Arthur Parker's loss of the use [illegible] right side may have a basis [illegible], and that there were indeed, [illegible] Charlotte suggests, those who [illegible] right sides and green tea [illegible]fically.

[illegible] 1824, Laetitia-Matilda Haw[illegible] daughter of one of Dr John[illegible] biographers, Sir John Haw[illegible] and herself a relentlessly [illegible] writer, published a [illegible] in two volumes called [illegible], *Anecdotes, Facts and* [illegible], and in Volume 1, page [illegible] in a description of Sir William [illegible] eccentric sister, there occurs [illegible] paragraph:

> [illegible] had some paradoxes in her [illegible], and was not withheld [illegible] argument even by the know[illegible] that she was arguing [illegible]dly. She would contend, that [illegible]body could sleep the worse for [illegible] green tea, though she [illegible] her brother drank it at [illegible] expense of his night's rest.

[illegible] followed by a footnote:

> [illegible] very probable that many [illegible] join her in her opinion of the [illegible] with which this [illegible] beverage may be in[illegible] in; and without question, [illegible] is very various. But one [illegible] of what it *can* do was [illegible] by the late Dr Shaw, of [illegible] Museum, who, solely for the [illegible] of experiment, practised [illegible] it till he had lost the [illegible] of one arm. This I heard from [illegible], and he concluded the [illegible] very gravely, by saying, [illegible] then, Madam, when I had [illegible] discontinued it, and recovered [illegible] use of my arm."

"[illegible] Shaw of the Museum" is Dr George Shaw (1751-1813), physician and naturalist, one of the founders and vice-presidents of the Linnaean Society, and a Fellow of the Royal Society; from 1791 he was assistant keeper, and then from 1807 until his death, keeper of the Natural History Department of the British Museum. The effect of green tea upon him resembles its effect upon Arthur Parker sufficiently closely to suggest that there may be some connexion between them, though I do not know how Jane Austen could have heard of Dr Shaw's experiment, unless perhaps in conversation during one of her visits to Henry Austen in London. She had certainly read at least one of Laetitia-Matilda Hawkins's other works (a novel, *Rosanne, or a Father's Labour Lost*, 1814), but *Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts and Opinions* was, of course, published far too late to be the source of her information; and though there is a long obituary notice of Dr Shaw in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1813 (Volume 2, pages 290-292), there is no mention there of green tea among the list of his many publications and works of research.

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## Cliometrics

Sir,—The word "cliometrics" was first used in an essay, "Aspects of Quantitative Research in Economic History", *Journal of Economic History*, December 1960. That was some time ago. The essay described work done at Purdue University in the 1950s using quantitative methods, including the computer. The word was coined by one of the Purdue authors as a joke. May I quote:

> In brief, the logical structure necessary to make historical reconstructions from the surviving debris of past economic life essentially involves ideas of history, economics and statistics. The offspring of such an act of interdisciplinary miscegenation calls for a name worthy of it; at Purdue the resulting discipline has been labelled "Cliometrics".

Moody Prior ought to see that there was no hand of Madison Avenue in this small bit of academic levity. But fate makes dust of man's intentions. It became accepted doctrine that the new methods in economic history had somehow started at Harvard University, not at Purdue, and the little verbal invention of my colleague, Stanley Reiter, became a very serious matter indeed. Such is fate. Robert Fogel cannot undo the history of language. He uses the language as it exists. But who better than Professor Prior ought to know how hard it is for individuals who change English usage? No one has succeeded in excising "ain't" from English, and it appears that "cliometrics" has entered that language too. Professor Prior would be appalled to know that it has entered German and French as well in essays I have seen. For all I know it is in Japanese too by now.

JONATHAN HUGHES.
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## 'The Surprise of Excellence'

Sir,—Sylvère Monod (August 29) is wrong in taking the title of *The Surprise of Excellence* to refer to the quality of the essays included. As everybody can see on page xi of my introduction, the title was meant to refer to the quality of excellence in Beerbohm's prose.

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## T. E. Lawrence

Sir,—I have been appointed by T. E. Lawrence's literary executor, and the trustees of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and the T. E. Lawrence letters, as his official biographer, with a free hand to publish my conclusions.

I would like to appeal to your readers for information on the whereabouts of letters or other material, however seemingly slight, relevant to any stage in Lawrence's varied career.

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## Among this week's contributors

J. E. J. ALTHAM is the author of *The Logic of Plurality*, 1971.

ALAN ANGELL is the author of *Politics and the Labour Movement in Chile*, 1972.

REYNER BANHAM's books include *Architecture of the Well-Tempered Environment*, 1969.

ALAN BELL is working on Leslie Stephen's unpublished autobiography.

MALCOLM BOWIE is the author of *Henri Michaux*, 1973.

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SIR BARNETT COCKS was Clerk of the House of Commons, 1962-1973.

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ROBERT MCCAUGHEY teaches in [illegible] Department of History at Barnard College, Columbia University.

GEORGE MIKES's books include N[illegible] *by Sun Alone*, 1967 and *Switzerland for Beginners*, 1975.

GERALD MOORE's books include *The Chosen Tongue*, 1969 and *Wo[illegible] Soyinka*, 1972.

GILBERT RYLE's *Collected Pape[illegible]* were published in 1971.

N. S. SUTHERLAND is Professor [illegible] Experimental Psychology at [illegible] University of Sussex.

C. H. GIBBS-SMITH's most rece[illegible] book is *The Rebirth of Europe[illegible] Aviation 1902-1908* which was pu[illegible]lished earlier this year.

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# The funniest of fossils

**By George Mikes**

DAVID A. JASEN:
**P. G. Wodehouse: A Portrait of a Master**
294pp. Garnstone Press. £5.25.

First of all, I must declare a bias. I was called an idiot by P. G. Wodehouse and he asked my publishers why they published me at all. I bore no grudge for this even twenty-one years ago, when it happened, let alone today. In 1954 I published a book called *Eight Humorists* which contained a chapter on Wodehouse. I gave him his due as an outstanding writer of funny novels but remarked (perhaps wrongly) that his popularity was declining. I also described, of course, the affair of his notorious broadcasts from Berlin (still a live issue at that time), dismissed all accusations of treason or even lack of patriotism and argued that he had been foolish, adding that in spite of all his talents he was rather a stupid man. In response, he wrote a letter to me. I meant to keep that letter carefully and it must be somewhere in the house but, alas, a full day's thorough search produced no result. So I must rely on my memory. The one remark that truly incensed him was my reference to his declining popularity. He quoted recent sales figures, mentioned large sums he had received for serializations and reassured me (and himself) that his popularity was still at its height. One sentence he wrote in broken English, making fun of my foreign origins. The letter was not exactly courteous but it was not abusive either. He wrote, however, another letter to my publishers, threatening them with legal action and ending up: "The man is obviously an idiot, why do you publish him at all?"

I worded a reply. I egged him on to proceed with the libel action, remarking that I would be delighted to see him in the witness box in London. I added that making fun of my Hungarian origin was, presumably, an expression of his patriotic feelings, but that the time and place for patriotism was Berlin 1941 and not Long Island 1954. I typed out the letter, signed it and then tore it up, feeling a little ashamed of myself. For the sake of scoring a debating point I had been insinuating something I did not really mean. I had said myself that there was nothing wrong with his patriotism. Then, after all, I genuinely liked Wodehouse; I had said in public what I meant to say, so why should I get so worked up about a private letter he had written to my publishers and myself? And finally, he was an old man—seventy-three—and I always had a curious, almost Chinese reverence for the old. (Soon I shall start revering myself.) I was also amused by his vanity: obviously he did not mind being called stupid, but resented the suggestion that his popularity was declining and his sales falling. Only my own vanity was more ridiculous. I did not mind being called an idiot but resented his implication that I was a bloody foreigner. Is it possible though—I am reflecting now—that I still carry a subconscious resentment? I do not know my subconscious any better than anybody else knows his, but I feel on safe ground; my views on Wodehouse have not changed since I wrote that book, that is before he made his uncomplimentary assessment of my mental abilities.

Wodehouse, like most writers, led a dull life, although it was not quite as dull as David A. Jasen's book. The two outstanding public aspects of his life were the excessive abuse he was subjected to because of his Berlin broadcasts and the excessive adulation he received as an author. He deserved neither. Mr Jasen sets the tone of his book by describing P. G. Wodehouse (who was still alive when the book was written) as "the funniest writer in the world". Later on he adds one or two devastating statements meant as compliments: "He is a humorist who built up a huge following by the use of repetition." Mr Jasen's research is painstaking and much too thorough. Yet there is no real analysis, no proper understanding. Wodehouse does not come to life for five minutes. We learn all about the fees he received but sense no human being behind the fees. Mr Jasen's book, however, will be excellent raw material for a future biographer.

The main outlines of the story are already familiar. Pelham Grenville Wodehouse was born in Hongkong on October 15, 1881. The family is an old one, related to Anne Buleyn. Wodehouse—Plum to his friends—spent his infancy in Hongkong but was sent to Dulwich College and remained a schoolboy for the rest of his life. In 1900 he became a clerk in the London branch of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, at a salary of £80 p.a. He began to contribute to magazines (*The Public School Magazine, Tit-Bits, The Captain, Answers, Globe*, etc) made a name for himself, supplemented his meagre income (he published eighty items in two years) and his "savings began to mount". In 1902 he brought out his first book, started writing a column for the *Globe*, gave up his job, became a freelance writer and went on writing novels, plays and short stories for another seventy-three years. In the First World War he was rejected for military service because of poor eyesight and spent the war years in the United States. In 1914 he married a widow, Ethel Rowley, and they lived happily ever after. Mrs Wodehouse, four years his junior, survives him. During the First World War he wrote about his delightful Edwardian fools and was very active in the theatre. We are informed that in 1917 a New York musical, *Oh Boy!* cost $29,262 and made a profit of $181,641. We are not informed, however, whether this profit was gross or net. One has gained the impression that sex and politics are completely missing from Wodehouse's writings, but we learn from Mr Jasen that this is not entirely so. In the 1930s Wodehouse wrote *The Code of the Woosters* and introduced an unpleasant character called Roderick Spode, who strongly resembled Mosley.

In June 1939 Wodehouse received an honorary doctorate from Oxford, where the vice-chancellor addressed him as *vir lepidissime, facetissime, venustissime, iocosissime, ridibundissime*. He was in Le Touquet when the Germans occupied France. In July 1940 he was interned, and after some journeying he reached Tost, in Upper Silesia (now in Poland), where internees were locked up in the local lunatic asylum. He settled down to write a book, called *Money in the Bank*. On June 21, 1941, he was taken to Berlin, put up in the Hotel Adlon and was joined by his wife. He was nearly sixty and the Germans were in the habit of releasing men at sixty. A few days after his arrival in Berlin he made a broadcast for the American CBS, and it was after that that the Nazi Foreign Ministry asked him to broadcast for them too. Wodehouse said he would.

There is no use going into great detail about the consequences. Cassandra's hysterical attack, calling him a quisling and saying, "I have come to tell you tonight the story of a rich man trying to make his last and greatest sale—that of his own country", seems wildly inappropriate, cantankerous and virulent today; but in those days of war it stirred public feeling against Wodehouse. Quintin Hogg (now Lord Hailsham) accused him of trading with the enemy. In the meantime, an agitated and bitter public was led to regard him as a new Lord Haw-Haw, not knowing what exactly he had said and still less that his broadcasts were entitled "How to be an Internee in Your Spare Time Without Previous Experience". By now, of course, all has been forgiven, and there was not much to forgive because stupidity is no crime. I hope Mr Jasen's defence will not cause any harm to Wodehouse's memory. He writes: "He had, after all, given his talks in good faith to the non-combatant United States. *It had never even occurred to him that they might be picked up in Britain.*" (My italics.) Wodehouse for a long time was blessedly unaware of the uproar. He sent a story to the *Saturday Evening Post* and was permitted to receive monthly payments from America. He wrote, in all, three books in captivity, while the Second World War was being settled: *Money in the Bank, Full Moon* and *Spring Fever*.

He was in Paris when the city was liberated and asked an American officer in charge of some advance units to inform the British about his whereabouts. He meant to return to Britain but, according to Mr Jasen, "was advised to stay in Paris". We are not told who advised him. He was imprisoned by the French, too, and released in January 1945. *Money in the Bank* was published in 1946 and sold 26,000 copies; his life went on as before the Second World War, indeed, as before the First World War. No charges were ever made against him, but Wodehouse travelled to the United States in 1947 and never returned to Britain. In January this year he was knighted. I hope the honour pleased him and settled that silly but tempestuous affair, and that when he died a few weeks later—Sir Pelham Wodehouse, expatriate Englishman, author of ninety-six books, possessor of a fortune—he died a happy man.

But was he a happy man? Hard to say. This admirer and official bard of the Drones was devoted to hard work all his life. This most typical of Englishmen did not really like the English and spent the major part of his adult life away from the land of Psmith, Lord Emsworth and Ukridge. The world—is an extremely pleasant place—he never heard of any unpleasantness or at least tried to forget it quickly—full of nice chaps. Even his American gangsters are delightful guys, just doing a slightly unorthodox but extremely funny job. All right, Roderick Spode/Oswald Mosley was a bit unpleasant but also very amusing, and you cannot dislike a chap who makes you laugh.

Wodehouse, of course, could be extremely funny; he was a delightful stylist and constructed his plots with great care and ingenuity. His situations were also contrived; he often fell into a dull routine and could be tiresome and facetious. Yet there is no doubt that he was one of the few major humorous writers of the age—but of which age? Surely not of the past few decades, not even of the inter-war period. He lived a happy and busy life in a period long dead. His heroes lived a life hardly remembered. His characters spoke a language probably never spoken by anyone, at any time. He was the most amusing fossil; the funniest and most uproarious mummy in literature.

Why was this? Did he deliberately refuse to grow up? If a mummy, was he the mummy of Peter Pan? Or was it the fear of growing old, a desperate attempt to make time stand still. It is hard to say and not very important either. Whatever his neurosis, it was superimposed on an exciting and rare comic talent, and it is the talent that is important, not the neurosis.

It is perhaps more relevant to ask: why did the English like him so much? Because of his very faults and flaws. He never drew an English scene or Englishmen, only affectionate caricatures of them, and that is exactly how the English love seeing themselves: affable, amiable, nice chaps, not too bright but honest and goodhearted. Every Englishman is a Bertie Wooster at heart and mistrusts Jeeves, who is much too clever, much too devious and ought to speak with a strong dago—or perhaps Hungarian?—accent. Today Britain is still a nation of Bertie Woosters and Harold Wilson is its Jeeves. This is why Wodehouse, for many people, became a deity and is revered with such aggressive adulation. The English hallow themselves and love admiring the portrait which depicts them as they are not.

But Wodehouse did even more than paint for the English their favourite portrait of themselves. He achieved what Britain, as a country, tried but failed to achieve: he did make time stand still. This ugly world with its inflation, unemployment and violence does not exist, because the date is 1906. Britannia rules the waves and the problem for most people we know is whether Aunt Agatha can be touched for a decent sum, or how you can free yourself when the window sash has broken and nearly guillotined you, or how to get off to play cricket when your beloved girl wants to drag you to a village fête. Yes, there *are* problems, but Jeeves can solve them all. So carry on, Jeeves. And long live our gracious King, Edward VII!

# Mind in a nutshell

## By N. S. Sutherland

"Introductory Psych" has for many years been a flourishing industry in the United States—about four out of every five American undergraduates take a psychology course at some stage of their university career. Publishers have vied with one another to enter a market which yields sales of several million books a year, their salesmen offering blandishments to instructors to adopt their latest product, in competition with the remaining fifty or so general texts in the field.

As one would expect from the eminence of its authors, *Psychology* by Roger Brown and Richard J. Herrnstein is considerably more original and interesting than most of its competitors in the Psychology Sweepstake, though it is by no means a horse of a different colour. The American publishers (Little, Brown) have seen to that. Like all their rivals they appear to believe that American undergraduates are incapable of reading a book that is not larded with quirky typography, print framed in boxes, and numerous irrelevant pictures.

The sentence "The boy hit the ball" appears in *Psychology* tastefully framed in a two-tone box: it is used in almost all texts to exemplify the principles of Chomsky's generative grammar, but in this text it is accompanied by a picture of a small boy playing baseball. Either the authors or the publishers must have felt a prick of conscience, since the caption begins: "A picture of a small boy hitting a ball may seem to be a record in pointless illustrations, but we think not." Sadly enough, they are right—as a cursory examination of most of the other illustrations in the book will show.

The publishers also appear to have imposed on their authors the conventional view of the style in which a general text should be written. The language is that of *Scientific American*, always easy to follow, but bland, monotonous and anonymous. The authors are not wholly uncritical of all the work they report, but they are rarely outspoken in their criticisms and they give the reader the feeling that they think there is at least something of value in everything that psychologists do.

*Psychology's* format and style are then in the best—or worst—tradition of such texts. What of the contents? Selecting material for a general introduction to psychology is a difficult task. The subject is perhaps more diverse than any other currently featured in university curricula. It draws upon the findings of linguists, physiologists, zoologists, and physicists and makes use of the techniques of mathematicians, computer scientists and sociologists. The nature of the arguments and the theories employed is equally varied, ranging from formal mathematical models through looser theories of the sort used by physiologists or zoologists, and the more commonsense modes of thinking that characterize history or philosophy, to the frankly mystical approach of the many schools of existential psychotherapy. Moreover, much work in the subject is not cumulative except within rather narrow specialities like colour vision: many experiments undertaken today, particularly in social psychology, could just as easily have been performed a hundred years ago and their interpretation often does not rely either on previous results or upon an agreed theoretical framework. In much of psychology, therefore, it is difficult to specify a body of work that is basic, and this makes the task of selecting material for a textbook unusually difficult.

*Psychology* is organized into thirteen chapters each of which can be read virtually as a self-contained essay, although some cross-connexions are made. About half the chapters are devoted to social and clinical psychology and the remainder to experimental psychology. The chapters on the two kinds of psychology are interwoven, but the result is a patchwork rather than a coherent design.

In the chapters on social psychology, the authors have made a serious effort to break away from the conventional subdivisions of the subject and to bring different approaches to bear on a common theme. The lengthy set-piece on aggression provides an example.

The authors point out that unlike hunger, anger is not a drive that increases with the simple passage of time since it was last vented: it is provoked by external stimuli, though the threshold for displaying anger is in part determined by internal factors such as the level of the male sex hormone (testosterone) in the blood. They analyse and refute the arguments of some ethologists, such as Konrad Lorenz, to the effect that if anger is not displayed, the level of aggression will increase until it finds an outlet.

Nevertheless, once an animal is made to feel angry, it seeks an opportunity to display its anger, and will learn to do things that bring it into the presence of another animal that it can attack. The book distinguishes between aggression towards members of the same species and predatory behaviour towards other species, and cites evidence from brain stimulation that suggests that the two kinds of behaviour are controlled by separate centres. There is an innate element in aggression since it is possible selectively to breed aggressive strains of mice. The chapter then reviews the ethological evidence on pecking orders, territoriality and aggression: almost all species investigated have developed mechanisms whereby questions of precedence and territory can be settled without mortal combat. Indeed the very weapons used in the mock fights between members of the same species are different from those employed against other animals. Stags lock antlers with one another, they respond to predators more efficaciously by kicking them. Territoriality and social hierarchies evolved because these devices save members of a species the effort and loss involved in constant internecine dispute.

Similar devices such as the queue and the concept of natural justice have evolved within human cultures and they presumably serve similar ends. The role of rank in human society is illustrated with examples from language ("tu" to an inferior, "vous" to a peer), facial expression and eye-contact: breaking off eye-contact is a mark of submission. The authors are careful to point out that while ranking mechanisms may serve the same functions in human and animal society, they have probably evolved in very different ways: in many animals the mechanisms are innate, but in human society they may be largely culturally determined. They cite evidence on the development of aggression between artificially formed groups where such groups are placed in competition with one another for some desirable object.

They then discuss the notion of distributive justice as developed by sociologists and psychologists, and applied to job satisfaction. Two employees are said to consider that they are fairly treated when the benefits they obtain from a job and their qualifications for it are in the same ratio.

Benefits include any desirable aspect of a job such as its interest, prestige, or pay, and in arriving at the final benefit undesirable aspects (such as monotony or long hours) must be subtracted. However, the satisfaction that someone feels with his own job or indeed with his lot in life depends on what group is taken as a reference group, and this problem has not been satisfactorily investigated. The authors concede both the vagueness of the theory and the lack of precise evidence for it. Finally, they describe experiments showing that in man illegitimate frustration of a legitimate expectation leads to more

**ROGER BROWN and RICHARD J. HERRNSTEIN:**
**Psychology**
762pp. Methuen. £12 (paperback, £6.50).

anger than if either the frustration is legitimate or the expectation illegitimate. Someone who is looking forward to an engagement may feel disappointed if it is unexpectedly cancelled; although the disappointment is just as great, less annoyance is felt if the other party breaks the engagement because of illness than for no good reason.

In this chapter, then, the authors have brought together evidence from social psychology, ethology, sociology, brain physiology and genetic experiments. And yet, at the end of it, the reader is left in some doubt over what he has learnt. The facts about aggression in animals are fascinating in their own right and could only have been discovered by systematic observation and experiment, but they illuminate human aggression only by analogy. It is important to recognize that there are physiological (and probably innate) predisposing factors to aggression in man, but when it comes to the analysis of distributive justice and the occasions on which humans respond with aggression, we are back in the realm of common sense, and it hardly requires experiments to demonstrate that the idea of "fair play" is an important determinant of behaviour in human society.

The chapter illustrates some of the problems of social psychology as a discipline. Many of the experiments cited seem demonstrations of what we know already and much of the theory is couched in everyday language and suffers from the same lack of precision.

It could, nevertheless, be argued that the experiments have played a role in forcing investigators to sharpen their thinking and make necessary distinctions such as that between legitimate and illegitimate frustration, though one has the feeling that a sharp philosopher could have reached the same conclusions from his armchair: indeed, on the issue of social justice one of them (John Rawls) already has. Some of the experiments, such as those on eye-contact, do provide a knowledge of behaviour that most of us did not already have, but interesting though such results are, it is difficult to fit them into any more general framework.

In the chapter on personality (written by Professor Brown) a different device is used to integrate disparate material. Professor Brown summarizes the plot of *Long Day's Journey into Night* and then considers how far it is illuminated by four very different theories of personality. Of these the only one that departs from common sense is Freudian theory: Oedipal themes and sibling rivalry are so near the surface in the play that its application sheds little new light. Freud is, somewhat surprisingly, treated with considerable reverence.

Several pages are devoted to the case history of Little Hans, a small boy who developed a phobia of horses and who had the misfortune to have a father who was an ardent Freudian. Of Freud's interpretation that the phobia of horses arose from Little Hans's jealousy and fear of his father, Professor Brown writes "The analysis is convincing": he does not point out that this particular case has actually been dissected in detail by some of Freud's critics in order to demonstrate the extent to which Freud stretched the facts to fit his Procrustean theories.

It is clear from the case history that the father browbeat the wretched Hans into accepting a Freudian interpretation of his phobia and of some of his dreams: whether or not Hans had an Oedipal complex before his father developed an attachment to Freud, only an exceptionally clear-headed and obstinate child could have resisted the arguments deployed by the father to convince him that such a complex lay at the root of his problems. In fact the child had had several upsetting experiences with horses—he saw one fall down in the street and one of his friends was bitten by a horse—and there is no reason to suppose that these were not a direct and sufficient cause for his comparatively mild short-lasting fear of horses.

The authors do not, further, discuss any of the experimental tests of Freudian theories. Such tests have produced almost uniformly negative findings. A recent article reviewing the literature on repression, which according to Freud is "the cornerstone on which the whole structure of psychoanalysis rests", concludes "in view of the amount and consistency of the data accumulated, the continued use of repression as an explanation does not seem justifiable". Professor Brown gives no hint that today the majority of psychologists would reject the validity of Freudian theory and the usefulness of psychoanalysis.

With some exceptions, the material used in the chapters on social and clinical psychology has been sensibly chosen. I would have liked to see some account of Heider's and Leon Festinger's work on cognitive dissonance, whose experiments demonstrate far more convincingly than Freud's clinical studies the extent to which we may unconsciously distort our thoughts in order to keep ourselves happy and to preserve a favourable and coherent view of the world and of ourselves.

In addition, some of the work that is included seems to be there to meet the readers' tastes rather than because of any real merit: one can sense the authors silently gritting their teeth as they describe encounter groups and existential psychotherapy, but they manage outwardly to preserve their neutral tone. The most disappointing part of their account of social psychology is that it is curiously uncritical and unevaluative; they do not evaluate the achievements of the subject and make no serious attempt to assess its progress or to emphasize in what ways it goes beyond our everyday knowledge of human behaviour.

Freud did go beyond everyday knowledge. His genius — and the reason for his renown—lay in his capacity to put forward a new view of human nature. His most constructive contribution was his explicit insistence on the need to postulate the operation of unconscious motives. His concentration on motives of a sexual nature and his flair for the artful construction of a good story ensured his popular success: he thought in much the same terms as novelists or biographers and it is doubtless for this reason that literary critics have drawn so widly on his work.

By explaining abnormal behaviour and attempting to show that given certain unconscious wishes, it becomes intelligible, his very ingenuity at making sense of odd behaviour makes it hard to know whether to treat his theories as insights or as fairy stories. Yet he took normal behaviour for granted and, like the man in the street and most philosophers, never saw that it too needs explanation.

Ryle once wrote: "Let the psychologists tell us why we are deceived; we can tell ourselves and them why we are not deceived." It is true that human behaviour is often easy to predict, but this is because we are similar to one another and can therefore mimic each other's thought processes and know what we would do if placed in someone else's situation with similar motives. Similarly, the same program will run on different computers, but running it does not tell us what the program is. Our ability to predict the behaviour of others conceals the fact that from a scientific standpoint normal behaviour stands just as much in need of explanation as abnormal behaviour.

We are so accustomed to seeing objects at their true sizes that it does not occur to most people to ask why it is that a man looks the same size at a distance of four feet and at twenty feet despite the fivefold variation in the size of the image on the eye. If red and green or blue and yellow are combined, we do not see a mixture of colours: we see white light. Yet if other colours are combined, we can still see each. Why should this be so? How do we recognize objects given that they are seen from different points of view and in different lighting, so that the pattern of light that strikes the eye is never the same twice in a lifetime?

Such questions are the concern of experimental psychology, to which half the present book is devoted. The chapters on it do little to delineate the problems of investigation or to arouse the reader's curiosity about them. The chapter on perception is particularly dry and fails to convey the complexity of the mechanisms brought into play when we glance cursorily at a scene or listen to a sentence. When we look at something, the eyes receive two-dimensional images that are related in complex and indirect ways to the three-dimensional scene from which they come.

From such images, in which parts of objects are obscured by other objects and in which the image of one often merges into that of another with no clear boundary, the brain can construct in a fraction of a second a well articulated representation of the objects in the real world and of their spatial relationships with one another. This feat can be achieved only by bringing to bear a vast quantity of stored knowledge and it involves the application of integrated mechanisms of amazing richness and complexity. Although we are wholly unconscious of the underlying processes, they appear to involve drawing inferences and forming hypotheses that are more subtle and complex than the conscious reasoning of an Einstein. Perception has evolved over many millions of years, abstract scientific thought has a history of a few thousand years at most and it is doubtful if there has been much evolutionary pressure operating in favour of this capacity. Hence, it is carried out slowly and painfully, in contrast to the speed and ease of everyday perceptual acts. The book does little to bring out the beauty and richness of perceptual mechanisms and, indeed, it hardly poses the problem of perception in the way it is thought about today.

The authors do not expound the "New Look" in human experimental psychology—the attempt to capture the nature of the mechanisms entering into intelligent behaviour and to explain perception, memory and the use of language in terms of well specified information-processing operations. Although psychologists began this endeavour independently, it has been helped by the development of the digital computer and by the growth of the new discipline of Artificial Intelligence, the aim of which is to program computers to behave in an intelligent fashion. Before the invention of the computer, psychologists had no formal language in which to couch well-specified and rigorous theories of the mind. Conventional mathematics is adapted to the description of energy transfer (the concern of the physical sciences), but not to the description of information processing. Programming languages enable us to state in rigorous terms theories of a complexity unheard of thirty years ago and running the programs on the computer provides an unequivocal test of whether the theories really work. The human mind is the most intricate device in the known universe and any adequate theory of how it works must be of a complexity undreamt of in the physical sciences.

Although in principle such theories could be developed with pencil and paper, in practice the task of testing their workings in this way is impossibly laborious. By simulating the theories on a computer, the points at which they fail may be uncovered in minutes instead of in the years it would take if we had to run through all the processes involved step by step in our own heads.

It is perhaps hard to know how optimistic to be about the new ways of thought current in experimental psychology. Although we seem to have obtained important new insights into such problems as what is involved in understanding the meaning of a sentence or in recognizing an object, the programs in which these insights are currently incorporated only simulate a tiny part of our own intellectual capacities: the problem of how to provide such programs with a large knowledge base is unsolved. There are programs that function well in very limited worlds, for example, a world made up of a table top with a few different kinds of blocks upon it, but there is no program that comes near to having the knowledge that enables a four-year-old to understand a bedtime story. Secondly, there is a gap between the developments of the concepts and theories of Artificial Intelligence and experimental proof that the mind works in a similar way. It is perhaps for this reason that Professor Brown and Professor Herrnstein, as good experimentalists, have chosen largely to ignore these new ways of thought in psychology.

Until recently it was accepted that the only proper object of an experimental psychologist's cogitations were experimental results, a tradition that stems from Hermann Ebbinghaus and E. L. Thorndike who investigated respectively rote learning in man and in animals. The emphasis on experiments can now be seen to have had its drawbacks as well as its advantages. In order to obtain consistent results, experimenters often used very simple materials and situations, but we now know that the tidy results obtained were often produced by the operation of much more complex processes than were reckoned with at the time. In fact people rarely learn by rote; we normally bring to any new material our own interpretative structures and in the light of these we restructure the material in complex ways. Ebbinghaus's famous curves of learning and forgetting are statistical abstractions that conceal the complexity of the underlying mechanisms. On the other hand, experiments have revealed much that is surprising and important such as the limitations on our short-term memory, the nature of the mechanisms controlling hunger, or the conditions under which learning occurs in animals, to select from *Psychology* three problems to which experiments have made vital contributions.

One has the feeling then that the book does not come to grips with experimental psychology as it exists today, and good though some of the accounts of conventional work are, the authors rarely intrude their own judgments. The critical reader will detect an element of scholasticism in some of the work discussed. Much of the conventional Skinnerian work on schedules of reinforcement and much research on sensory scaling, topics reviewed at length, has this quality: experimental paradigms are made successively more complicated in an effort to see whether the findings can be explained with the help of a few simple principles and a good deal of ingenuity, but without much prospect of new principles emerging that are adequate to the explanation of behaviour outside the restricted laboratory situation.

Apart from their account of psychotherapy, Professor Brown and Professor Herrnstein devote little space to the applications of psychology. It is perhaps surprising, after nearly a century of intensive investigation, how little effect psychology has had on our major institutions or way of life. Despite all the research on learning, it is unclear whether education is any better conducted today.

Human artifacts are no better designed to meet human needs than two thousand years ago. Until recently the apparatus of living changed rather slowly and good chairs or cups could evolve by a process of natural selection. Today millions of copies of radically new artifacts are produced, and although we are much more self-conscious about design criteria, we do not always get it right first time. It may be that our artifacts would be even worse than they are were the psychologist's advice not sometimes sought and occasionally taken. Colour television depends upon a detailed knowledge of how human colour vision works and psychologists have played a significant role in improving the design of aeroplane cockpits and of air-traffic control systems. Often, however, their advice is not taken: as a result we struggle with cumbersome all-number telephone dialling instead of retaining the previous combination of letters and numbers which was so much better adapted to the characteristics of our own system of memory and retrieval.

Although the number of variables at work in major institutions like education are so complex that it is difficult to use psychological knowledge with any certainty to effect radical improvements, our existing knowledge can help to improve the quality of life when applied to more circumscribed problems such as road safety, and it is a pity that *Psychology* should ignore the uses to which the subject can be put. At the very least, psychologists have developed techniques for investigating the effects of alterations in environment or lifestyle and they are sensitive to the factors that must be taken into account in making such assessments.

*Psychology* is better written than most of its competitors, but has the same pedigree and never surprises us with a turn of speed. The very qualities that ensure its success as a textbook for the American student diminish its value for the general reader. It takes for granted that the subject is worth pursuing in the conventional way, but a book that challenged the traditional view of psychology and made an effort to present new ways of thinking would probably be as unacceptable to most undergraduates as to their instructors.

It integrates the subject more by papering over the cracks than by an honest consideration of how the parts might be cemented together. Because it fails to spell out the problems confronting the psychologist, it does not give a very convincing account of what has been achieved nor does it reflect on what is to come.

The attempt to understand the intricacies of our own minds in scientific terms—that is to say, in terms of a well specified and rigorous theory on whose workings we can all agree—is surely the most difficult scientific enterprise yet begun. Some philosophers have argued that it is not merely difficult but impossible, but no a priori arguments can settle the issue: it can only be decided by making the attempt. Psychologists have by now climbed enough foothills to realize that the summit is higher than was once thought, but they have in the process developed new concepts and methods that promise further ascent.

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# By schism or by skew

## By J. K. Wing

**THEODORE LIDZ:**
**The Origin And Treatment Of Schizophrenic Disorders**
144pp. Hutchinson. £3.

Theodore Lidz is the leading exponent of a school of thought that regards the development of schizophrenia as an inevitable hazard of growing up in certain kinds of family. The marriages of schizophrenogenic parents, according to him, are characterized by schism or by skew. If by schism, the parents are in open conflict; each selfishly pursuing some private fantasy and ignoring the real needs of the rest of the family. If by skew, one partner passively but resentfully accepts the dominant abnormality of the other, and conflict is covert rather than open. In either case, the normal growth of self-awareness and individuality in the child is inhibited, because the parents are unable to allow, let alone encourage, the development of a separate identity. "The mother does not establish boundaries between herself and her child and fails to differentiate her own feelings and needs from those of her offspring." Such a failure on the part of the mother is thought to be particularly damaging to boys, while an equivalent abnormality in fathers has a specially harmful effect on girls. "In all of these families, the patient's emergence as an individual is thwarted by his subservience to the completion of a parent's life or to salvaging his parents' marriage."

In *The Origin and Treatment of Schizophrenic Disorders*, Dr Lidz summarizes the research he and his colleagues have carried out at Yale for more than twenty years. Those who do not wish to tackle the collected papers will find it readable, but it is written for a professional audience and there is a good deal of technical jargon. For example, much attention is given to the "double-bind" theory developed by Gregory Bateson and his associates at Palo Alto. This suggests that the child who becomes schizophrenic is constantly subjected to parental communications that are directly or indirectly incompatible with each other and yet demand a response acceptable to the parents. Dr Lidz has developed a rather more complex version of this theory to explain how distorted communications lead to, indeed are, schizophrenia. On the other hand, he dissociates himself from the "existential despair" of R. D. Laing and D. Cooper, whose theories would otherwise seem to be a further elaboration of those developed by the two American schools: "A therapist who generalizes from his own devastating experiences with an intrusive and impervious mother to those of all mankind is as egocentrically oriented as the parents of schizophrenic patients."

This psychoanalytical in-fighting encourages the reader to ask whether Lidz's own formulation rests on a solid foundation. Neither in this book, nor elsewhere in his large output, does Dr Lidz claim to have tested his theory. He simply expounds it. The whole edifice is erected on the basis of observations on seventeen families, nearly all of them wealthy enough to pay for the patient to have prolonged psychoanalysis in hospital. It seems quite probable that these highly unrepresentative families were selected *because* of the degree of disturbance in their relationships with each other. Moreover, the nature of this disturbance is described only in general terms. No precise criteria are laid down whereby other workers could attempt to repeat or verify the observations. Egocentricity is common; schizophrenia is rare. We need more than the personal intuitions of an expert therapist before theories of this general kind can be established on a secure footing, particularly when other experts have suggested that different parental traits are the schizophrenogenic ones.

This is where the double-bind theory is useful, since it would be relatively easy for two observers independently listening to tape-recorded interviews, to arrive at similar judgments as to when and how often double-binds occurred. It would then be possible to demonstrate with some confidence whether they were found only or predominantly in families with a schizophrenic member. In fact it has not proved easy for experts to agree on the presence or absence of double-binds, let alone to show that their frequency actually is higher in supposedly schizophrenogenic families than in families without a schizophrenic member. Several different aspects of Dr Lidz's theory have now been examined with similarly disappointing results. Dr Lidz himself makes no reference to such mundane matters and the reader should consult the comprehensive survey by S. Hirsch and J. P. Leff, *Abnormalities in Parents and Schizophrenics* (...).

More serious, perhaps, in terms of possible practical consequences, is Dr Lidz's failure to define schizophrenia except in terms of the internalization of the problems themselves undefined, that are supposed to cause it. The essence of schizophrenia, for Dr Lidz, is egocentric over-inclusiveness; the patient typically believes that events refer to or say centers on him ... he is the focal point of events which, in actuality, are fortuitous or incidental to his life." This definition is so broad that only the therapist—in the last resort, only Dr Lidz himself—can tell us who is schizophrenic and who is not.

For example, Dr Lidz has diagnosed Isaac Newton in this way and, by implication, Tennessee Williams and Eugene O'Neill as well. The dangers to the theorist of such vagueness in definition are obvious, but we should consider the dangers to others. Psychoanalysts like Szasz and sociologists like Scheff have argued that labels such as schizophrenia can be used for social rather than clinical purposes, to lock away social deviants or to relieve criminals of responsibility for their crime. This argument, too, is over-generalized but it contains a kernel of truth in a completely different context. Leonid Plyushch is at the moment in a Russian prison hospital because his reformist views were out of touch with reality and were regarded by psychiatrists as grandiose delusions of reference. If technical criteria of demonstrable reliability were not laid down for the diagnosis of schizophrenia it would seem dangerous to use the term at all. As a matter of fact, there is good evidence from a study undertaken by the World Health Organization that the syndromes of schizophrenia *can* be recognized reliably by trained psychiatrists working in many different parts of the world, but only by specifying technical criteria so precise that there is little opportunity for variation in application. We do not know how many of Dr Lidz's patients, or their parents, would be diagnosed as schizophrenic according to these criteria. ... final judgment is that "the families of schizophrenic patients fail in global ways to carry out the tasks requisite for the adequate personality development of their children". He emphasizes that they cannot help themselves: "their noxious influences upon the patient are not malevolent but rather the product of their own personal tragedies and egocentric orientations". The methodological weaknesses of Dr Lidz's work are such that no such conclusions about schizophrenia can be sustained. We can no more generalize from his families than from those of Ivy Compton Burnett. This would not matter if Dr Lidz were content to be judged at a purely literary level, but he asks more than this and he must expect his colleagues to apply the ordinary canons of scientific criticism to his work. He does not give serious attention to an alternative theory to the effect that much of the abnormality in schizophrenia is inherited and many of the problems experienced by relatives are secondary to problems in the offspring. This formulation suggests a different line of treatment, one just as centred in the social and psychological reactions of patients and relatives, but not based on an explicit assumption that the primary cause lies in the parents' abnormal behaviour. This theory, in contrast to the one put forward by Dr Lidz, has passed a number of fairly stringent tests and deserves a fair hearing. It requires, at least in those cases (about one quarter of all) where the handicaps are chronic and severe, that patient and relatives together learn how to live with schizophrenia. Parents are often willing to collaborate in this task, in spite of the burden it places on them. They are eager for guidance. What, however, should we say to them when they point to Dr Lidz's book on their shelves: "Sorry"?

# A sense of loss

## By Rosemary Dinnage

**SARAH FERGUSON:**
**To the Place of Shells**
171pp. Chatto and Windus. £3.25.

Sarah Ferguson's first book was a curious and moving evocation of her relationship with the psychotherapist who died at the height of her dependence on his survival. The single-mindedness of her determination to re-create the man as he had existed for her, and the distinction of her style, gave the book great intensity. Now she has followed it in *To the Place of Shells* with the story—though the word is clumsy—of her life up to the time of her breakdown and treatment, in her twenties; lacking the singleness of theme of the first book, it seems less immediately striking, but allows the strengths and weaknesses of her writing to be more objectively seen.

She has a fragile but very genuine gift: a narrow, concentrated focus, but an elegantly spare style which only occasionally falters near bathos. The book is really autobiography, an attempt to recapture honestly the sense of felt life rather than to classify and arrange it. Compared with the superficialities of most of the autobiographies by more "important" people, it has the germ of vitality in it.

The rather sad and fragmented life of the author has at least been lived in surroundings of some style and beauty and in evoking memories of these she excels. In outline, the history is of her mother's death when the author was three, of life with a sister, step-family, and dominating father in country places, of hunting, shooting, and fishing, private governesses, barefoot climbs over the mountains with her pet kid; of isolation, nervous collapses, and attempted suicide; of a failing marriage, and life in a remote corner of north-west Scotland. Father was handsome, strict, and expected his daughter to be a fearless rider like her dead mother; a stack of family jewels appears on her twenty-first birthday; in the nursery there is an old Nanny packing away ostrich-feather fans in lavender bags; in the village church, stained glass commemorating ancestors. It is difficult at times to remember that this is not out of Turgenev, but goes back only twenty or thirty years.

The exotic props, however, are only incidental to the author's fierce concentration on the moods and passions of the past and on the fine grain of its detail. The feeling of quiet, stony desolation over the loss of past landscapes is combined with an exceptional gift for visually recreating them. The countryside, and next, animals, and after that, interiors, are her subjects: the people in her life, as they appear here, have not much individual reality. In particular, the father with whom she had so intense a relationship and whose death provoked her attempted suicide seems no more than a rather stagily romantic cardboard figure, compared to the very human realness of the man she wrote about in her first book.

Mrs Ferguson's best writing here is invested in the Scottish landscapes of the latter part of the book, where she rebuilt and treasured a family home, complete with sea loch and ruined castle, seals, eider-duck and gulls, tearing gales and midnight sun. In spite of its apparent fragility this scene, and all of the book, remain very much in the mind. One cannot have anything but admiration for such a gift for remaking loss into something solid.

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# A passion for expression

**By Philip Collins**

GARRETT STEWART:
Dickens and the Trials of Imagination
260pp. Harvard University Press. £5.50.

*Dickens and the Trials of Imagination* arrives with a distinguished commendation on its jacket from J. Hillis Miller ("a new way of looking at Dickens . . . admirable insight, the treatment of the sources and range of Dickens's comedy is better than anything I have seen"), and its stylish acknowledgments proclaim a man of wit and intelligence. The insight and zest become evident on the first page of the prologue. Garrett Stewart begins from a description of Dick Swiveller in his "apartments", passing the rosy, the prose of which, he nicely comments, declares its authorship at once:

> Its style is in general too finished while at the same time too brisk and effortless, the syntax too ornate yet somehow unforced, offhand, never laboured, the diction too heavily ornamental yet all the while too crisp, the tone too facetious though never smug or even flippant, indeed almost delicate in its own histrionic way—all of it too gaily majestic, too self conscious, too *much* to be the work of anyone but our greatest writer of comic prose.

To begin with Dick Swiveller, to whom a chapter is later devoted, and to continue with three chapters on Mr Pickwick and Sam Weller, sounds like old times. *Pickwick* was a greater favourite, even cult-book, among Dickens's contemporaries and the more traditional Dickensians than he has been lately; one recent study of Dickens, indeed, devotes only one word, I think (for it has no index), to this novel—"the callow *Pickwick Papers*" (F. R. and Q. D. Leavis, *Dickens the Novelist*, page 280); and Dick Swiveller has lost his place in the list of the "immortal" characters where he used to accompany Mrs Gamp and Mr Micawber. Not that such lists are now compiled or revised: nor is Dr Stewart reviving any such character approach. Nor, in attending so much to "Dickens's precocious masterpiece" *Pickwick Papers*, is he questioning the current view of Dickens's development and of the supremacy of the later novels. For him, *Great Expectations* and *Our Mutual Friend* are his "most beautiful, perfect and satisfying novels", with the latter—his greatest—being "in ways that have never been fully noticed . . . Dickens's finest study of imagination, its outlets and repressions".

This suggests his theme. It is a commonplace that Dickens is pre-eminently imaginative in his creation of character, fable and phrase, and he often proclaimed his conviction that "the very holding of popular literature through a kind of popular dark age may depend on such fanciful treatment" (as he specifies in a letter to Forster), or, as he prettily put it in a remonstrance to Sir Henry Cole, that there should be "a little standing-room for Queen Mab's Chariot among the Steam Engines". What Dr Stewart observes and discusses much more fully than previous critics is that "Dickens's own characters become stylists with him, and a passion for expression is diffused through every level of his writing", and that an extraordinary number and range of his characters can be apprehended, understood and judged in terms of their imaginative processes (variously life-enhancing, escapist, fraudulent and sanative). Can be ranged, too: and hence Dr Stewart's progress from *Pickwick* to *Our Mutual Friend*, for he wants to use his "new way of looking at Dickens" to enrich our understanding of [...] development. Much of this [...] out well, though the moral [...] he draws is sometimes too [...]able:

> Fancy wants a certain drive, a push and rapidity. Whether in words or in wishful fiction, it must quicken, enliven. Sam Weller had it; Jingle, by trying to cash in on it, began to sell it short; Dick Swiveller and Mark Tapley had to make ends meet with this reduced and questionable legacy; Mrs Gamp drew too heavily on its depleted funds; and by the time of Flora Finching the reserves of imagination are hopelessly unbalanced, the fancy, spoken and otherwise, indeed bankrupt. Only the psychic investments of Jenny Wren's verbal and visionary energy three novels later can return the imagination to a kind of emotional solvency.

Many more topics are treated here, with freshness, brilliance and sensitivity, than can be listed. There are excellent analyses of Dickens's narrative styles, including his less felicitous ones: and, while Dr Stewart is not the man to miss a relevance, he wisely protests against a critic who insists too heavily on the structural and thematic uses of Dickens's verbal devices:

> But inutility itself is often the point of Dickens's word play. No one can deny the importance of seeing how Dickens's language *works*, but it is also important to notice in his prose a kind of verbal "fun" that is there largely to remind us that something exists which is the exact opposite of work, an impulse utterly non-utilitarian, a spirit of truancy and trifling.

Dr Stewart is especially good on the interpolated tales in *Pickwick*, on Mrs Gamp's language, on Dickens's debt to Ben Jonson (too brief here, though), on the relation between his eighteenth-century inheritance and his romantic preoccupations, on the complex case of Pip (where does imagination become "lies", as Joe Gargery calls it?), and on the nature and function of fever in the many characters who are visited by it, usually with purgatorial results.

It is stimulating to read this book alongside another recent study with a similar subtitle, John Carey's *The Violent Effigy: a Study of Dickens's Imagination* (reviewed in the *TLS*, November 1, 1974). Some of their preoccupations are the same: Dr Carey, for instance, starts from Dickens's fascination with fire, and Dr Stewart has a lengthy section on the many fire-gazers in the novels (generally, good ones see pictures in the fire, bad ones don't). Sometimes they clash head-on: of one speech by Jenny Wren, the central figure in Dr Stewart's final chapter, he comments, "This is magnificent writing, a brilliantly inflected prose . . . with no trace of sentimentality".

For Dr Carey, Jenny here "has some wistful religious experiences foisted on to her by Dickens", and her "maudlin vision is worthy of Paul Dombey himself" (no compliment, in Dr Carey's book). While my judgment here is closer to Dr Carey's and I find Jenny Wren a more equivocal success than Dr Stewart does, I learnt more about *Our Mutual Friend* from this chapter than from any other recent study.

Errors are few, that I have noticed, but it is surprising to find so well-equipped a scholar not knowing how to discover the authorship of *Household Words* items. He bolsters his argument about Dickens's championship of native vernacular English by a piece which "he wrote called 'Saxon-English'" for his periodical; its authors were in fact William Lowes Rushton and Henry Morley. Critically and stylistically, Dr Stewart's fatal Cleopatra is the pun. He starts punning in his acknowledgments, and is too apt to embellish his points with more of them—Tom Pinch "has been Dickens's provision (pre-vision) against the fatality of fancy", Mr Grummer's malapropism about "our sufferin Lord the King" seems in retrospect to "take on the resonance of a rather comprehensive pun", because suffering *is* sovereign. And he discovers puns more recondite than Dickens is likely to have implanted and than many readers will find convincing. Such flourishes give cleverness a bad name, but there is merit in a man who has cleverness to spare, and the verbal agility here [illegible] in cheerful excess. [illegible] Stewart [illegible] elsewhere.

# A taste for illustration

**By Derwent May**

JEFFREY MEYERS:
Painting and the Novel,
180pp. Manchester University Press. £4.50 (paperback, £1.95).

One could write some sort of book, no doubt, on anything and the novel; but "painting and the novel" can perhaps claim to be a little less arbitrary a topic than most of its kind. It is enough to read Henry James's youthful letters on seeing the Titians in London and the Tintorettos in Venice to realize how the passion to tell a great story in words may be stoked by the sight of a great story told in pictures. And the essential differences in strategy involved in telling a story in these two ways inspired one of the most elegant aesthetic essays ever written, Lessing's *Laocoon*, which still seems to touch the heart of the matter, in spite of all that has happened, in fiction and art, since Lessing died leaving the essay unfinished.

Nevertheless, even Lessing's fine thinking is a critic's construction, a critic's intervention, suggesting thoughts that are not likely to have bothered much the minds either of artists, or of writers of narrative, when actually getting down to work—thoughts that are only obliquely and illustratively relevant to the nature of success in either art. Jeffrey Meyers's *Painting and the Novel* avoids, for the most part, such large and volatile topics, and turns out to be a study of some individual novels in which paintings and other works of art are referred to, and of how these relate to the theme or overall effect of the books.

Unfortunately, diligent though he has been in picking out such books and examining the works mentioned in them, his judgment on the books as such seems constantly awry. He starts—a good choice—with *The Marble Faun*. Hawthorne's novel is so packed with "pictorial codes", in Roland Barthes's phrase, as to drive a puritanical French structuralist to apoplexy (in fact, the book was used by nineteenth-century visitors to Rome as a guidebook). Mr Meyers concentrates his attention on a painting by Guido Reni that appears in the novel, the portrait of Beatrice Cenci—but only in order to mock the "Philistine and provincial" Hawthorne, and Reni's "affectation, vapidity and bathos".

It may be conceded to Mr Meyers that Hawthorne flinched at times in the face of his own subject in the novel, the nameless sin—incest, Mr Meyers unhesitatingly declares—of Miriam, the dark, brilliant, mysterious painter. But Mr Meyers passes over an enormous wealth of interest in the novel that is directly connected with his subject. He does not even ask why Miriam's friend, Hilda—fair, open, innocent and severe—is not made into an artist by Hawthorne, but only a superlative copyist. A very unphilistine and unprovincial suggestion about the psychological sources of art is surely being made there. Nor does Mr Meyers discuss the way in which the steps in Hilda's growing knowledge of life are expressed in her changing relationship to the paintings around her in Rome: her first raptures, and the total submission to them that makes her copies so good; the scepticism that plagues her as she begins to see an artist's mistress peering out of the face of every madonna; and her final long, blank walk through the galleries, in a state of hysterical, shocked innocence, when all the paintings that spoke so intimately to her seem to have withdrawn into eternal silence. There is more hard-headed aesthetics in these scenes of Hawthorne's than is to be found anywhere in Mr Meyers's book; and it seems extraordinary that having chosen *The Marble Faun* for his very first essay, he has scarcely anything to say about them.

It should be added that his criticism of Reni's portrait of Beatrice also seems no more than a fossilized bit of "modernist" iconoclasm. Beatrice's face, both in the painting and in Hawthorne's description of it, haunts one with its enigmatic intertwining of guilt and suffering—and, in fact, offers a legitimate approach by which to criticize the novel. For when Hawthorne speculates in words on the similar ambiguities in Miriam's deeds and character, the verbal abstractions do not have half the power and persuasiveness of their counterpart in paint.

*Guido Reni's Beatrice Cenci.*

Strangely enough, when it comes to *The Wings of the Dove*, Mr Meyers uses just this kind of argument himself. He finds that James's style "stands as an implacable obstacle between the reader and the life of the book", but that James manages to "vivify" his characters by putting them into "significant conjunction with works of art". Mr Meyers brings out quite well the way in which the Bronzino portrait at Matcham, in the novel, and the Veronese "Marriage at Cana" in Venice comment on the characters, and also encourage them to look at themselves and each other in certain lights. But these useful comments scarcely needed to be framed by the suggestion that James could only draw an interesting character with his elbow propped on someone else's canvas.

With the works of art in Proust, Mr Meyers is in better-known territory, and treads more circumspectly; one of the best passages in his book is his account of Mantegna's "St James Led to Martyrdom", set against the scene where Swann remembers that painting as he goes into the "aquatic salon" of the Saint-Euvertes' house. With E. M. Forster, Mr Meyers is bolder again, ingeniously finding analogies at every turn of the plot to Ghirlandaio's fresco of the death of Santa Fina in *Where Angels Fear to Tread*, and to Giotto's "Ascension of St John the Evangelist" in *A Room with a View*.

But Mr Meyers's most extravagant claim for the beneficent influence of painting on a novel is made in his chapter on Lawrence's *The Rainbow*. He argues that Fra Angelico's painting of the Last Judgment, with its exalted vision of heaven and hell, is almost continuously being evoked by Lawrence in *The Rainbow*, providing a constant stream of imagery for the novel, and standing as a symbolic background against which its characters are judged, or into which they merge. In so far as any case of this sort can be made—and it involves almost complete suppression of the novel's marvellous feeling of "now and in England"—it is surely an illustration of the novel's weakness, rather than of its strength, as Mr Meyers supposes. Lessing here seems to speak very much to the point:

> The symbols, in the artist's representation, necessity has invented. For in no other way can he make plain what this or that figure signifies. But what the artist is driven to by necessity, why should the poet force upon himself? . . . [Poets] must not make painting's indigence the rule of their wealth. They must not regard the means which Art has invented in order to follow poetry as if they were perfections which they have reason to envy. When the artist adorns a figure with symbols, he raises a mere figure to a superior being. But when the poet makes use of these plastic bedizenments, he makes of a superior being a mere lay-figure.

Perhaps it would be too harsh to use the phrase "plastic bedizenments" of the symbolic elements in Lawrence's novels and stories; but they are certainly far from the best things to be found there.

Mr Meyers also, in my view, seriously overestimates the importance of the painting that comes into Camus's *La Chute*. This is a stolen panel, "The Just Judges", from Jan Van Eyck's altarpiece in the cathedral of St Bavon at Ghent, which the narrator, Clamence, has got hidden away in his lodgings. That detail in the novel must obviously carry a certain weight of meaning, though I am not convinced it is much more than a flashing reflection of Clamence's obsession with judging and being judged. However, it leads Mr Meyers into a detailed description of the whole vast polyptych with its twenty-four panels, and a detailed diagram of them all, from Zacharias to the Sibyl of Cumaea.

Other illustrations, it should be said, are more useful than this one, and indeed all the paintings referred to are reproduced, though some of the reproductions are very small and smudgy; the tiny strip at the foot of one page that claims to represent Holbein the Younger's "Christ in the Tomb" looks at first glance like a reversed line of printer's type.

All in all, if any creative lessons are to be learnt from Mr Meyers's book, it is perhaps painters who could benefit most. How many abstract painters are going to be commemorated in such great novels as those Mr Meyers discusses? John Fowles did recently describe some abstract pictures in a short story, "The Ebony Tower", but only to show up the limitations of the artist who had painted them. Mr Meyers's book makes me think, actually, of some Stanley Spencer painting of country bodies on resurrection day; its ideas are just like those unkempt, blinking figures, who certainly have a real relation to some glorious message, but could hardly as yet tell you what that message is.

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# The full implications

**By Robert Harnish**

[...] WILSON:
[...]sitions and Non-Truth-[...] Semantics
[...] Academic Press. £4.60.

[...]times, two heralded in the [...] intricately and deftly [...] in this slender but im[...] book, and these should be [...] out for scrutiny. First, [...] Wilson argues both for [...] and descriptive reasons [...] simple truth-conditional [...] is inadequate. Secondly, [...] (most compellingly) that [...] and philosophers have mis[...] certain linguistic data [...] suppositional. Thirdly, she [...] this data is best handled [...] ("pragmatic") theory of "pre[...] interpretation". Finally, [...] that a truth-conditional [...] should be supplemented [...] theory of non-logical (but [...]) implication. I shall com[...] the first two and the last [...] themes.

[...] linguists today would agree [...] adequate semantic descrip[...] a natural language must [...] among the infinite number [...] of the language, those [...] ambiguous, redundant, [...] true, contradictory etc, [...] sentences bear such rela[...] as full (synonymy) or [...] paraphrase, entailment etc. [...] other. According to Dr Wilson, a truth-conditional semantics is one which attempts to account for (at least some of) the above semantic properties and relations by pairing all sentences in the language with a specification of their individually necessary and jointly sufficient truth-conditions. These latter notions are defined in terms of entailment: a sentence S expresses a sufficient truth-condition for a sentence P, and P expresses a necessary truth-condition for S if and only if S entails P. A very strong notion of entailment is used throughout the book: a sentence S entails a sentence P just in case if S is true then P must also be true, and if P is false then S must also be false. As an example of truth-conditional analysis "Archibald is an adult and Archibald is a male and Archibald is a person" is cited as stating necessary and sufficient conditions for the truth of "Archibald is a man".

Dr Wilson's theoretical objections to truth-conditional semantics are puzzling because her conception of a truth-conditional semantics is puzzling. At one point she claims that she is referring to semantic theories along the lines of Donald Davidson and others. But the semantics Dr Wilson sketches contains elements explicitly disavowed by Davidson. In his view the above semantics conflates representation of truth-structure (logical form) with analysis of meaning.

Also, Dr Wilson faults truth-conditional semantics for side-stepping the problem of analysing "meaning". But of course Davidson is not attempting to do any such thing, but rather to give a recursive definition of *satisfaction by an arbitrary sequence*, and thereby, "true". Finally, Dr Wilson faults the theory for not defining one of its central terms "necessarily true" (or "must be true"). Again, this is certainly not a term central to Davidson's project and nor is the notion of entailment, which Dr Wilson defines in terms of it. Her truth-conditional semantics appears, in fact, to be more a reformulation of the compositional semantics of, say, J. J. Katz, than the semantics of Tarski or Davidson.

To argue her second theme, that a presuppositional analysis of various data is incorrect, Dr Wilson formulates and criticizes two plausible versions of such a theory. The detail and subtlety of much of this discussion resists summary, but the general structure of the argument seems clear.

In its strong form the *logical* version of a presuppositional semantics associates with every declarative sentence two sets of conditions: first, a set of truth conditions (as just defined); and second, a set of truth-or-falsity conditions (presuppositions) such that if any of its members is false, the sentence must lack a truth-value, but if the sentence is true then each member of the set must be true. For example, "John has stopped beating his wife" is said to assert or entail that John is not now beating his wife, but to presuppose that he had been beating her.

Dr Wilson's strategy against logical presuppositions takes the guise of showing first that the (alleged) presuppositions exhibit the logical and distributional properties of entailments (and so can be treated as such), and second that the presuppositions can be false. Then, given some "metatheorems", including one to the effect that no sentence that can be false can be both entailed and presupposed by a given sentence, Dr Wilson is able to conclude that these are not really cases of presupposition. One weakness of these arguments is the fact that the "metatheorems" require the strong definition of entailment, one not generally embraced in the literature, and readers will have to work out for themselves which cases intuitively satisfy the stronger definition and which do not. Though these are not all knock-down arguments, they have the virtue that to refute them the presuppositionalist will have to advance our understanding of the subject beyond Dr Wilson's advance, and that is not inconsiderable.

The second candidate presuppositional theory is dubbed "pragmatic". Characteristically semantic theories of this type associate with every sentence two sets of conditions: the first express the content of speech-acts such as asserting, questioning, ordering, which the sentence can be used to perform; the second (the pragmatic presuppositions) are conditions on the appropriate use of the sentence to perform felicitous speech-acts. For instance "x is a bachelor (spinster)" might be said to *assert* that x is unmarried, but would *presuppose* that x is adult and male (female). But as Dr Wilson observes, if one's neighbour is in fact unmarried, then both "My neighbour is a bachelor" and "My neighbour is a spinster" would on this theory be true, though one will be inappropriate. This offends our intuitions concerning truth. The logical and the pragmatic versions of the presuppositional theory receive interesting modification and further criticism at Dr Wilson's hands.

As her final theme she suggests that there is a range of cases which a truth-conditional semantics cannot handle, which are genuinely semantic and so must be incorporated into any adequate theory. For example "John is not *yet* here" is said to suggest that John is (expected) to be here. Likewise, the difference between such pairs as "deprive" and "spare", "unusual" and "abnormal", "plots" and "plans", "trust" and "credulity", "gloating" and "rejoicing", "recklessness" and "daring" is said to reside in various evaluative implications.

Thus one *deprives* someone of something by withholding a good thing, and *spares* them by withholding a bad thing. Dr Wilson calls these cases of non-logical implication because she feels that the implications can be denied without contradicting the assertion, e.g, "I'm going to deprive the public of your book, worthless as it is". On the other hand, if truth is insensitive to these implications then "I did not deprive him of 15 hours of teaching, I spared him it" should turn out contradictory (I did not and I did, without it), which it is clearly not. Dr Wilson makes some suggestions for handling such examples but expresses only limited confidence in them. It might be noted that some of the regularities are more general than the lists of words suggest. For example, the implication induced by "yet" can be induced by a wide variety of modifiers which set a temporal bound on the activity expressed by the verb: "He has not arrived yet, as of now, by 4.00", etc.

Though I have dwelt on the book's limitations rather than its considerable virtues, I should say that Dr Wilson has given us here a concisely (occasionally archly) written discussion of a cluster of hard topics at the borderline of linguistics and philosophy. She is enviably qualified for this task, having been trained in philosophy at Oxford and linguistics at MIT. Her dissertation at MIT forms the heart of the present book.

A second edition has just been published of J. L. Austin's *How To Do Things With Words* (169pp, Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £4.50), one of the most influential books in philosophy to have appeared in Britain in the past thirty years. The book was first published in 1962, after Austin's death, and was based on the notes which survived from the William James Lectures he gave at Harvard in the mid-1950s. For the second edition the editors, Marina Sbisà and J. O. Urmson, have checked the printed text of the first edition against Austin's notes and made in all some eighty additions or alterations, the most interesting of which are concerned with the nature of perlocutionary acts (perlocutionary acts being one of the three types of speech act in Austin's classification of the locutionary, the elocutionary and the perlocutionary). *How To Do Things With Words* remains a splendidly accessible and original essay in the philosophy of language.

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# [...]e overlapping grammars of Guyana

**[...]B. Le Page**

[...] BICKERTON:
[...] of a Creole System
[...] Cambridge University Press.

[...]istics, as elsewhere, every [...]ble attempt is a wholly new [...] a different kind of failure. [...] has yet learnt to get the [...] words. Derek Bickerton's [...] is, however, of such out[...] importance that all lin[...] will have to take very careful [...] what he has to say in *Dyna[...] a Creole System* and to share [...] failure with him as a [...] experience.

[...] alluvial coastal strip of [...] are the descendants of those [...] there as slaves or planters [...] indentured servants, to grow [...]. The more recent arrivals—[...] Indians—preserve in their [...] communities the broadest [...] vernacular, learnt from freed [...]. The descendants of those [...] have in the meantime pro[...] urban society in George[...] which the more ambitious East [...] have also penetrated in [...] decades. Throughout the [...] system the model lan[...] is based to a large extent [...] British or American [...]. Until recently the creole has [...] stigmatized—but also [...], especially by those seek[...] distinctively national form of [...].

[...] *Language* 49, 3 Mr Bickerton [...] a carefully reasoned [...] "the nature of a creole [...]"—that is, of the langu[...] system or systems which can [...] in such communities. [...] of that last sentence [...] ambiguities which remain [...] book, to which the article [...] prolegomenon. There are [...] about the ontological [...] the linguistic systems, and [...] of autonomy which can [...] to inherent formal [...] there are concomitant [...] about the relationship of [...] to the system—whether [...] speakers have compe[...] same kind in the system [...] whether the system is [...] a statement which joins [...] the overlapping systems of [...] speakers; or whether it [...] more some kind of [...] in relation to which some [...] are moving and some [...] still, the escalator itself [...] a process of linguistic [...].

[...] question of the autonomy of [...] system lies at the heart of [...] Bickerton's analysis and the arguments he bases on his data. He begins by discussing problems in the description of creole systems; proceeds by analysing the verb-phrase of the broadest (that is, furthest from standard) Guyanese vernacular, then describes the transitional stages by which more standard features replace those of this "basilect", until he arrives at a description of the final stages of the approach by educated Guyanese to a standard—their "acrolect". His closing chapter discusses (at length, and with a good deal of simile and metaphor) the implications for linguistic theory of the discoveries he has made through this painstaking analysis.

He finds that the rules for discourse in Guyanese society involve a knowledge of more than one grammar; and the grammars which make up the grammar of "Guyanese" must be described in "purely linguistic" terms, adding rules to convert one to the next. Nevertheless, he recognizes that the semantic base of the broad vernacular grammar is different from that of educated use—for example, the former does not formally distinguish between iterative and continuative verb phrases as we do, for example, in *He goes to Scarborough daily* and *He is going to Scarborough daily*; the speaker competent in more than one grammar must therefore also be able to match the semantic concepts of one variety against those of another in order to carry out the changes required when making a shift of style or code.

Stating the rules correctly must depend upon being able to use universally valid grammatical categories; and indeed, Mr Bickerton regards the Guyanese linguistic continuum as part of the world-wide language continuum, throughout which such universals must operate. In this sense, therefore, we are confronted with unchanging universal semantic categories on to which various grammars are mapped (rather than a relational concept of language which would see a formal code idiosyncratically used to interact with a fuzzily mapped universe so as to bring it more into focus). Moreover, all speakers must in some sense "know" all the universals; certainly Guyanese speakers are assumed to "know" them, since they are said to have a "polylectal competence"—that is, to "know" more than one grammar. However, what is involved by *knowing* is, Mr Bickerton comments, far less transparent and unambiguous than Noam Chomsky and others assume; it must apparently sometimes mean simply knowing that other possible forms are used in the community. (This modification of Chomskyan competence in the direction of some kind of passive competence does not really help.) Mr Bickerton finds he can arrange the grammatical phrases taken from a large corpus of utterances in progression across a continuum from, for example, *mi tel am wa mi a du* to *I told him what I was doing*, through all the stages of the "mesolect"—that mixed variety between the two polar extremes. The fact, first, that they can be so arranged and, secondly, that one does not normally find mixing of forms within the phrase (**wa mi a duing*, for example, does not occur) persuades him both of the validity of his model of the continuum and of the necessity for more than one grammar. He dismisses both the argument that the "continuum" may be a product of the arranger's art, and also the concept of variable rules which could allow a variety of surface forms to be generated from one underlying grammar. He does not resist—indeed, he embraces—the temptation to argue from statistical norms to normative grammars; there *are* utterances in his corpus in which forms are "mixed" but these are regarded as deviant.

He has a sufficient proportion of utterances which are consistent with his basilectal grammar to establish that as one pole, and of those consistent with the acrolect to establish that as the other pole; a sufficient proportion of invariant or nearly-invariant speakers to support a thesis of polar lects with invariable rules; and a theory of language change which regards the mesolectal portion of the continuum as reflecting a process of change in "the Guyanese language" so that (to extend my own image) some speakers have not yet stepped on to the escalator, some are just stepping off, some are walking up and some standing still as their own stair moves upwards. It is, however, the escalator itself which Mr Bickerton is primarily concerned with, not the speakers.

His line of demonstration and reasoning leads him through many thickets, and one has the impression—which it would take many months with his book and his corpus to check—of a good deal of ad hoc bush clearance in order to keep the path straight, as also to justify the model of the continuum here presented as dynamic and generative. To take just one example, Table 4.1 is headed "Acquisition of standard-English features", and is said to show a striking consistency in the order in which features are acquired as speakers move towards standard. The features: *doesn't*, *am*, *-s* as in *he hits*, *were*, *are*, *will*, "*strong*" *past tense forms*, *have*, "*weak*" *past tense forms*, *had*, *was*, are set out in that order; on the other axis mesolectal speakers are arranged to show that, for example, almost everybody who uses *are* uses everything to the right of *are* also, and almost everybody who does not use *were* does not use anything to the left of *were* either.

One could do the same in a community with the ownership of cars, houses and farms; one could show that nearly everybody with a house had a car, and nearly everybody with a farm had a house and a car; but it would not follow that everybody who had a farm bought first a car, then a house, then a farm. There may be factors which make it nearly impossible to buy a farm without a house. I do not think we are told anywhere in the text what proportion of the total number of non-basilectal speakers are included in this table (some other useful details about the table are also omitted), nor how often as a proportion of all his utterances a speaker had to use non-basilectal forms in order to qualify as mesolectal. A long footnote on page 116 deals with apparent inconsistencies in assigning speakers to "lects", and we are told that a speaker may be at one point on the scale in respect of his negation-rules and another in respect of past-tense reference for verbs. "Positions in the continuum are really abstract levels, not the fixed locations of actual speakers."

Certainly Table 4.1 seems to show a considerable degree of scalability in the behaviour of a selected group of informants, and to this extent contributes to the general strength of one of Mr Bickerton's arguments, which in an extreme form might seem to be a grammatical version of the Whorfian hypothesis: that the invariant grammatical rules of a continuous linguistic universe are using us as their vehicles. However, there is sufficient irregularity within it to make one wish for further tests with more data and alternative hypotheses.

There are a number of suspect areas of this kind in the book. One has the suspicion—perhaps unjustified, but without the full corpus one cannot tell—that there has been a very considerable winnowing of the data; in general, only the supportive evidence is presented. The author's arguments are themselves so normative that one is on one's guard. The many claims made are usually strong claims, and if they can be substantiated important conclusions follow. It is impossible to do justice to them in a short review.

Whether or not one cares for the reified abstractions in which the book abounds, the effort to prove Mr Bickerton right or wrong over one or other of these claims will occupy us for some time to come, and in the course of the argument both the social theory and the linguistic theory of language are likely to be considerably illuminated.

# Renascent minorities

## By Gerald Moore

**MAX DORSINVILLE:**

**Caliban Without Prospero**

227pp. Erin, Ontario: Press Porcépic.

As a Haitian living and teaching in Montreal Max Dorsinville is peculiarly well equipped to write *Caliban Without Prospero*, a comparative study of Québecoise and black American literatures. Sharing the language, religion and sense of beleaguerment of the French Canadian, he also shares the racial exile of the black, unrooted to a transatlantic continent whose destiny and direction appear to be forever white. He generally avoids the danger of overstressing the similarities of the two literatures and takes full account of their differing periodicities, but the comparison is sufficiently detailed and illuminating to establish its own validity.

In the earliest phase of both literatures the similarities are perhaps least apparent. Several early black American writers take "the tragic mulatto" rather than the indubitable black as their central figure and appear to embrace assimilation as their ultimate ideal. "Passing for white" is not only shown as a common objective for characters in this intermediate state, but is often seen as a kind of physical embodiment of a cultural process on which the whole race is embarked. Thus in early novels like William Wells Brown's *Clotel* (1853) and Charles Chesnutt's *The House Behind the Cedars* (1900) we have a mulatto girl whose assimilist aspirations are crushed by the revelation of her African blood, while in James Weldon Johnson's *Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man* (1912) the mulatto hero finally renounces his black ancestry, marries a white girl and lives with the "guilty secret" of his colour hidden from the world.

The same ambiguous figure is still found as late as the 1920s in Kabnis, a character in Jean Toomer's *Cane* (1924) who seems to carry with him much of his author's own misery in his divided, intermediate sensibility; and in the heroine of Wallace Thurman's *The Blacker the Berry* (1929). Thereafter the main thrust of creative expression seems to shift away from mulatto authors and characters towards a more forthright assertion of ineradicable blackness.

At a comparable period Québecoise literature is much more assertive of its separation from and superiority to the Anglo-Saxon America around it. The word "race" is used just as often as in black American writing, although there is in fact no difference of race, but one founded on culture, language and religion. The possibility of hybridization and even assimilation is glimpsed, but is implicitly condemned in the fate of the characters who attempt it. Thus marriage to or liaison with an invariably blonde English Canadian girl always ends in separation and a return to the rural fastness of Quebec. What Dr Dorsinville calls the "Messianic destiny" of the French Canadian is seen to depend upon his strict adherence to the life of small agricultural communities, large families ("the revenge of the cradles" for the English conquest of 1760), clerical dominance and separatist politics. It is only with the increasing mobility brought by the Second World War and the breakdown of the old machine politics with the death of Duplessis in 1959 that any substantial volume of protest is raised in literature against the narrow bigotry and obscurantism which went along with this Messianism.

Through analysis of such works as Roger Lemelin's *Au Pied de la Pente Douce* (1944), set in a slum district of Quebec City, and Gabrielle Roy's *Bonheur d'occasion* (1945), which explores a similar environment in Montreal, Dr Dorsinville shows the emergence of a younger generation which counts the full cost of urban squalor and ignorance, while refusing to take refuge in the rural nostalgia still clung to by their parents. Later novels show the high curve of violent separatism in the 1960s moving down into the sophisticated federalism of the Trudeau era and the ironic detachment of a recent work like Roch Carrier's *La Guerre, Yes Sir!*, which frankly acknowledges the hybrid nature of Canadian culture and views its peculiarities with a comprehensive eye. There is a close reflection in contemporary fiction of French Canada's movement out of its old defensive *laager* and into the life of the nation at the political, intellectual and professional levels.

Returning to black American literature, Dr Dorsinville sees the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s as having played too much upon white expectations in its presentation of Harlem life as one long rent-party conducted in jive-ass rhythm. The real tragedy and horror of life in the new black slums of New York, Chicago and other cities does not erupt in literature (though it is heard in the blues) until Richard Wright's *Native Son* in 1940. Dr Dorsinville writes sensitively about such key works in the evolution of black consciousness as Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, LeRoi Jones's *System of Dante's Hell* and W. M. Kelley's *Dem*, all of which are far more introspective than earlier black writing; less concerned with narrating externalized action and more with a plunge into the psyche of "invisibility" in the mid- heedless white world.

But the study suffers at this from its concentration upon fi since poetry and drama have over from the novel as the channels of black expression in 1960s and 1970s. This charge form almost certainly reflects search for a wider and immediate audience among black community, and it have been valuable to see an an exploration of this new in black expression but a for any comparable move among French Canadians.

The other major shortcoming the book is that the Prospero ban model does not work convinc ly well, since the French Canad though conquered and reduced a minority in his own "isla was never stripped of his language and culture or lite enslaved to an alien one, as Ca was by Prospero and the Afr captive was in white America. use of this model thus creates occasional sense of strained parison which is not borne out the scrupulousness of Dr Do ville's actual analysis. The abi interest of the study lies as in the differences it reveals as such similarities of aim or idea as it is able to establish.

# Testimonials to Neruda

## By Robert Pring-Mill

**JAIME CONCHA:**

**Neruda 1904-1936**

282pp. Santiago: Editorial Universitaria.

**CARLOS D. HAMILTON:**

**Pablo Neruda: Poeta chileno universal**

280pp. Santiago: Lord Cochrane.

**ANGEL FLORES (Editor):**

**Aproximaciones a Pablo Neruda**

255pp. Barcelona: Ocnos.

**ALVARO SARMIENTO and FINA TORRES:**

**Neruda: entierro y testamento**

151pp. Las Palmas: Iventarios Provisionales Editores.

The most interesting of these new books on Neruda, prompted either by his Nobel Prize or by his death in September 1973, is *Neruda (1904-1936)* by the Chilean Marxist Jaime Concha, which was among the titles deleted from Editorial Universitaria's list immediately after the coup, though it has since reappeared. Señor Concha has a zest for explaining Neruda's poetry in social terms and, although his interpretations are not always convincing, he has produced an excellent account of the socio-historical background to Neruda's early years. The introductory chapter makes good use of much non-Nerudian documentation, as well as of the poet's student contributions to *Claridad*, which have never been reprinted. Señor Concha's social approach is least rewarding on *Crepusculario* and the *Veinte poemas*, but his analysis of the relationship between these collections and other early works shows him to be a critic of great sensibility. His major contribution is undoubtedly his long analysis of Neruda's developing attitudes in *Residencia en la tierra* (I and II), in which his acute response to the poems themselves is enhanced by his ability to relate them to the circumstances of the four successive phases of Neruda's life during which they were written. Though his social explanation of Neruda's "alienation" goes too far, it provides a useful counterweight both to the stylistic dogmatism of Amado Alonso's classic *Poesía y estilo de Pablo Neruda* and to the more philosophical approach of Alfredo Lozada's *El monismo agónico de Pablo Neruda* (see *TLS*, May 11, 1973).

Carlos D. Hamilton's *Pablo Neruda: Poeta Chileno Universal* contains numerous errors of fact—misspellings in titles, wrong dates of first publication, careless references—which suggest that the author has either not seen or not examined with much assiduity various editions to which he alludes with an air of authority. But some of Señor Hamilton's remarks on individual poems are thought-provoking, particularly when he brings his native knowledge of Chilean Spanish to bear on a text.

*Aproximaciones a Pablo Neruda*, compiled by Angel Flores, brings together twenty-one pieces on Neruda's poetry up to the *Odas elementales* (1954)—particularly useful because many items are not readily accessible in their original form. From the editorial point of view, however, it has a number of shortcomings: there is no list of acknowledgments to the periodicals or books in which each item first appeared, and as the titles of many contributions have been silently altered it is not always easy to establish whether they correspond to items by their authors listed in the bibliography. Some have also been abridged by the editor with out comment, but most are worth having, and one particul welcomes the preponderance of cussions of individual poems general studies. The most p able direction for Nerudian c cism to pursue in the immed future is beyond doubt that w involves such close attention individual texts.

*Neruda: entierro y testame* produced by an out-of-the-way lisher, is not a book of criti but a "testimonio". Alvaro miento's account of Neruda's de and funeral, while it is mor adds little to our knowledge, the late poems by Neruda have been published in the posthum collections. The book's great me lies in its illustrations: fort eight graphic snapshots by Fi Torres, of which thirty-th show details of Neruda's pilla house in Santiago, his *velorio* am the wreckage, or the funeral it while the others capture the and resolute mood of Santiago the coup. Regrettably, Señor miento's notes perpetuate the so widely diffused by the Chi Solidarity Campaign that " Satrapías" was Neruda's final p ("escrito el 15 de septiembre, tro días después del golpe tar"): it should be put on re that this is simply an updated sion of part of the *Canto ge* aptly and enterprisingly publ as Neruda's reaction to the coup an Argentine newspaper just his death. What is significan that the text should merely nee change 1948 to 1973, and "Tru Somoza, Carías . . . con Moríni Natalicio)" to "Nixon, Frei y ochet . . . con Bordaberry, Ga stazú y Banzer" to be as politic "relevant" today as it was w the *Canto general* appeared.

# Love among the ruins

## By Martin Turnell

**KEITH H. MACFARLANE:**

**Tristan Corbière dans "Les Amours Jaunes"**

274pp. Paris: Minard.

Although Keith Macfarlane attaches less importance to Corbière's ill-health than Michel Dansel (*TLS*, February 15, 1975), the main theme of *Tristan Corbière dans "Les Amours jaunes"* is the problem of the poet's personality. This is admirably reflected, as he points out, in a line from "Le Poète contumace" in which Corbière describes himself as "En dehors de l'humaine piste". In his four chapters on identity, love, death and style, Mr Macfarlane shows that the poet's personality was completely at variance with the world in which he lived. It presented Corbière not merely with his greatest difficulties, but with the chief material for his poems. Mr Macfarlane rightly observes that "love constituted the only gleam of hope in an existence that was otherwise ruined". One of the paradoxes is of course that though his love for "Marcelle" apparently ended in failure, it produced some of Corbière's greatest and most original poems about the complexity of love in its various stages.

In spite of the conflict between the poet and life, his poetry is essentially autobiographical. Mr Macfarlane argues convincingly that the poet had "une cohésion indéniable". He goes on: "It is the cohesion of his personality which, projected into the work, gives it its unity. One would even go so far as to say a necessity which links all parts of this diverse and varied poetic work."

One of the most important factors is naturally Corbière's attitude to the traditional conception of the "poetic". "What interests Corbière in those poets [whom] he attacks in his own poems], what rouses his ill-temper, is the professional deformation according to which the events of life are important to the extent to which they serve as a spring-board for literary production." This underlines the uniqueness of Corbière's poetry and explains the disparaging way he spoke of writing in general, which he claimed to dislike. Instead of life being a useful means of inspiring writing which might win material and social success for the author, for Corbière writing was the sole means of enabling him not to succumb absolutely to life's misfortunes, and may even have saved him from suicide.

This attitude is naturally linked to Corbière's conception of style. Mr Macfarlane puts it well:

> Tristan knows that he is a poet: that is a certainty that he does not cease to proclaim in *Les Amours jaunes*. . . . He will be led to contest the traditional conception of poetry, but without ever losing sight of the essentially paradoxical nature of his position.

His hostility to tradition is most brilliantly illustrated by his attack on Hugo in "La Fin". "The essentially paradoxical nature of his position" is evident in his conception of style. With genuine poets, as Mr Macfarlane remarks, it is a matter of "renewing language as a function of their experience of the world without recourse to traditional formulas which solidify language in an immobility of conventions". That is precisely what Corbière did. He rejected anything in the nature of conventional style which normally attracted a conservative public, introduced the strongly personal elements of his own style and what has been rightly called his use of "unorthodox language" which explains his poetry's long delay in winning full recognition, particularly in his own country.

Mr Macfarlane's work is an excellent and highly stimulating study which no student of Corbière should neglect. There is, however, one element to which so far neither he nor other critics seem to have paid all the attention it deserves. One of the most striking things about Corbière's poetry is the dominant part played by what can only be described as black comedy. For the derisive remarks about himself and his poetry are clearly related not only to the caricatures of himself in his drawings—particularly the one that he produced for the frontispiece of the first edition of *Les Amours jaunes*—but also to the extraordinary and sometimes frightening jokes that he played on his fellows in real life. The connexion between poems, drawings and life are a perfect illustration of what Mr Macfarlane says about the unity of his work and its essentially autobiographical nature.


**Specialist Booksellers' Announcements**

**R. J. GOULDEN**
15 Coverdale Gardens, E. Croydon
Catalogue 4 ready: *on offer are*: Ariel Poems; Austen's Sense and Sensibility; T. S. Eliot's signed poems; an inscribed Masefield; an extra illustrated *Vanity Fair*; Yellow Book.


# What's best in the East

## By John White

**HANS KAUFMANN (Editor):**

**Positionen der DDR-Literaturwissenschaft**

Auswahl aus den Weimarer Beiträgen

Volume 1: (1955-1970). 269pp.
Volume 2: (1971-1973). 283pp.
Kronberg: Scriptor. DM12.80 each.

The three major literary periodicals of East Germany, *Sinn und Form*, *Neue deutsche Literatur* and *Weimarer Beiträge* all publish a mixture of essays, discussions and reviews, but each within a very different format and displaying a distinct cultural identity. *Weimarer Beiträge* is the most strictly academic of the three, being less the combination of literary magazine and critical journal than the other two and devoting itself primarily to the discovery and investigation of a national literature. In the two volumes of *Positionen der DDR-Literaturwissenschaft* Hans Kaufmann has assembled an antho of some of the periodical's b pieces from the past two deca although his choice had unfort tely to be, to some extent, lim by demands of space, so that of the more substantial seri contributions to *Weimarer Beit* (always one of its highlights), h been omitted. Both volumes prefaced by the same useful torial outline of the journal's tory and the material in them arranged in chronological order.

The year 1970, the closing-po for the first volume, was a deci one in the journal's history, fo was at this time that its scope widened to encompass more eral aspects of "Kultur-theorie" well as literary criticism, cult politics and aesthetics. Apart f offering a representative selec of essays in German studies, compilation is particularly us for its reprints of interv with Anna Seghers, Volker B and Franz Fühmann, for the w on narrative technique, commun tion and reader-response by Rob Weimann and Manfred Naumann and for Ingeborge Münz-Koenen essay on literature and television.



# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS


## LIBRARIANS

**AYRSHIRE AND ARRAN HEALTH BOARD**

NORTH AYRSHIRE AND ARRAN DISTRICT
Street, Kilmarnock Ayrshire

SCHOOL OF NURSING —LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from qualified persons (A.L.A.) for the above POST in the NORTH AYRSHIRE SCHOOL OF

is a Group Training School and are maintained at Ayrshire Central Hospital, Kilmarnock, Kirklandside and Ravenspark. In approximately time, the School of will transfer to the new General Hospital at Crosshouse and will service the entire from this venue.

The successful applicant will be responsible for promoting the use of the in the furthering of education.

Salary scale will be on the Administrative Grade to £3,554, and Whitley conditions of service apply. Accommodation is available in the vicinity if required.

Application forms and job description to be obtained from the District Administrator at the above address and completed forms should be returned by the 28th October.

**BATH COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION**

Newton Park, Bath, BA1 59F
a TUTOR LIBRARIAN at the former college of Education.
Lecturer (11) £3,279 to £5,493 p.a.
Further details of the post and forms of application may be obtained from the principal at the above address.

**HERIOT-WATT UNIVERSITY**

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Grade 1A)

Applications are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in charge of the Library serving the Department of Economic and Social Studies and the Departments of Electrical and Electronic Engineering and Computer Science: this Library is situated in central Edinburgh.

Applicants should preferably be graduates with library qualifications and experience, but other candidates with appropriate experience and qualifications will be considered. Salary on the scale £2,778 to £5,022 (under review). Further particulars from the Secretary of the University, Heriot-Watt University, Chambers Street, Edinburgh EH1 1HX, to whom applications giving a curriculum vitae and names of two referees should be sent by 10th October, 1975.

**HEREFORD AND WORCESTER COUNTY COUNCIL**

WORCESTER TECHNICAL COLLEGE
Deansway, Worcester
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for this post: £2,922 to £3,282 per annum.

Applicants should be CHARTERED LIBRARIANS who wish to extend experience in all aspects of College Librarianship. The Librarian will also be concerned with the general management of the library under the direction of the Librarian.

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Chief Education Officer to whom completed applications should be returned by 30th September.

**LIBRARY ASSISTANT**

TECHNICAL CENTRE

The Unigate Group, requires a LIBRARY ASSISTANT to carry out library duties at their new in Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire, November/December.

The Library Assistant will be the member of the library staff, responsible to the Librarian/Information Officer for much of the routine running of the library. This will include journal circulation, cataloguing and supervision of loans.

Candidates should have two or more years' experience in a scientific or technical library, and must have typing ability. The successful candidate will be required to spend two to three weeks in London with the library prior to moving to Wiltshire. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience.

Please write for application form to The Personnel Administrator, Unigate Central Laboratory, Western Avenue, Acton, London, W3 0SQ.

**HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL**

HERTFORDSHIRE COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN

Required for January — TUTOR-LIBRARIAN (Lecturer Grade II) to be responsible for the college library.

Salary £3,279 to £5,493 plus Outer London Fringe Benefit.

Applications to the Principal, 7 Hatfield Road, St Albans, with names and addresses of two referees from whom further details can be obtained.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL**

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

We require a CHARTERED LIBRARIAN at the QUARRYDALE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL
Stoneyford Road, Sutton in Ashfield Nottinghamshire

Salary will be within the range AP3 a £2,922 to £3,702.

Generous assistance will be given with the expenses incurred in moving house in accordance with the Authority's scheme.

For further details, write to the Director of Education, County Hall, West Bridgford, Nottingham, or ring Nottingham 863366 extension 702. Applications should be sent direct to the Headmaster at the school. Closing date for applications 3rd October, 1975. Please quote reference 136.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL**

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

We require a CHARTERED LIBRARIAN for the above post at the NORTH BORDER COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL
Hirculas, Doncaster

Salary will be within the range AP3, £2,922 to £3,282 per annum.

Generous assistance will be given with the expenses incurred in moving house in accordance with the Authority's scheme.

For further details write to the Director of Education, County Hall, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 7QP, or telephone Nottingham 863366 ext. 702. Applications should be sent direct to the Headmaster at the school mentioned. Closing date 3rd October, 1975. Please quote ref. 136.

**OXFORD UNIVERSITY**

HISTORY FACULTY LIBRARY

JUNIOR ASSISTANT required for general library duties. Library experience, ability to type, and knowledge of languages would be useful, but not essential. Irregular hours, including some Saturdays. 36½-hour week, good holidays.

Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience on Grade 1 Scale (£1,260 to £1,941 per annum).

Apply in writing to the Librarian, History Faculty Library, Merton Street, Oxford, OX1 4JG, with full details and names of two referees before 30th September.

**THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY OF BELFAST**

LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from professionally qualified graduates for the POST of SUB-LIBRARIAN tenable from 1st November, 1975, or such later date as may be arranged. The Sub-Librarian (Main Library) will be in charge of the combined Acquisitions and Cataloguing Departments. Salary will be on the scale (under review) £4,818 to £6,051 with F.S.S.U. / U.S.S. Assistance is available with removal expenses.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Personnel Officer, The Queen's University of Belfast, Belfast BT7 1NN, Northern Ireland, to whom applications should be sent by 3rd October, 1975.

**ST. PETER'S COLLEGE**

(Church of England College of Education)
Saltley, Birmingham B8 3TE

TUTOR LIBRARIAN required for this College of 610 (men and women) students. A graduate with appropriate training and experience will be paid on the Pelham Lecturer Grade II scale £3,279-£5,493 p.a. The appointment will be taken up from 1st January, 1976.

Full particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Senior Administrative Officer to whom applications should be returned by 10th October, 1975.

**ROYAL BOROUGH OF KINGSTON UPON THAMES**

BOROUGH LIBRARIAN AND CURATOR'S DEPARTMENT

**CAREER OPPORTUNITY IN KINGSTON UPON THAMES**

BRANCH LIBRARIAN
£3,183-£3,543 p.a.

An enthusiastic and energetic librarian is required to take charge of a busy branch library currently undergoing improvement and re-design, issuing 180,000 books per annum, and situated in a pleasant area. The post requires a community interest and is suitable for a person recently chartered and who wishes to develop his/her career in an expanding library service. Commencing salary will be within the above scale, which includes London Weighting, according to qualifications and experience.

The Council operates a generous scheme of financial assistance to newly appointed officers in approved cases.

Application forms and job descriptions are obtainable from the Borough Librarian and Curator, Central Library, Fairfield Road, Kingston Upon Thames KT1 2PS. Telephone 01-549 0226, during normal office hours. Closing date for applications: 3rd October. 24/75(XII).

**METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF SANDWELL**

WARLEY COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
Crockotts Lane, Smethwick, Warley, B66 3BU, West Midlands

APPLICATIONS are invited for appointment to the full-time POST of LIBRARY ASSISTANT at the Oldbury Building.

Salary is in accordance with the National Joint Council Scale for Clerical Grade 1, i.e., £1,140 p.a. to £1,914 p.a. Commencing salary according to age and experience.

Application forms and further particulars (quoting reference No. TECH/78 LIB) may be obtained from the Vice-Principal, Warley College of Technology, Crockotts Lane, Smethwick, Warley, B66 3BU, West Midlands, to whom completed applications should be returned within seven days of the appearance of this advertisement.

**POLYTECHNIC OF THE SOUTH BANK**

LIBRARY

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT (Issue Control) (Ref. 1..37)

To supervise the loan system in a newly-opened 600-seat main library.

Applicants should be qualified Librarians with appropriate experience.

Salary: ILEA Librarian 3 (£3,326 to £4,095) inclusive of London weighting.

Further details and application forms from the Clerk to the Council, Room 634, Polytechnic of the South Bank, London SE1 0AA. Tel. 01-928 8989.

Closing date for applications: 10th October 1975.

**ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL**

COUNTY LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (A.P. 3 £2,922 to £3,282) plus London Weighting where appropriate plus enhanced payments for Saturday working.

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians (A.P.3) and from Librarians who have completed Part 2 of the Library Association Examinations (A.P.2/3) for posts at County Library Headquarters, Chelmsford and at various other libraries in Essex.

Letters of application, giving full particulars, should be addressed to The County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Goldlay Gardens, Chelmsford, Essex.

**STRATHCLYDE REGIONAL COUNCIL**
**Department of EDUCATION**

AYR Sub-Region
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| AY/EDS/12 | Kilmarnock Academy |
| AY/EDS/13 | Prestwick Academy |
| AY/EDS/16 | Ardrossan Academy |

**Salary Scale: £2,922–£3,282 Grade: Librarians**

Duties include materials selection, readers advisory work and supervision of a library assistant. School librarians are members of a team of professional librarians in a fast developing Education Resources Service.

**Further Education Department**

**LIBRARIAN**
(Qualified and Chartered)

| Post Ref. No. | Location |
|---|---|
| AY/EDS/14 | Ayr Technical College |

**Salary Scale: £2,922–£3,282 Grade: Librarian**

Duties include materials selection, readers advisory work and supervision of library assistant.

Application forms obtainable from the **Assistant Director of Manpower Services, Regional Offices, Ayr KA7 1DR** should be returned completed by **30th September, 1975.**

R. M. O. McCULLOCH,
Director of Manpower Services.

**HOSPITALS LIBRARIAN**

**£3,474-£4,395**

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with appropriate experience for the post of Hospitals Librarian serving the Western General City, Eastern and Northern General Hospitals.

The post, within the Libraries Division of the City's Department of Recreation and Leisure provides an opportunity for a professional librarian with a genuine interest in patients' library work to develop a well-established service to the four hospitals. Duties will include stock selection, the supervision of recreational libraries for patients and staff and ward trolley services, the training of full-time and volunteer part-time staff, the development of existing audio provision, and liaison with hospital administration staffs.

Salary £3,474-£4,395 plus Shift Allowance of 12½% and Saturday duty allowance.

Preference will be given to staff presently employed in Scottish Local Government services.

Application forms may be obtained from the City Librarian, Central Library, George IV Bridge, Edinburgh EH1 1EG.

City of Edinburgh District Council

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# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

**ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL**
County Library

**Southend-on-Sea District Library**
(Southend Borough)

Applications are invited from qualified Librarians with appropriate experience, for the post of

## District Librarian

**PO2 (a) £5,889 to £6,564**

to administer under the direction of the County Librarian, the County Library Service in the Borough of Southend-on-Sea, under the terms of the Library Agency agreement.

Application forms and further details available from the County Education Officer (G), P.O. Box 47, Threadneedle House, Market Road, Chelmsford CM1 1LD (tel. Chelmsford 67222 Ext 2808).

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RU leiden

The UNIVERSITY of LEIDEN invites, on behalf of the FACULTY of LETTERS, applications for the

## EXTRAORDINARY CHAIR OF TURKISH STUDIES

Inquiries can be made from Prof. Dr. J. Brugman, Rapenburg 61, Leiden (Netherlands).

Applications including a curriculum vitae and a list of publications should be sent to the Secretariat of Oriental Studies, c/o Kern Institute, Ie Binnenvestgracht 33, Leiden. The Faculty will also be glad to receive recommendations of suitable candidates (Vacancy nbr. 675310).

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**ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL**
County Library

**Thurrock District Library**
(Thurrock Borough)

Applications are invited from qualified Librarians, with appropriate experience, for the post of

## District Librarian

**PO2 (a) £5,889 to £6,564 plus**
**£120 p.a. outer fringe area allowance**

To administer under the direction of the County Librarian the County Library Service in the Borough of Thurrock, under the terms of the Library Agency agreement.

Application forms and further details available from the County Education Officer (G) P.O. Box 47, Threadneedle House, Market Road, Chelmsford CM1 1LD (Tel.: Chelmsford 67222 ext. 2808).

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**LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET**
**LIBRARY SERVICES**

## LIBRARIAN IN CHARGE
**HENDON LENDING LIBRARY**

**SO2 (£4,689-£4,992 plus £261 London Weighting)**

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with experience in library management to succeed the present post holder who has obtained a more senior post with a neighbouring authority. Hendon Library was rebuilt in 1973 and "Plessey" charging is installed.

Application forms and further details from Borough Librarian, Ravensfield House, The Burroughs, Hendon, NW4 4BE.

Closing date: 27th September, 1975.

E. M. Bennett, Chief Executive and Town Clerk.

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## Assistant Librarian (Education)

The post is based at the Clifton site. The main responsibility will be to organise the audio/visual collection for the School of Education, and to organise the large collection of children's literature used extensively by trainee teachers for project work.

Salary: £2,127-£3,282. Commencing point determined by age, qualifications and experience.

Further details and form of application from The Chief Administrative Officer, Trent Polytechnic, Burton Street, Nottingham. Closing date 29th September, 1975. (Incorporating Nottingham College of Education.)

TRENT POLYTECHNIC NOTTINGHAM

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## ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
**WORLDWIDE FILM LIBRARY**

Visnews is the most frequently used T.V. News Agency in the world and our film library is used by many of the world's T.V. Networks.

The position is in the cataloguing section and would suit a person with knowledge of and an interest in current affairs. Ideally, candidates will be aged between 22-30 with cataloguing and indexing experience. Knowledge of French or German would be an advantage.

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**Directorate of Community Services**
**Libraries Department**

## SENIOR ASSISTANT
**General Library Ref. 9/17**

## SENIOR ASSISTANT
**Hospitals & Housebound Readers Service Ref. 9/16**

**Salary £2,910-£3,234**

Applicants for these posts should have passed the final examinations of the Library Association and have appropriate experience.

Application forms and further details from Head of Management Services, Town Hall, Patriot Square, London E2 9LN (Tel. 01-981 0077 24 hour answering service) quoting ref. required. Closing date 6th October, 1975.

London Borough of TOWER HAMLETS

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**HM TREASURY has a vacancy for an**

## ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

This vacancy is initially in the cataloguing section of HM Treasury and Cabinet Office although there will also be some opportunities for enquiry work and bibliographic research. Candidates should possess A.L.A. or equivalent. Experience with L.C. would be an advantage.

In addition to the Treasury and Cabinet Office, the library serves the Central Statistical Office and concentrates on public finance, economics, government and statistics. There is a bookstock of about 85,000 volumes.

The vacancy is temporary (about 6 months) in the first instance.

Salary: £2,395 to £3,670 p.a. plus £410 p.a. London Weighting. Starting salary may be above the minimum.

Please write giving full details of experience, etc., by 3rd October to J. H. Wormald, Librarian, HM TREASURY, Parliament Street, London SW1R 3AG.

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Dudley College of Education

## Assistant Librarian

Qualified library personnel invited to apply for this post which will be vacant from the beginning of September. Special responsibility for School Services resources.

Salary scale

**£2,127-£3,282**

(responsibility bar at £2853) but starting salary for Chartered Librarians will be £2922.

*Further particulars and application forms from D. Broadhurst, Principal, Dudley College of Education, Castle View, Dudley, West Midlands.*

DUDLEY Metropolitan Borough

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in

**CARDIFF**

Must have a knowledge of general reference work, an interest in Current Affairs generally, and in Welsh topics in particular. Thorough knowledge of Welsh and a continuing awareness of general trends in Welsh Literature essential.

Salary. £2,424 p.a. (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) by £135 to a maximum of £3,099 p.a.

**Write or telephone immediately for an application form (enclosing addressed foolscap envelope and quoting reference number 75.G.338 TLS) to Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel. 01-580 4468. Ext. 4619.**

BBC CYMRU WALES

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## LIBRARIAN

Badger Limited, a leading Petrochemical Plant Contractor, offers an excellent opportunity to a Librarian aged 24+.

Applicants should possess A.L.A. or Post-graduate Diploma in Library Studies and have a minimum of 1 year's experience in Library work.

Duties will include the purchasing of books and Standards, the cataloging, arrangement and filing of Library collection, classification by U.D.C., the scanning of periodicals and the preparation of statistical reports.

Salary is negotiable and is supported by excellent fringe benefits.

**Apply in confidence to:- Mike Smith, Personnel Officer, Personnel and Administration, Badger Limited, Turriff Building, Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex, TW8 9JA. Tel: 01-560 1200.**

**BADGER LIMITED**

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**LOTHIAN REGIONAL COUNCIL**
**DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION**
**WEST LOTHIAN DIVISION**

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for posts as

**SCHOOL LIBRARIANS**

at:
(a) Blackburn Academy
(b) St Kentigern's Academy, Blackburn
(c) West Calder High School

Salary on scale £2,922-£3,282. Consideration will be given to applicants otherwise qualified. Salary on scale £2,127-£2,445.

Application forms may be obtained from the: Divisional Education Officer, West Lothian Division, 89/91 High Street, Linlithgow.

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# PPOINTMENTS

## UCATION
## ELFARE OFFICER

l E19

364-£3,009 (bar)-£3,366 per annum

ired by the County Education Department for a cy which will shortly occur within a team of based at the Northern Area Education Office in ...

... experience of this or similar social work ...ble but consideration would be given to other ... suitable persons prepared to undergo training. ... allowance payable.

... benefits will include, in appropriate circum... 100 per cent removal expenses, contribution ... legal or similar fees of up to £300; £120 ...in allowance and, where applicable, a lodging ...nce of £10 per week with 2nd Class rail fares ... once every three weeks—both for a period not ...ding four months.

...r details and application form (returnable as ... possible) obtainable from the County Educa... Officer, County Hall, Ipswich IP4 2JS (Tel. ...ich 55801).

Suffolk County Council

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## SSISTANT
## BRARIAN

...l N135

...to £3,282 per annum

...ed by the County Library as assistant to the ...ch Librarian at the modern and attractive Branch ...ary in Felixstowe.

...cants should be Chartered Librarians and should ... particularly interested in work with children as an ...ial part of the duties involves the development ...children's services in the schools in the town and ...e Library itself.

...ge benefits will include, in appropriate circum...nces, 100 per cent removal expenses, contribution ...ards legal or similar fees of up to £300, £120 ...ing-in allowance and, where applicable, a lodging ...ance of £10 per week with 2nd Class rail fares ...e once every three weeks—both for a period not ...eeding four months.

...r particulars and application form (returnable ...as possible) from the Area Librarian, Central ...y, Northgate Street, Ipswich IP1 3DE (Tel. ...h 53561).

Suffolk County Council

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*...re a subsidiary of Times ...spapers Limited, concerned with ...ompilation of the index to The ...es and related publications*

...re looking for people who have an awareness ...current affairs and a good all round education ...in our team of abstractors. No formal qualifications ...specialized knowledge is required but the ability ...work conscientiously at speed and at a high level ...accuracy without close supervision is essential. ...ng will be given.

...at 21 £2,129 per annum. Four weeks holiday ...first year and five thereafter.

...tions should be sent in writing to:

...spaper Archive Developments Limited, ...ricote Road, Reading, ...hire.

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**BOROUGH OF SOUTH TYNESIDE**

## Librarian
**Hebburn Technical College**

**£2,127–£2,853/£3,282**

...cations are invited for the above post within the ...cation Department from experienced candidates who ...hold Associateship of the Librarians' Association. ...cation forms may be obtained from Personnel Depart... (ref. 49), Westoe Hall, Westoe Village, South Shields ...(Shields 2191). Closing date 3rd October, 1975.

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East Sussex

## Senior Assistant Children's Librarian
**Brighton**

**£2,922-£3,282 (pro rata)**

The main purpose of this post is to assist the Children's Librarian in the provision of a comprehensive and efficient library service to all young persons in the Brighton area. Applicants, who should have passed the Library Association professional examinations, will be required to work 18½ hours per week and salary will be paid pro rata the above scale.

Application forms and further details available from Chris Smith, Personnel Officer, East Sussex County Library, 44 St Anne's Crescent, Lewes, Sussex (Telephone: Lewes 5400, ext. 764). Closing date: 2nd October, 1975.

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RU leiden

The UNIVERSITY of LEIDEN invites, on behalf of the FACULTY of LETTERS, applications for the post of

## LIBRARIAN OF THE CHINESE LIBRARY

Activities:
The daily management of the Chinese library and acquisition of Chinese and Japanese books and periodicals for the Sinological Institute, Leiden.

Requirements:
- mastery of Chinese and preferably of Japanese on a university level;
- thorough knowledge of the wide field of Sinology;
- specialised training as a librarian, preferably for oriental libraries.

Applications to be sent to:
Werving en Selectie,
Dienst Personele en Welzijnszaken,
Rijksuniversiteit,
Stationsweg 46,
Leiden,
Netherlands,
referring to vacancy number 675311.

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## LIBRARIAN I/C TRAVELLING LIBRARY

**£2,307-£3,033 Banstead or Woking**

To be responsible for services to readers including maintenance of a stock of 6,000 books, records, statistics and library income from fines and fees.

Applicants should have the Library Association Part 2 (Final) or Post Graduate Examination.

Further particulars from the County Librarian, 140 High Street, Esher, Surrey KT10 9QR. Closing date: 14 days after advertisement appears.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL

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**GATESHEAD METROPOLITAN BOROUGH COUNCIL**
**Public Libraries and Arts Department**

## BRANCH LIBRARIAN
**Salary—AP3 (£2,922-£3,282)**

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the above post.

Salary and Conditions of Service are in accordance with the NJC Agreement for APT and C Services.

Application forms are obtainable from the Director of Personnel and Management Services, 16 Regent Terrace, Gateshead, returnable by 7th October, 1975.

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DEAKIN UNIVERSITY
Geelong, Australia

## PLANNING DEANS AND ADVISER ON COURSE DEVELOPMENT

The Interim Council of Deakin University wishes to make seven professorial appointments in 1976, six of which are for persons who will be Planning Deans and one who will be the Adviser on Course Development.

The University is to provide tertiary courses for students attending the University and, by means of external programmes, to qualified persons within and outside the State of Victoria.

The University is to enrol students and to offer courses not later than 1978. It will absorb some or all of the functions of the Gordon Institute of Technology and the State (Teachers) College at Geelong. The campus will be on a 100 hectare site at Waurn Ponds, 8 kilometres south of Geelong.

The academic development will build on the existing strengths of the Gordon Institute of Technology and the State College, but there will be ample scope for imaginative development and the University is seeking individuals who are keen to innovate. New courses will be developed in all the areas listed below. Means will be developed for actively encouraging interdisciplinary work in all levels, without necessarily abolishing discipline-based departments. External studies programmes will be developed in association with internal teaching activities, and there will be study centres in Ballarat and Bendigo and other appropriate places in Victoria.

The six Schools provisionally nominated, for each of which a Dean is sought are:

| | |
|---|---|
| Business Studies | Liberal and Creative Arts |
| Education | Pure and Applied Sciences |
| Engineering and Architecture | Social Sciences |

The University has recently appointed Professor F. R. Jevons (Professor of Liberal Studies in Science, University of Manchester) as the first Vice-Chancellor of the University. Professor Jevons will take up his appointment in January, 1976.

### PLANNING DEANS

Applications are invited for appointment in 1976 to six of the foundation chairs of the University. Appointees will join the Vice-Chancellor in membership with other persons of the Academic Planning Board and will be expected to play a major role in developing undergraduate and postgraduate teaching in their fields; fostering interdisciplinary studies; assisting in developing external studies programmes, and implementing programmes of research.

They will also be expected to serve as the first Deans (or some equivalent designation) of the Schools of study which are to be established. The normal tenure of the Dean will be five years in the first instance, with subsequent appointments from senior staff members in the school for a three year term.

The current salary for a professor is $A23,569 per annum. Deans will receive a supplementary allowance.

### ADVISER ON COURSE DEVELOPMENT

Applications are invited for appointment in 1976 to the position of Adviser on Course Development. The appointee will join the Vice-Chancellor in membership with other persons of the Academic Planning Board. The Adviser and his staff will work with staff from other departments to help to make teaching strategies explicit, to encourage the use of various approaches and methods for teaching and student assessment, and to help in critically examining the advantages and drawbacks of the different approaches and methods. In many cases learning and teaching materials will be developed for use by external as well as internal students. For those courses offered externally, the Adviser will be responsible for organising and directing the extra-mural programme.

The current salary for a Professor is $A23,569 per annum.

### GENERAL INFORMATION

Letters of application, with a curriculum vitae, a passport-sized photograph and the names and addresses of three academic referees, should be sent to—The Chairman of the Interim Council, Mr. P. N. Thwaites, P.O. Box 825, Geelong, 3220, Victoria, Australia, so as to arrive by 15 October 1975. It is hoped that invitations can be sent to selected persons before the end of 1975 so that appointees may take up their positions as soon as is practicable in 1976.

Applicants resident in the United Kingdom, Europe, or Africa should send a copy of their application to the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF by the same date.

Further information on current courses in the Gordon Institute and the State College, a tentative proposal for Deakin University academic developments, and any general information required on Geelong and its environs can be obtained by writing to the Executive Officer of the University or to the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts) at the addresses given above.

Professor Jevons (Department of Liberal Studies in Science, University of Manchester, Oxford Road, Manchester M13 9PL), will welcome any enquiries for general information on planning to supplement that given in the material provided by the Deakin University offices.

*The Interim Council reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.*

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## Librarians
**in Government Departments**

There are vacancies in the following Government Departments for candidates with professional qualifications and some practical experience.

**Civil Service Department**
Central Management Library, London, S.W.1.

**Ministry of Defence**
Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell, Berks.
Royal Radar Establishment, Malvern, Worcs.

**Department of Industry**
Business Statistics Office, Newport, Gwent.
Further vacancies may arise in these and other Departments.

SALARY: £2,395 to £3,670 (£410 higher in London). Starting salary may be above the minimum. Promotion prospects. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For further details and an application form (to be returned by 8th October, 1975), write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants. RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 68551 (answering service operates outside office hours) or London 01-839 1992 (24 hour answering service). Please quote ref. G(E)624.